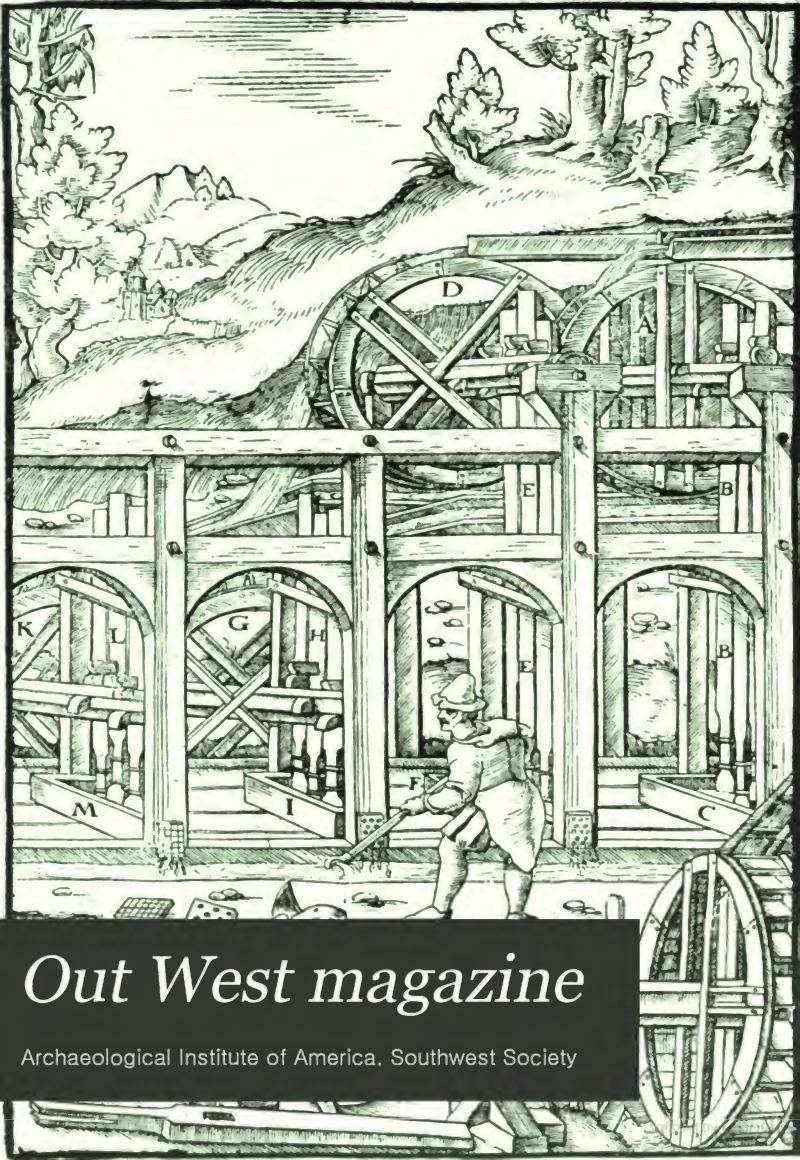

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January, 1904 FORMERLY "THE LAND OF SUNSHINE" Vol. XX, No. 1

OUT WEST

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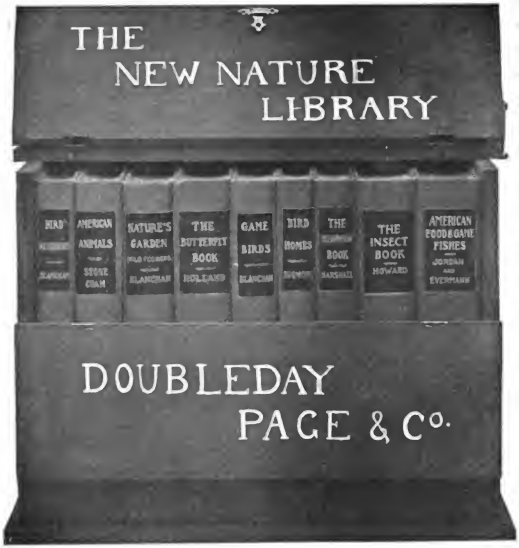

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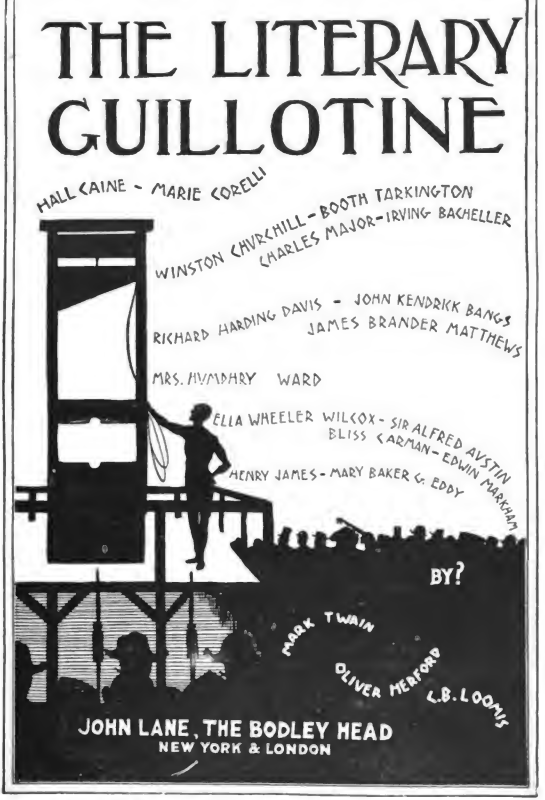

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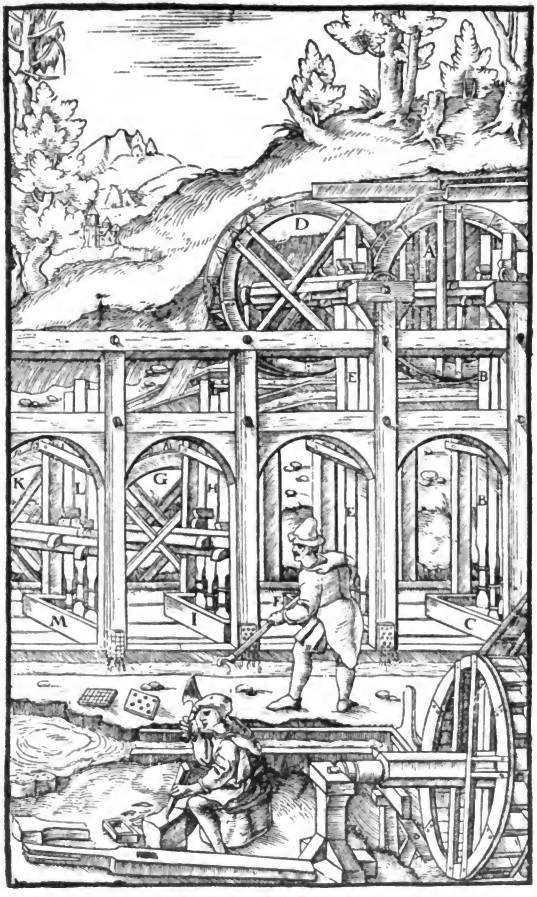

A Stamp-Mill of 350 Years Ago. *From Agricola, 1550*

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Formerly
The Land of Sunshine

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

Vol. XX, No. 1. JANUARY, 1904.

MINING 350 YEARS AGO.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

DOUBTLESS this is the Age of Progress. There is no need of calling a jury to convict us of being the Smartest People Ever. We Plead Guilty off-hand. Doubtless God *could* have created Bigger Huckleberries; but doubtless He never *did*.

Still, it does us no Harm, and it is rather interesting, once in a while to remember that the world did not too utterly Wobble in its course, nor yet bump blind against unpremeditated planets, before We came on board to Steer. It is wonderful, indeed, how rapidly we Progress; but sometimes it is quite as wonderful how little we Get Ahead.

A couple of years ago this magazine* printed a series of articles, showing, by illustrations and description taken from a magnificent Latin work on "The Hesperides or the Golden Apples" (printed in Rome, 1646), that the culture and use of oranges, lemons, limes and citrons, was practically just as far advanced 250 years ago as it is today. That noble volume by Ferrarius is excessively rare, and apparently had been forgotten —even the oracles of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the *Century Dictionary* seem never to have heard of it or its author; and the *Britannica* writes bravely of oranges, in blissful ignorance of what is historically the most important work ever printed about them. But it is one of the things we cannot *afford* to forget—this monumental book of 1646, with its superb copper-plates by the foremost engravers of that day, and its life-

* In its numbers for February, March, and April, 1902.

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size illustrations of every sort of orange, lemon, and lime ever known, and of every method yet known for their propagation and care. The resurrection of this visible proof that orange culture has made no important discoveries or advancement in 250 years was received with general wonderment; and it was in nothing short of an astounded awe that even the "best-read" looked upon Ferrarius's perfect picture of the "Navel" orange, which is the most important and exclusive product of California, but which was familiar to the orange growers of 1646. That really was "rubbing it in," on the part of an Ungrateful Antiquity. To think that our "invention" and pride, our golden lure to the tenderfoot, the spinal marrow of our material development, had been unblushingly Plagiarized nearly two and a half centuries before we knew of it ourselves!

Orange growing, though of great antiquity and wide distribution, is, after all, purely a local industry, delimited by nature to the few "most favored countries;" and with respect to the United States, is confined to two comparatively tiny patches of our enormous domain. On the other hand, if there is any universal industry already no longer an Infant when Solomon was born, applied in every corner of the globe, longer, more fiercely, with more lavishment of money and inventive skill, than any other human occupation, saving only agriculture—why, it is Mining. And if there is any one industry in which we are willing to admit that We are the People, and have a general notion that we have invented pretty nearly everything, it is this. There are few, if any, branches of human endeavor for which more innumerable devices clutter-up our Patent Office. And as the United States has indeed made the world's record for enormous mining operations and for an almost incalculable output in a short time, it is natural enough for us to have a hazy conviction that we Invented mining, even as it is well known that We invented Human Nature and the Virtues.

But here, from another cobwebbed shelf, comes another musty and impertinent tome to give an even ruder jolt to our complacency—an even greater and even more powerful book than the orange treatise; by a man whose name *has* somehow, if inadequately, crept into the two great text-books already cited; and nearly a century earlier than Ferrarius's "astonisher." The inconsiderateness of this book for our feelings is that it proves, by text and illustration, that hardly one invention of the first class has been made in mining in 350 years. With the exception of the use of quicksilver, the cyaniding and other new chemical treatments of ore, our mining appliances are simply adaptations of devices that were in use long before any man that could Talk English had ever Sat Down in the New World.

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We build our machines better; but we build the same old machines. We have, indeed, adapted to mining (from other industries, for which they were invented), steam and electric motive power for the machines; but we still employ, also, and in many countries, the old water- and horse-power. For that matter, even the American companies in Mexico still largely stick to the "patio process," which was invented two years after the death of the author under consideration—and they use it because, everything considered, it is the best and cheapest treatment for those ores.

The general impression, even among studious people, is, I think, that until our own times mining, though of great antiquity, had reached only the rudest development; that it was just "diggings" and "washings" and "gophering;" and that most of the mechanical appliances now in use are of modern devising. But here we shall find that more than three centuries and a half ago there were in common use not only gold-pans, picks, shovels, drills and other primitive implements, but ore-wagons, ore-cars, shafts, hoisting engines, whims, stamp-mills, quartz-crushers, fan-blowers and other devices for ventilating underground workings—and so on for quantity.

The book is Agricola's *De Re Metallica*. The title page, which is here given in facsimile, a little reduced, may be translated in terms of our day:

ABOUT MINING

By GEORGE AGRICOLA

In Twelve Books, in which the Regulations, Tools, Machinery, and everything else pertaining to Mining, are not only most clearly described but also, by illustrations inserted in the proper place, with their Latin and German names applied, so presented to the eye that they could not be more clearly taught.

Likewise a Book About Animate Things Under-ground

Revised by the author; with divers indexes beautifully demonstrating whatever is treated of in the work; and withal now again diligently reprinted and corrected by the original.

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With privilege from the Emperor for five years,
And from the King of France for six years.

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GEORGII AGRICOLAE

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BASILEAE M. D. LXI.

Cum Priuilegio Imperatoris in annos v.
& Galliarum Regis ad sexennium.

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The *Encyclopedia Britannica*, on what authority I do not know, states that the work was printed in Basle in 1546. The copy* from which these reproductions are made is dated 1561, six years after Agricola's death. That it is a second edition, is indicated by the title-page reference to the "archetypus." *But*, the dedication by Agricola to the Duke of Saxony is dated MDL (1550); and the poem to Agricola—following a frequent custom, in those scholarly days, of including laudatory verses to the author by distinguished hands—is dated 1551. The colophon shows that the book was printed "in Basle, in the Froben office, by Hieronymus Frobenius and Nicholas Episcopius, in the month of March, in the Year of our Lord MDLXI."

Georgius Agricola, otherwise Georg Bauer (and originally, it is said, Landmann), was the Father of Mineralogy. He was the first man to raise it to the dignity of a science. That he was, everything considered, the greatest mineralogist in history, need not be argued. The authentic fact that he not only overshadowed all predecessors in a study then already 3,000 years old, but so projected himself upon the future that the mineralogists of the world, all and several, did not seriously improve upon him in the next 200 years, save in one vital point—the "Patio Process," invented by Bartolomé de Medina in Mexico in 1557—may stand for that. It was not till about 1750 that mineralogy made any important advance beyond the standpoint of Agricola. And to this day the *magnum opus* of that ancient who had learned to walk when Columbus sailed, and had grown to man's stature when Columbus died, is the corner-stone of every mineralogist and mining engineer who Knows his Business from the ground up.

Agricola was born in Glauchau, Saxony, March 24, 1490. He was educated at Leipsic, and in Italy; and for some years practiced as a physician. In 1531 (nearly a decade before the first European ever laid eyes on California, New Mexico, or Arizona), he was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the mining district of Chemnitz, Saxony. He calls it after the Latin, "Kempnicium." Here he wrote his masterpiece; here also, in all probability, his several other works, all of which related more or less directly to mining. And here he died, November 21, 1555.

1550 is some time ago—certainly for a people whose proper fathers are already Old-fashioned. Even the figures "350 years" are not perhaps so impressive as the recalling of certain landmarks which we have so far passed that they seem to us of serious antiquity. That book was written 14 years before Shakespeare was born, and 8 years before Queen Elizabeth came

* In the library of Dr. Geo. F. Branner, Vice-President of Stanford University.

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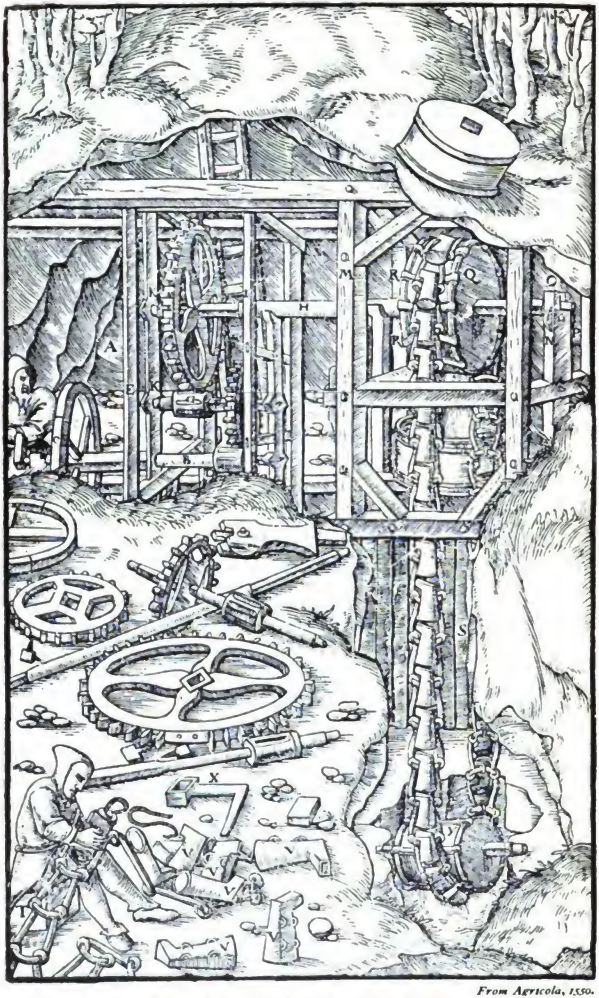

From Agricola, 1550.

A Bucket-Pump Already Antiquated in 1550.

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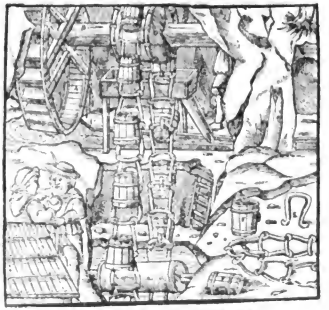
to the throne. Henry VIII had been dead but 3 years. Capt. John Smith of Virginia was not born till 29 years later; Milton was not born till 58 years later. It was two years before Sir Walter Raleigh was born, and 45 years before his first voyage to the New World. It was 20 years before Sir Francis Drake first sailed to America; and 37 years before Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded. It was 38 years before the Spanish Armada. It was 15 years before the first English-speaking colony was founded anywhere in the New World; and 58 years before there was a permanent settlement in Canada. Cortes had been dead but 3 years. It was 70 years before the Mayflower sailed; and more than 90 before the birth of either Marquette or La Salle or William Penn. It was 225 years before the first steam engine was built; and 226 years before the Declaration of Independence.

A Bucket-Pump in Use Before Christ.

The *De Re Metallica* contains over 270 wood-cuts, besides many diagrams. It has over 500 tall folio pages (including 22 pages of Agricola's other essay "De Animantibus Subterraneis"), besides 70 pages of index, under six divisions which include vocabularies of mining terms in Greek, Latin and German. The illustrations are mostly full-page and half-page wood-cuts, measuring about nine and a quarter by five and a half inches for the larger and five and a quarter by five and three-quarter inches for the smaller. Nearly 50 earlier authors are quoted, including Pliny (who died A. D. 79) and many far earlier, if less important, writers on mining and the metals.



An Improvement on Vitruvius.

The 1st book is mostly an apology for the metals, against the classic disposition to talk about the "sacra auri fames" and all that sort of thing. With dignity and judicial calm, Agricola controverts the sentimentalists, and proves that the metals are good for men, if decently used.

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Book 2nd describes the miners; "and drifts into a discourse" upon prospecting.

Book 3rd describes veins of all sorts, their intersections and "faults."

THE SIMPLEST FORM OF SUCTION PUMP.

Book 4th explains how mining claims are entered and staked; and gives a digest of the duties of mine officials, as well as of the mining laws.

Book 5th teaches how to follow veins and dig out the lode; and also the art of surveying.

Book 6th describes the tools and machinery used in mining — for excavation, hoisting, ventilation, pumping, crushing, etc.

Book 7th tells how ores are tested and assayed.

Book 8th deals with the roasting, crushing, and washing of ores.

Book 9th describes the methods of smelting.

Book 10th tells how to separate silver from gold, and lead from both.

Book 11th treats of separating silver from copper.

Book 12th shows how salt, nitre, alum, blacking, sulphur, bitumen and glass are manufactured.

As will be seen, all these matters are not only described in detail, but illustrated with drawings from which any mechanic today could restore the very machine.

As a first example, let us take up the matter of mine drainage — for we are less surprised to learn that mines were flooded then, even as now. Besides describing drainage of the shaft by a tunnel, where this is possible — and giving careful directions and diagrams — Agricola treats concisely but very thoroughly the surprisingly numerous and surprisingly varied devices then in use for drainage by hoisting and by actual pumping.

The first bucket-pump described by him, and illustrated (p. 8) was a long way removed from the primitive. It was run by man-power with a crank, fly-wheel and three-geared shafting, and its operation is clearly shown by the picture. It

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was already, however, an antiquated contrivance. Agricola remarks that "it cannot be built but by great expenditure, and then lifts but little water, and that slowly."

An Improvement in Suction Pumps.

The second bucket-pump which he figures was described by Vitruvius.* This machine (pictured p. 9) had a direct shaft, a drum, and a tread-mill played by two men inside.

The third bucket-pump, which Agricola concedes to be a great improvement on the foregoing, was run by a water-wheel with a direct shaft (illustrated p. 9). In all these devices Agricola distinguishes "hoisting" water (*extrahendum*) from real "pumping" (*exhauriendum*).

Suction pumping is described in seven forms. The simplest is a hand plunger (shown on p. 10). Its valve box was of iron or bronze, and its valves of leather (marked N in the cut).

The second form (illustrated p. 11) had a lever to the plunger — the principle of our pump-handle. The axle of this lever was breast-high.

The third form gained in leverage by setting the axle overhead, using a right-angle in the handle.

The fourth improvement in suction-pumps is illustrated by Agricola, but not in this abstract. Its distinguishing feature was a crank with leaden counterbalances for momentum, in place of a fly-wheel; and a double pipe — the two plungers being hung on an eccentric in the crank-shaft, so that one played a down-stroke as the other came up. The crank-shaft was enclosed in a box made water-tight at the bearings by metal disks and leather washers; and the water was lifted above the box in a single pipe to its discharge.

The fifth step in suction-pumps is shown in the illustration (p. 12), which, as will be seen, is a windlass shaft with trippets catching up, and throwing down, the cams of three plungers. So far as I know, that is the first picture in history which shows the use of cams and trippets. This machine was run by two

* Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, a famous architect and military engineer under Cæsar and Augustus, in the first century before Christ. He wrote a work "De Architectura" in ten books; and it was much quoted by Pliny, and was the basis of all Renaissance and pseudo-classic architecture.

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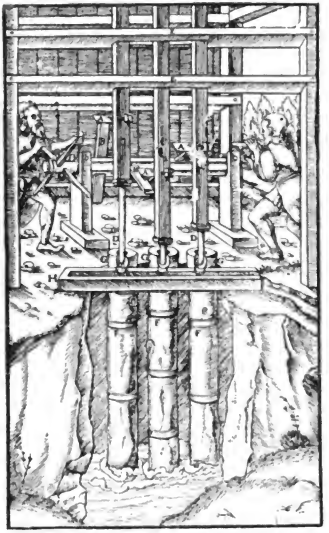
men; and according to Agricola lifted water by its three pipes from a depth of 24 feet.

The sixth suction-pump (shown on p. 13), was the same device, but run by an overshot water-wheel, and thereby more than four times as effective. Agricola says that this machine lifted water from a depth of 100 feet. It will be noticed that the pipes had a basket strainer at the bottom—and it may be remarked that all pumps at that time had already this device.



A Suction Pump With Cams and Trippets.

But the triumph of old-time "siphons" (the post-classical Latin word for a suction-pump) is that illustrated on p. 14. It was invented, so Agricola tells us, in 1540, and was "the most ingenious, most durable, and most useful of them all. It can be built without great expense." This machine was generally used to pump three levels. Paraphrasing our author in his lucid and accurate description, the machine had a fifteen-foot water-wheel. Its shaft was six feet long and twelve inches square. Its crank had a foot radius; thus giving the plungers a two-foot stroke as it turned. The motion was communicated to two lower levels by a series of iron rods and levers, much more clearly described by the illustration than could be done in words. The first pipe was twelve feet long, the other two twenty-six feet long each. So the total reach of this pump was sixty-four feet.

Where the stream was not strong enough to run these pumps with so large a wheel, smaller wheels were placed on two levels, and the same stream served one after the other; the lower wheel pumping from the well to its tank, while the upper wheel pumped from the tank to the surface.

But when the stream was strong enough to drive a large wheel, by the use of a device clearly shown in the illustration p. 15, two sets of pipes on each level were used; and these pumped "a very great quantity of water."

This was doing pretty well for the Dark Ages before We were

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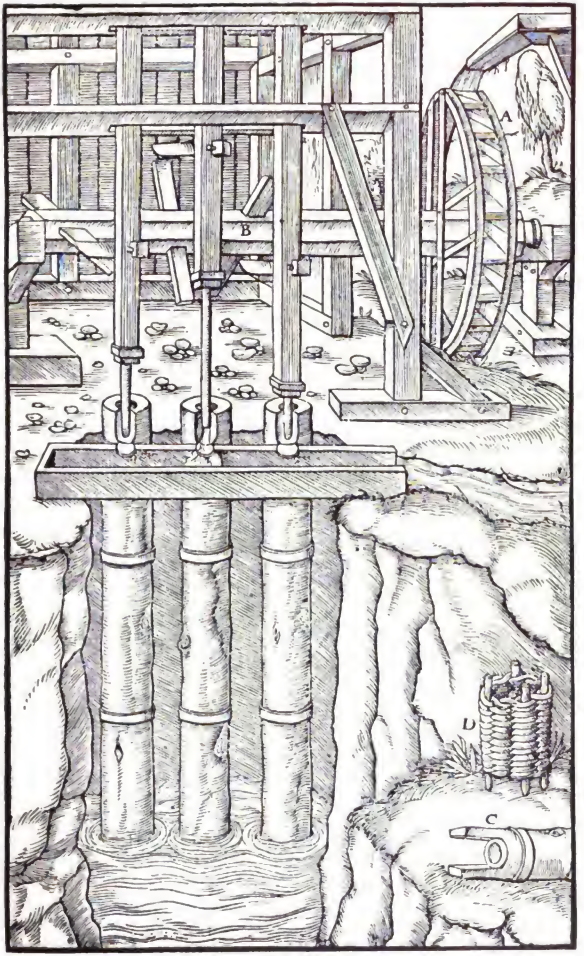

THE SAME, WITH WATER-POWER. *From Agricola, 1550.*

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From Agricola, 1550.

A Pump Which Raised Water 64 Feet by Suction.

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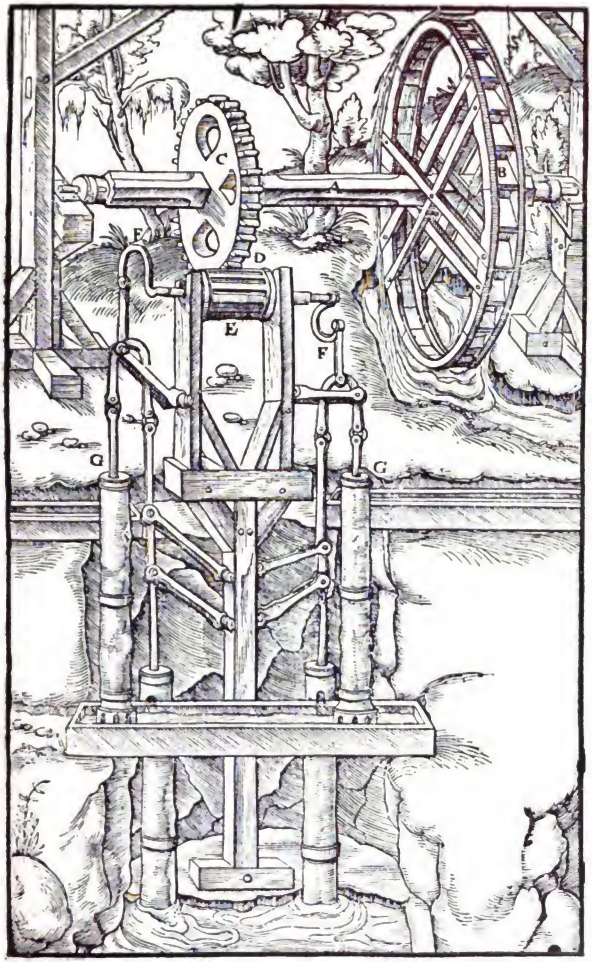

A Plunger Pump of 350 Years Ago. *From Agricola, 1550.*

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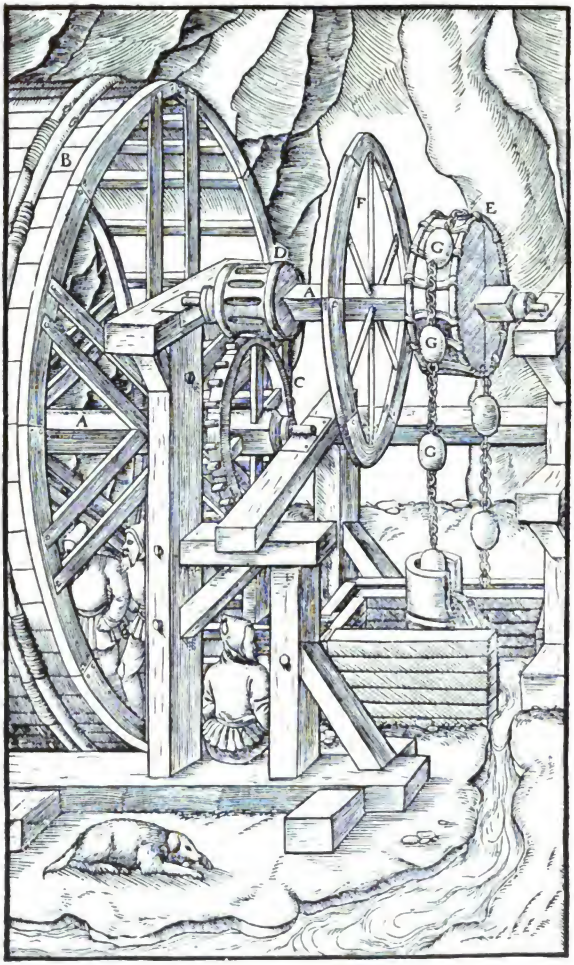

TREADMILL CHAIN-PUMP. *From Agricola, 1550.*

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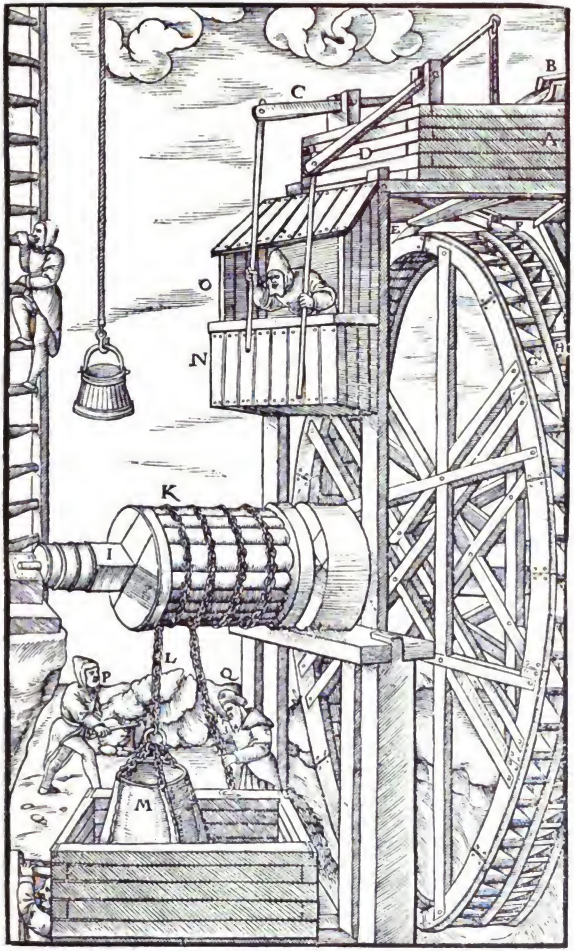

A Hoist of 350 Years Ago. *From Agricola, 1550.*

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here to Polish up the Sun. But from the plunger-pump to the chain-pump was a very great step; and it had already been decisively taken.

"There are" says Agricola, "six kinds of machines which pump water by balls on a chain. The first (p. 19) is thus constructed: Upon the upper surface of the earth, at the shaft, a pit is dug and timbered on every side with stout beams and logs, that the men may not be crushed, nor the machine broken, by a cave-in. In this timbered pit is set a wheel, on a square axle. The iron tips of the axle turn on bearings, also of iron, which are set in strong beams. The wheel is generally 24 feet high, rarely 30, and is not at all unlike a mill-wheel, except that it is a little narrower. In another part of the axle is fixed a drum, hollowed from the edges inward, in which are fixed many iron-crossed bands* a quarter bent. The links of the pump-chain catch on these, and the chain is thus drawn up through pipes from the pool, and let down to it again on the other side through hollowed timbers to the lowest level. The ball is on an iron shank. Turning around the drum, the chain brings the water up with these balls through the pipes. Each joint of pipe is bound with five iron rings, a palm wide and a finger thick, which reinforce it at equal distances. The first of these spaces is shared with the pipe next below, in which it is included; the last with that next above, which is included in it. Each joint except the last is tapered off at the bottom, outside, for a length of seven fingers and a thickness of three fingers, so that it can be inserted in the next joint below. Each joint except the topmost is reamed out inside at the top, the same length, but the thickness of a palm, that it may receive the next joint above. Each joint is fastened to the timbers of the shaft with iron braces, that it may remain immovable. Through these continuous joints of the pipe the waters are lifted by the balls of the drawing-chain to the surface, and there escape through an aperture in the top joint to a canal by which they flow away. The balls are joined by the iron links of the drawing-chain, and are set six feet apart. They are made of horse-hair sewed up in raw hide, so that they may not be torn by the catches on the drum. They are as big as may be grasped with both hands.

"If the machine is set upon the surface of the ground, the stream which drives its wheel is brought to it by surface canals; and if in a pit, by underground ones. Thus the 'buckets' of the wheel, hit by the impetus of the current, move forward, and turn the wheel and the drum along with it, so that the pump-chain, being drawn up from the pipes with its balls, forces out the water. If the wheel is 24 feet high, it lifts water from a

*Sprockets.

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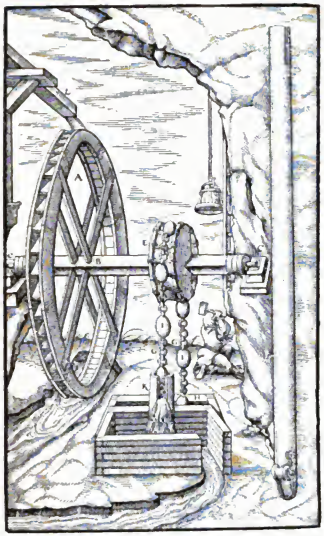
depth of 210 feet; if it is 30 feet high it lifts water from a depth of 240 feet. But this is work for a stream with greater water-power."



A Chain Pump Before 1550.

Another such machine has two drums, two sets of pipes and two pump-chains. Agricola describes an "indicator" (on the general principal of the sliding marker on a railroad water tank) which shows when the water in the pit is exhausted, whereupon the engineer shuts off the stream from the wheel and stops pumping. As the water collects again in the pit, the same indicator shows him when to open his sluice and start the wheel. "But since many workmen do not always near the machine," a similar device had been adopted for a bell-signal!

Where there was no stream to turn the water-wheel, a pit was dug and timbered; and over it, on a floor of stout beams, was built a "whim" for horses, their circular path being 50 feet in diameter. The whim had four arms, and two horses were hitched to each. The shaft was an 18-inch timber, 45 feet long; at the top and bottom pivoted in wooden journals which were kept wet. In the pit, this shaft had a 22-foot wheel, with wooden upright cogs, nine inches high, six inches wide, six fingers thick. These cogs engaged the pinions of a smaller wheel on the cross shaft which turned the drum.

The horses were worked by eights, with four-hour shifts and a twelve-hour rest. It therefore took a band of 32 horses to run a whim. One whim in Mt. Meliboeus, in Thessaly, lifted water from a depth of 240 feet. In the Carpathian Mountains, in a deep mine for those days, the pumping was done by three whims, with 96 horses, at three different levels, thus bringing water to the surface from a depth of 660 feet.

The simplest form of chain-pump was a simple windlass turned by four stout men with hand spikes, working short shifts and often relieved.

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The first serious improvement on this was where the crank-shaft was geared to the drum shaft, thus gaining "power." The construction is clearly shown in the illustration p. 20. Two good men could work this.

An Improvement in Chain Pumps Before 1550.

Much more advanced was the tread-mill chain-pump shown in illustration, p. 16. Its wheel was 23 feet high and 4 feet wide. Two men walked inside it on cleats, like squirrels in a trundle-wheel. This wheel was geared by cogs to another shaft carrying the drum, and a fly-wheel to give momentum. With this machine water was lifted 66 feet.

"But the greatest machine for pumping," says Agricola, was that figured in the illustration, p. 17—a huge structure, not to *pump* water, but to *hoist* it in huge buckets. This colossal affair well repays study, both in the drawing and in a digest of Agricola's description.

A pit was sunk and timbered, and a "castle" built in it. A 36-foot double water-wheel was hung in it, divided in the middle, and with the two rows of "buckets" sloping different ways. In the overhead sluice were two gates and spouts, one for each set of buckets; that is, one spout (E) to "go ahead" and the other (F), to "reverse." These spouts were controlled by gates, opened and shut by levers (C, D) whose "pulls" were in reach of the engineer in his station. The shaft (I) of this great wheel was a 24-inch timber, 35 feet long, with a large drum of logs, on which the chain was wound up. It took five men to run this hoist. Agricola does not state from what depth it lifted water.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE GREEK AMPHITHEATER IN CALIFORNIA.

By NELLIE V. DE SANCHEZ.

THE University of California, now third among the Universities of the United States in ratio of growth, has long been embarrassed by the lack of a building of sufficient size to accommodate the immense crowds of spectators at its public functions. This need has now been supplied by the gift, by William Randolph Hearst, of funds for the erection of a great open-air theater. By a fortunate circumstance, an almost perfect natural site already existed in the University grounds, in the form of a hollow in the hills which had been discovered some years ago by a student named Ben Weed, and since then used by the students for football rallies and such occasions, under the name of "Ben Weed's Amphitheater." In this hollow a structure closely following the model of the early Greek open-air theater has just been completed, the designer and architect being John Galen Howard, head of the College of Architecture at the University of California in Berkeley.

The first open-air theater of which history makes mention was built in Athens about 500 B. C., where festivals were held in honor of Dionysus, God of the Vine, who was supposed to have saved the people from the hardships of winter. It

SOMETHING OF THE AUDIENCE AT THE GREEK PLAY.

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Part of the Greek Amphitheater at the University of California.

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would appear to have been simply a celebration of the coming of spring. During this festival, tragedies, comedies and other dramatic representations were produced in the great theater of Dionysus. This building had its auditorium formed by scooping out the rock at the base of the Acropolis. Advantage of the natural slope of a hill was always taken by the Greeks in constructing these theaters. It was not until the first century B. C. that the Romans built amphitheaters on the level; and in many provinces of the empire a hillside was chosen to lessen the labor of construction. In some cases, where two hills converged, each slope was used for seats, and the stream in the intervening ravine dammed up for water spectacles. Differences in natural sites caused slight variations in the plan of these structures, but the general scheme was the same—that of the semi-circle of seats upon a rising slope and the opposing stage. The first structures of this type were of wood; but a great fire, in which one of them was destroyed, led to the substitution of more solid materials, marble and stone.

The ruins of the theater of Dionysius, model for all later buildings of the kind, were excavated in 1862. It probably seated fully 30,000 persons; and its position commanded a view of Mount Hymettus and the blue waters of the Ægean Sea. It was richly decorated, the front of the stage bearing reliefs of deities on marble slabs.

The earliest Greek theaters are supposed to have been open to the sky; but later, awnings, supported on wooden poles, were stretched across the top to protect the people from sun and rain.

The beginning of the theater was probably very simple, being merely a circular dancing place used by Bacchic dancers, with the altar of Dionysius in the center. Spectators would naturally group themselves in a ring about the dancers. From this crude beginning was gradually evolved the complete and ornate theater, which reached its highest development in the Colosseum at Rome.

Briefly described, the Greek theater consisted of a horseshoe semi-circle of gradually rising seats, faced by a stage, behind which rose a high wall, built to represent a temple or palace. In this wall were entrances for actors. Dressing-rooms were also placed in the rear of the stage. No curtain was used in old Greece; but changes of setting were made in the presence of the onlookers.

It will be seen that such an arrangement of auditorium and stage allows the largest possible number of persons to enjoy the spectacle presented.

In old Greece, the audience spent the entire day in the theater,

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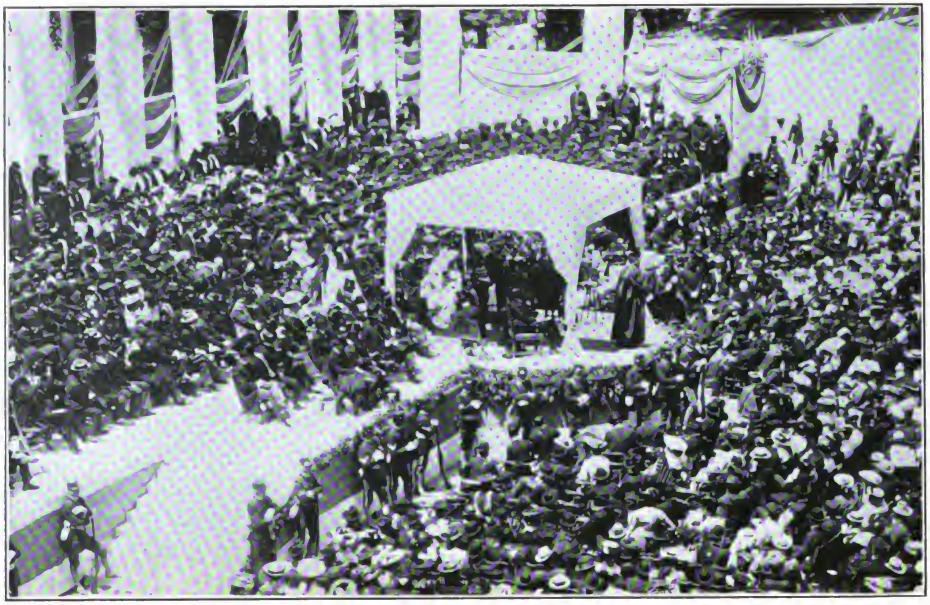

President Roosevelt at the University of California.
Before the Amphitheater was completed.

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carrying refreshments with them; and free and easy manners were the rule. No doubt jests enlivened the waits, as frequently as at College shows in the latter-day amphitheater in Berkeley; but history speaks not of the college yell. Women were not permitted to occupy the best seats and obstruct the view with overgrown headgear as in our day, but were confined to the upper rows of seats.

In the first century B. C., open-air theaters were first built in Rome; but between the refined dramatic representations to which the Greeks devoted these buildings, and the Roman gladiatorial and wild-beast combats, including the bloody slaughter of human beings, there is a marked contrast. The architectural structure of the Greek theater was adopted by the Romans and carried to a splendid state of development by them, even though its purpose was distorted wholly from the Hellenic intention. Finding this type of building convenient, as accommodating the largest possible number of spectators, the Romans used it for many purposes other than the original one, that of a place of amusement. Caligula had an offending poet burned alive in the amphitheater; and edicts of justice were sometimes carried out there, criminals being exposed to wild beasts, thus affording a deterrent as well as pleasing spectacle to the Roman populace. The life-blood of many Christian martyrs soaked the arena—so-called from the fact that it was sprinkled with sand (Latin "arena"), to prevent the ground from becoming slippery with the blood of the victims.

At first, in Italy, dramatic representations were given in forums, usually in the shape of a parallelogram; but after the country had risen to its high tide of prosperity under the consolidated empire, a demand arose for special buildings for amusements. To supply this want, many amphitheaters were built in Rome and the provinces.

The first structure of this type, erected about 59 B. C., is described by Pliny as of such extraordinary character as almost to challenge our credence. According to his story, it consisted of two wooden theaters placed back to back. After each had finished its individual show, the two theatres were swung about, without displacing the spectators, thus forming a circular theater, in the center of which gladiators fought. This would seem to surpass even modern ingenuity.

Thirteen years later, Cæsar built the first true Roman amphitheater (of wood), where he exhibited wild beasts; and sixteen years later, Taurus built the first one of stone, which, nevertheless, must have been at least partly of wood, since it was destroyed in the great fire during the reign of Nero.

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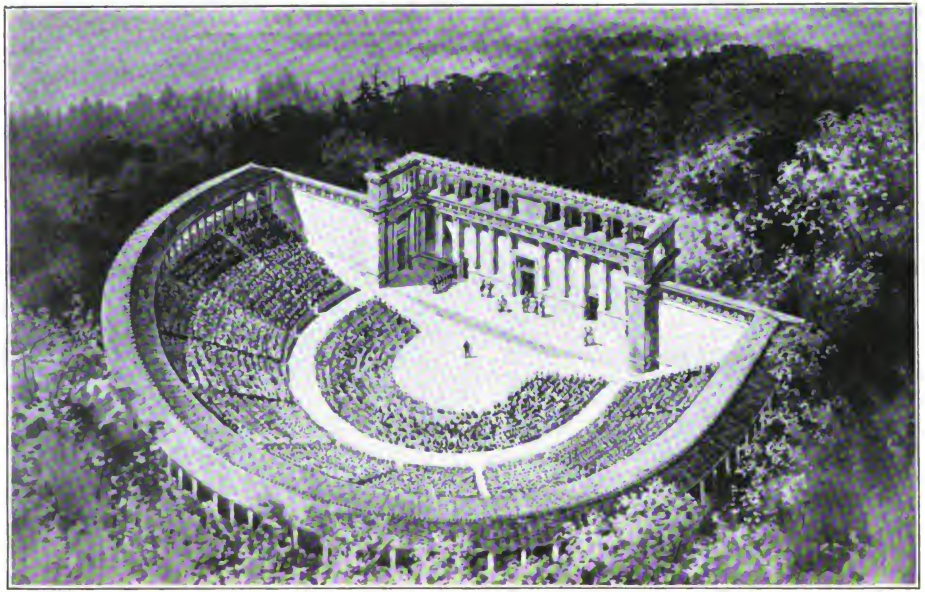

ARCHITECT'S PLAN OF THE COMPLETED AMPHITHEATER.

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Others followed, until the climax was reached in the Colosseum, of which the ruins still remaining attest to the matchless splendor of that half-barbaric age. This magnificent building was once struck by lightning, but was afterwards restored, and is said to have been still entire in the eighth century. During the middle ages many of its stones were carried away to serve for other buildings; even Michel Angelo being guilty of this vandalism.

This amphitheater, built upon the level, was of colossal size, having four stories' external elevation, embellished with columns. The lowest three stories were arcaded, the basement story serving for entrances. The entire building was richly decorated, the arches being adorned with statues, figures of chariots, and metal shields. The topmost story was a solid wall of masonry, doubtless meant to furnish a good hold for the poles supporting the awning. Some emperors, with the prodigality of the age, substituted aromatic powders—and even gold-dust—for sand in the arena. Scented liquids were sometimes scattered over the audience, probably to shield aristocratic nostrils from the offense of unpleasant odors from the unwashed plebeians.

The arena was usually separated from the auditorium by a smooth wall which could not be climbed by wild beasts; when elephants were exhibited, there was also a ditch. After the show was over, the arena was often filled with water and sea-fights took place; although the mechanism for this purpose is not clearly evident in the ruins that remain. The auditorium was arranged in circles concentric with outer galleries, elliptic in form. Covered corridors behind the galleries gave shelter from rain; and an awning was stretched across poles which rested upon the upper wall. This building seated 87,000 persons, and had standing room for 15,000 more, comprising an audience not to be equaled in modern times.

Amphitheaters continued to be built in Italy until the cruel and brutal exhibitions for which they were used fell into discredit through the rise of Christianity. The disrepute that attached to such shows seems to have affected the buildings where they were held; for those in existence gradually fell into ruins and no more were built.

It has been left to California, a state upon the extreme border of the modern civilized world, to turn backward the leaves of history and rescue from unmerited disuse the early Greek open-air theater so admirably suited to the rainless summer climate of the Pacific Coast.

This California structure carries out the general classic character of the new buildings yet to be erected in the University

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PART OF THE AMPHITHEATER AT BERKELEY. Showing the Bird's Nest.

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grounds; and while it follows the Hellenic model in a general way, is built upon the original design of Mr. Howard. Though not identical, there are many points of similarity between it and the Greek theater at Epidaurus, particularly in the difference of slope in the upper and lower tiers of seats.

In building this theater the designers have been most fortunate in being able to follow the custom of the ancient Greeks—taking advantage of a natural site of uncommon beauty and convenience. Commencement exercises had previously been held there, the audience sitting upon the ground on the slant of the hill. From this use of the "hollow in the hills" grew the idea of making an artificial amphitheater upon the site so conveniently provided by nature. Some scooping out of the earth was necessary, after which the hillside was shaped into tiers of seats in concentric semi-circles from the bottom to the top. These seats in the native earth were then covered with Portland cement concrete, giving the general effect of a great amphitheater of solid stone. Flights of steps divide the seats into wedge-shaped sections. Walls flanking the seats at each end of the semi-circle are carried in a sloping line from the topmost tier to the orchestra. A low wall runs around the top.

This building has a seating capacity of about 10,000. Its acoustic properties are wonderful, the voice carrying clearly to each of the 10,000 spectators.

In its natural site, its use for dramatic representations, its architecture, the character of its surrounding scenery—with the Pacific Ocean in the foreground and the Berkeley hills rising behind, and the blue sky of California for a canopy, the new amphitheater may be said to be true to the Greek ideal.

The building consists of two distinct parts, the stage and the auditorium, respectively the *logeion* and *theatron* of the ancients. The stage is 133 feet wide by 28 feet deep, and is enclosed across the back and two ends by a wall 42 feet high, being entirely open on the side fronting the audience. The enclosing wall (among the ancients supposed to represent a palace or temple) is severely classical in design, and is adorned by Greek Doric columns, the ends of the wall next to the auditorium forming pylons. In the stage wall there are five entrances, a large one in the center, one on each side of this and one in each end wall. The middle entrance was called the "royal door" by the ancients.

The auditorium is in the form of a semi-circle, 254 feet in diameter, composed of two tiers of seats. The lower tier is placed about a central level circle, 50 feet in diameter, which is immediately below the stage and corresponds to the part used

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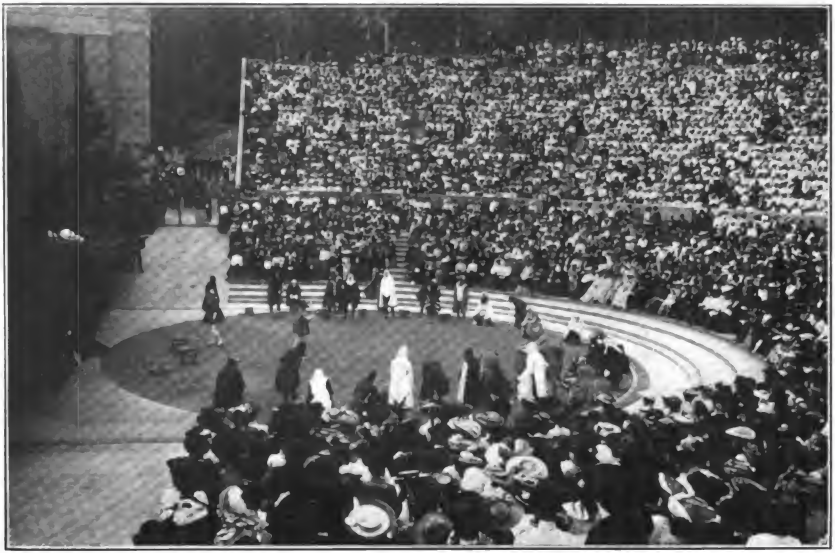

"The Birds" of Aristophanes at the Berkeley Amphitheater.

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by the Greeks for the chorus. This first tier of seats rises at a very gradual slope, and is separated from the upper tier by an aisle. Around the upper side of this aisle a wall runs, forming the base of the upper tier of seats, which climb up more steeply at an angle of thirty degrees, to the top of the slope. The sharp ascent of this tier of seats enables all spectators to obtain an unobstructed view of the stage.

The stage wall, the seats of the auditorium—and, in fact, every part of the building, is made of Portland cement concrete. The moldings, capitals, metopes, triglyphs, cornices and architraves were executed by hand in the same material, which gives a present appearance of solidity, and will provide an excellent foundation for more permanent finishing in the future.

While the amphitheater in its present state produces an imposing and dignified effect, much remains to be done to complete the original design of the architect. It is hoped that funds may be available at some future date to cover the present concrete with some more permanent and finer material, preferably marble. In that event, bronze tripods will be placed upon the terminal pylons, and walls will be built connecting the ends of the stage with those of the auditorium, where at present there is an open space. Doorways of noble design will be built in these walls to admit spectators to the lower part of the theater. A double colonnade encircling the entire auditorium at the top, and a gallery running round the upper part of the stage wall, are parts of the architect's design which remain to be carried out, and will add greatly to the general effect of the building.

The amphitheater presents a striking spectacle when filled with people from its topmost row of seats to its lowermost, the gay colors of ladies' dresses gleaming in the sunlight, their ribbons lightly fluttering in the sea-breeze, while the waving fringe of green trees framing the top forms a charming background.

The audience now sits under the open sky, as in the days of old Greece ; the absence of summer rains making this practicable. It is possible, however, that an awning may be stretched across the auditorium, after the upper colonnade has been built to afford a rest for the supporting poles.

In this amphitheater, then in a partly finished state, President Roosevelt addressed an audience of fully 10,000 people. Here Mr. Roosevelt was invested with the degree of Doctor of Laws by the President of the University, and his figure, in cap and gown, added a touch to the general classical effect of the place.

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WHERE THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB WAS FORMED.

Photo by A. P. Hill.

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The formal dedication of the amphitheater took place in September, 1903, in the form of a three days' dramatic festival. On September 24th the Greek play "The Birds," by Aristophanes, was presented, the actors being students of the University. The performance was given on this occasion in the circular central space instead of the stage, in order to carry out the Greek tradition. For the same reason, no stage accessories were used, except a large bird's nest placed in front of a screen of foliage. The actors composing the chorus were dressed in costumes representing birds. Following this play, "Twelfth Night" was produced by Ben Greet, manager of the old English morality play, "Everyman." The festival closed with Racine's famous tragedy "Phedre."

Berkeley, Cal.

HOW THE "BIG BASIN" REDWOODS* WERE SAVED.

By JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN.

ANDREW P. HILL.

ON the 24th of September, 1902, a portion of California territory, known as the Big Basin, became the property of the people, as State Redwood Park. The purchase, made by a Board of Commissioners appointed by Governor Gage, from individual holders of the land, was consummated on that day. It was the happy ending of a struggle for the preservation of California's greatest redwoods, begun on March 7, 1900, by an appeal I made through the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* of that date, and which fell like a spark into a powder-keg; the *Mercury*, *Surf*, *Herald*, *Echo*, *Mail*, *Times-Gazette*, publications of Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Mateo and other counties, echoing the call and responding to it; for the press of the interior had fully awakened to the danger of complete destruction of our redwood forests.

* The giant trees thus happily saved in the Big Basin are not the Sequoia Gigantea, the popularly called "Big Trees" (a rather cross-roads title for such colossi), but the other Sequoia, the Sempervirens, commonly (and more reasonably) called "Redwoods." Like its still vaster brother, the Redwood grows only in California; and the State has probably never done a finer thing than the preservation of this grove. The names of the men and women who saved the noblest forest in North America should be remembered, as of those who Have Deserved Well of the Republic.—ED.

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THE "ANDREW P. HILL" REDWOOD.

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IN CAMP IN THE REDWOODS.

A trifle that precipitated the agitation was the discourtesy of an individual who owns some of the finest redwoods of Santa Cruz County, and who refused permission to A. P. Hill, of San José, to take pictures of these trees as illustrations for a magazine article. He pointed his refusal by adding that the trees would be felled and worked up into railroad ties and fire-wood as soon as it suited his convenience — thus sending a barbed arrow into the heart of the man whose whole life is one loving study of nature in field and forest. The letter written by Mr. Hill, in his anguish at the approaching doom of these noble trees, was a most moving plea that we all unite and make a desperate effort to save the redwoods.

Days passed, and we heard nothing more from Hill, for he was ploughing his way through the Santa Cruz Mountains with his heavy camera as sole companion. He often went hungry during these days; slept on the bare ground many a night, was lost in the woods and happily found again. But no message could recall him from the wilds, for he had discovered what roused within him the enthusiasm that nothing has ever chilled since: he had found his way into the Big Basin, the half mythical region of wonderful groups of the true redwood, the Sequoia Sempervirens of California.

The Big Basin is not altogether a basin, any more than the Yosemite is entirely a valley. Though shut in by mountain ranges from 900 to 1,200 feet in height, there are chains of hills

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CAMP SEMPERVIRENS.

within, coming up almost to that altitude. On the southwest alone it is open to the sea, the Pacific sweeping by, some five or six miles away. It lies partly in Santa Clara County, and touches a portion of San Mateo, though most of the purchase lies in the county of Santa Cruz, in the Santa Cruz Mountains of the Coast Range. It is hardly 40 miles from San Francisco, about 25 miles from San José, nearer still to the city of Santa Cruz, and not over 20 miles from Menlo Park and the Leland Stanford Junior University. The present approach is by way of Boulder, situated on the line of the South Pacific Coast narrow gauge, of the Southern Pacific R. R.

That there was any approach at all to the enormous body of land and timber, was due to the fact that the almost virgin forest was in the possession, not of the State or United States Government, but of private parties, who had a perfect right to do what they chose with land for which they had paid the price.

What is known as "the Little Basin" had already been partly denuded of timber when Hill with his camera made his way into it, lured on and on by the tales of still larger trees to be found at still farther depths of forest and wilds. According to Hill's own confession, he was fairly delirious with delight when some of the wood-choppers and mill-men showed him the way into the Big Basin, and brought him face to face with trees that were a hundred feet in circumference and rose three hundred feet in air.

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IN THE BIG BASIN. *Photo by A. P. Hill*

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A Trail in the Big Basin. *Photo by A. P. Hill*

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A GLIMPSE OF THE LILY POND.

But in this almost impenetrable forest-depth, the lumber-mill, that hyena of the redwood, was already setting its greedy fangs into trees that were world-wonders, and should have been reserved by the United States for its people. Using the last plates in his camera to make pictures of some of the giants still in their glory, and of others after their fall, Hill emerged from the Big Basin, finished his pictures and started out at once, interviewing members of the press, visiting college professors, and importuning railroad corporations, as being directly interested in attracting tourist-travel to California.

The press throughout the State spoke favorably of securing at least a portion of the Big Basin for a State Redwood Park. Only the San Francisco dailies hung back or spoke disparagingly of the project. But men like David Starr Jordan, Professor W. R. Dudley, Father Kenna, of Santa Clara College, Dr. McClish, of Pacific University, Professor Senger, N. P. Chipman and others, urged the preservation of these unique trees, from every point of view; and Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, Carrie Stevens Walter, Mrs. S. A. Jones and others became interested at once in saving the redwoods. Through their efforts, a visit to the Big Basin was arranged, in which Charles Wesley Reed, of San Francisco, and W. W. Richards, one of the editors of *Pastime*, participated.

Of the different owners of the Big Basin lands, only one had

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A Monarch of the Big Basin. *Photo by A. P. Hill*

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so far been "dug up," Mr. H. L. Middleton, heaviest stockholder in the Big Basin Lumber Company. It was discovered that the Union Mill of this company, the machinery for which had been packed on mule-back across the mountains, at great expense, was close to the largest trees, and ready to begin on them; and Mr. Middleton was dragged, willy-nilly, along with the camping party, and held as friendly hostage while his wood-choppers cut trails in any direction that was suggested. For the first time the extent of the Basin was fully realized, and the value of the water-courses, the Waddell, the Gazos, the Pescadero Creek, the Butano, all taking their sources here. Days were spent in exploration; and before the party went back to civilization two important events had taken place. Mr. Middleton had become inoculated with the spirit of this redwood-saving crowd, and the Sempervirens Club of California, with Mr. Reed as president, had been formed, in the hollow of a representative redwood, which has been named "The Sempervirens Club," in commemoration. All this had been "dead easy."

The tug of war came when we desired the Legislature of California to pass, and the Governor to sign, a bill appropriating $250,000 for the purchase of 2,500 acres of the Big Basin lands, though we should have preferred the 14,000 acres entire. Hill, his studio deserted, the paint on his palette grown dry, was "in three different places at once" during this session of the Legislature. Most in evidence at Sacramento, he slipped down to the bay occasionally over night, where he vainly strove to kindle enthusiasm in the press. Then back to Boulder and the Basin, which he always entered with his heart in his throat for fear the lumber company had grown tired of waiting and had commenced on his cherished trees. But Mr. Middleton kept his promise not to start up the mill, and Hill could return to Sacramento with a lighter heart.

Here he worried friend and foe alike, and the friends to the project were many. Delmas as well as Shortridge made eloquent pleas for the redwoods; and Father Kenna was listened to in breathless silence; Dr. McClish and Professor Dudley were granted the floor and time for a short address. Telegrams came pouring in upon the governor from the Native Sons, the Native Daughters, the Pioneers, all demanding that this last grand stand of redwoods should be saved. Finally the Solons yielded and the bill was passed. Governor Gage became convinced that it was for the best interest of the people to secure this stretch of country with its marvelous forests and extensive water-catchments; and one fair day he signed the appropriation for the purchase, appointing a commission to carry out the de-

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tails of the transaction. There were five gentlemen, Rev. R. E. Kenna, W. H. Mills, Professor Dudley, A. W. Foster; Governor Gage himself being a member ex-officio.

It was not a light task imposed upon them, and they received much newspaper abuse because they would not be hurried into rash action. Though Mr. Middleton saw the rust eating into the machinery of his mill before an official bid was made for his property, he had become so much impressed with the necessity of preserving the Big Basin, that several hundred acres were added by him at a merely nominal figure, in order to round out the territory, make easier approaches, and enlarge the water-catchments.

But the time had dragged slowly by for Mr. Hill, who feared that interest was dying out meanwhile; and he wrote me one day that he had thought out a new plan to gain more friends for the project. The Big Basin was still in the hands of the lumber company, and Mr. Middleton agreed to help in the establishment of a camp in the very heart of it, so that the Governor and his staff might come to inspect the land; and later Mr. Hill was to arrange more extended camping facilities, so as to entertain a number of people whom he hoped to convert to the religion of saving the redwoods.

Governor Gage and his staff had gone from the Big Basin before I visited the new camp. The "Governor's Camp" has become a landmark; but I hold "Camp Sempervirens," where Hill entertained his summer visitors, far more attractive; and when we reached it, after a lovely, lively drive from the town of Boulder, we were ready to cheer everything in sight — above all the American Flag, suspended between two redwoods that scraped the sky.

The clear, swift-running mountain stream, that seems to break into peals of laughter as it makes sudden plunges over smooth, white boulders and goes foaming on to the next little cascade, winds brightly through camp, and has been named Sempervirens Creek. White tents gleam out from among huge tree-bodies, a subdued golden light falling upon them from sheltering branches above. By the edge of the stream are more tents, overhung by tall, wide-spreading azalea bushes. Everything invites to rest and repose, and the large, round dining-tent, with the kitchen behind it, looked very inviting to us new arrivals. A hearty appetite may not be romantic, but it fastens upon one in the Big Basin.

The romance came later, after supper, when with lighted lanterns we crossed the bridge over the creek on our way to Slippery Rock, where the camp-fire was brightly burning. A

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slowly rising amphitheatre is this rock floor, which is not slippery at all, but a stage, with stiff straight redwoods at the back, and side-scenes of the tree-growth found throughout the Basin among the giant redwood growth. There were firs and madroño, chestnut-oaks and young black oaks, with willows swaying here and there, and a lower growth of saplings on the outer edge, which, together with tall ferns and the glistening green of the huckleberry bushes, made a most effective stage setting, leaving the front open, with a view toward the Trail Beautiful. Above us the sky, intensely blue, formed the roof; and the great golden moon lingered overhead.

Next morning we started out on our first tramp. We rested often on the trail; and while we rested we were silent, for the wind had risen, high among the tree-tops, and each tree-kind gave forth a distinct note, as in an Æolian harp, blending musically in long, solemn swell. Birds are not many in this dense forest, but one could hear them afar off — and the blue-jay cut into the harmony with its discordant screech.

Repeatedly Mr. Hill had warned us not to waste all our rapture on the "saplings" we encountered, but to save some for the really big trees. The first one we came upon was a matter of one hundred and seven feet in circumference, and was named, by the Sempervirens people, in honor of A. P. Hill. Near by was the "Santa Clara," and not far from it the "Santa Cruz," in the hollow of which Mr. Hill had at one time lived. Not quite so large around as the "A. P. Hill," they had both been touched by fire, though hale and hearty, and green from top to root. A hundred years must have passed since the last fire; for the growth of the other trees, madroño, fir and oak, must be a century old. As for the age of the huge redwoods, a single utterance by Asa Grey may stand for that: "If I could but see the heart of that tree yonder, I could show you the ring that was made the year our Saviour was born," he said one day to his friend, Professor Anderson—though the tree he pointed to was not in the Big Basin.

Not all our tramping was done in one day; and although I wished to see as much of the Basin as possible, I would not go where those tiresome men spent so much of their time fishing. "The north fork of the Waddell," "the south fork of the Gazos," "the headwaters of Pescadero Creek," are still unknown to me; but one day some of the gentlemen left their fishing-tackle at home and came with us to the Fallen Monarch, a tree of which I wanted very much to learn the original height. The stump left standing measured some ninety feet in circumference, and stood forty feet high; and when they had measured the length

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of the trunk that lay on the ground, they found that this tree had reached three hundred and twenty feet into the air. At the foot of it we posed for a picture, of course. Indeed, snap-shots and picture-taking were the order of the day, and once a youthful couple was "taken," unaware of impending danger.

Close by was as clear a lake, as green a glade, as could be found in Norway, Sweden or "ould Ireland" itself. They call it just the Potrero, and one comes upon it unexpectedly, a grassy plain, dotted with clumps of grand old oaks, moss hanging from the branches. And they shelter this lake of purest blue, upon which float yellow pond-lilies, and which mirrors, on the farther side, groves of the magnificent madroño, the tree that should be, next to the redwood, the sacred tree of California.

Wrights, Cal.

THE PIONEER.

By S. A. WARDLOW.

IN the bold confidence of youth's flood tide
That scoffed at peril, danger's power defied,
He came.
Strong willed, staunch hearted, evils might conspire
Nor quell his soul, nor hardship's trial dire
His spirit tame.
Through difficulties, stern as granite rocks, in which he toiled
He struggled on, and stronger with the strife would not be foiled.

* * * * * * *

From nerveless hand he dropped the heavy pick;
Feeble and broken, age worn, battle sick,
He went—
The light of hope still glowing in his eye,
The hope of youth that would not, could not, die,
Though life was spent.
He passed unnoticed, all his struggle vain, his goal denied,
From life that gave but disappointment's shock for Fate defied.

* * * * * * *

Unknown, uncared for, in his pauper grave,
We pass him by, and know not that he gave
His life,
Himself unknowing, that the softer souled
Might now the vision realized behold
That urged his strife—
The softer souled who knowing not their debt leave him unpraised
And long forgotten, and unheeding tread the path he blazed.

St. Helena, Cal.

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TRAVELING IN TAHITI.*

By CHARLES KEELER.

HAVING become somewhat settled and accustomed to the life of Tahiti, we planned a trip about the island for a more extended survey of the country and its people. This meant a drive of about 110 miles around the coast; the courtesy of a new-found friend, the American sugar-planter, not only made the expedition a possibility, but also realized it in the most delightful manner. Word was sent in advance to the chiefs of all the districts that a party would visit them at a stated time; wherefore we received a hearty welcome and found everything prepared for our reception at each stopping point.

Tahiti, the largest of the Society Islands, is shaped like a figure 8, extending from northwest to southeast. Papéete is situated near the end of the larger section, and Tautíra is but a short distance from the smaller extremity. This smaller loop of the 8, known as the Taiarápu peninsula, is connected with the main island by the low Taraváo isthmus. It is about ten miles in diameter, half the width of the larger loop. Picture the mountains rising from 6,000 to 7,000 feet on the main island and to 4,000 feet on the lesser division; surround the shore line with a plain, gently rising from the sea, interrupted at a few points by lava bluffs; and then encircle this mountainous double-island with a coral reef coming just to the surface of the water, now within a few hundred yards of the shore, and again a mile or so away, broken here and there so that the surf rushes through to roll its white masses on the beach. Such is Tahiti!

Shortly after daybreak on a late November morning, our party left Papéete in two double-seated wagons, with stocky little island horses of a breed imported from Chile. As the roads upon the north and east side of the island were bad, and there was increasing danger of finding the rivers impassable on account of rain, we decided to start off in that direction, feeling assured that if we could get halfway around there would be no difficulty about returning on the other side. We accordingly

TAHITI FROM THE SEA.

*Illustrated by Louise M. Keeler.

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set off upon the road which led to the tomb of King Pomare, and on to the Papenóo District. The morning air was cool, for the tropics, and the mountains stood out blue and clear, with the bewildering wealth of tropical foliage crowding about their base.

The road led through a fine sugar plantation, one of the only two in successful operation on the island, and we saw the fields of tender, green cane, looking not unlike a newly-sprouted cornfield at home. The novelty of a grove of tall cocoanut trees, with a large herd of cattle grazing beneath them, impressed us all as we rolled along at a merry pace. An old, cement, double-arched bridge spanned a creek where a company of children and

Old Stone Bridge, Tahiti.

horses were having a frolic in a crystal pool. As we passed them they ran splashing down the stream into the sea close at hand, and drove the horses in shoulder-deep, laughing and shouting in high glee. A party of natives were drawing a seine hard by, and two or three others were paddling about in their narrow dugouts, steadied with outriggers. It was a typical native scene, with the still water of the lagoon, the sea chafing at the barrier reef, the line of palms along shore, and the mountains rising on the landward side.

Our attention was attracted by patches of *papáya* trees growing by the wayside. This plant, commonly known as the mummy apple, sends up a tall woody stem, with a head of deeply indented leaves sheltering a curious melon-like fruit. Clusters of small cacao plants were noted in one or two places, and the great bread-fruit trees, with their masses of heavy foliage and warty balls of green fruit, were ever present. Then we saw fields of coffee plants growing in the shade of trees, the modest

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bushes having symmetrical leaves and bearing the precious green berries close to the stem.

Presently the road began to ascend a bluff. It was so steep that we took pity on our horses and walked, passing through dense masses of foliage and past fern-covered banks. At last we caught glimpses of sea and shore below, which were more and more enchanting as we advanced. At every turn new beauties broke upon us. First the deep blue of the ocean, with white cumulus clouds piled upon the horizon; then a bit of crescent beach; at last, as we emerged from the darkness of the woods, a succession of curving bays where a break in the reef admitted the white splendor of the "combers"—a dense forest of broad-leaved bananas and plumed cocoanut palms covering the plain with lively green verdure—rocky points jutting out to the breakers—and, in its veil of pale blue, the castellated peaks of Mooréa rising out of the sea like an enchanter's palace.

MUMMY-APPLE TREES, TAHITI.

Reluctantly we left a scene so fair, only to find as the road turned in a graceful sweep around the promontory, another picture below us; this time of Point Venus, a long, low cape densely covered with vegetation, upon which Captain Cook made those observations of the transit of Venus, which were of such importance to students of geography and astronomy. The bay below us, where his ship lay at anchor for many months, more than a century ago, has not been altered by the hand of man save for the driveway and a lighthouse on the low rocky extremity of the cape.

Down we plunged toward sea-level, the collars on our little horses' necks pushed clear up to their ears. A rope tied to one of the wheels served for brake, and, by dint of pulling back on the lines, we reached the bottom of the grade without mishap. On we drove, past houses of thatched cocoanut leaves along the beach, with charming glimpses of native life here and there,

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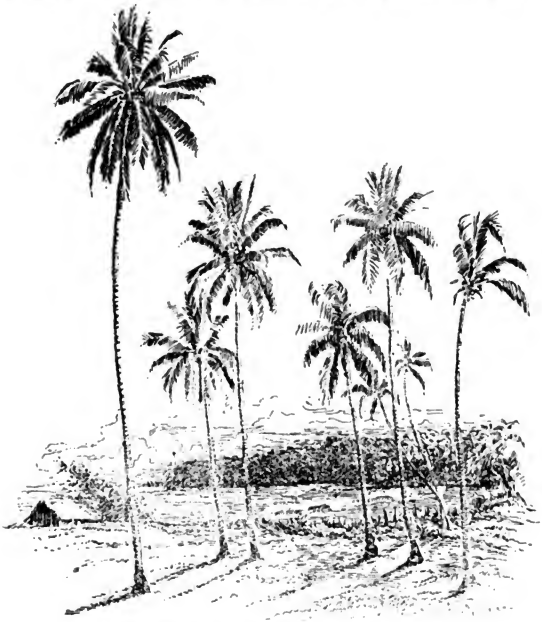
bright bits of color under the green trees—for the native women are nearly always dressed in brilliant gowns when not in white



BLUFF ON THE WAY TO POINT VENUS.

—groups of women washing clothes in streams, and a copra-laden boat sailing wing-and-wing down the lagoon toward Papéete.

At about ten o'clock we arrived at the Papenóo village, and were introduced to the chief, a fine-looking, gentlemanly young fellow who could speak only in the native tongue. It was the breakfast hour, we were hungry, and arrangements had been made in advance for our meal to be awaiting us; but we soon learned that matters of more importance were on foot. A new Protestant church was to be dedicated, and there was no one to attend to the breakfast until after the ceremony. The chief lived in a modern cottage with a porch in front, complete in

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every detail save that the steps had been overlooked, and one had to be in acrobatic training to reach the level of the floor. Once there, however, we found ourselves at an excellent point of vantage from which to observe the people on their way to church. They were all decked out in holiday finery, and a splendid showing they made of it. Groups of girls had been gathering for some time at the various houses, each company with dresses uniform in style. All wore the loose gowns hanging from the shoulders (which, indeed, is the universal fashion among the women of Tahiti), but one set had dresses of a gorgeous shrimp-pink silk, trimmed with lace, and with hats to match; another party wore gowns of scarlet, while still others were resplendent in pale pink or blue. All were barefoot, the shoe being the one badge of servitude and conformity to civilized conventions which the native cannot endure.

Among the men there was a greater variety of costume. A few were clad in immaculate white duck; others wore shirts, coats, and strips of cloth about their waists hanging to the knees. At a few of them, dressed thus in *páreu*, with only a starched white shirt hanging loose above it, it was difficult to look with gravity suited to the occasion. The minister and his deacons brought up the rear of the procession, and a more solemn and sanctimonious party could not be found in an old-fashioned New England meeting-house. They even wore shoes, and all had on white shirts, black trousers and "Prince Albert" coats. One portly old fellow carried an umbrella and walked with the conscious stride of an alderman, the admired of all beholders.

We fell in at the end of the procession, and what a sight it was as we entered the plain little wooden church, painted white within and without—a veritable flower-garden of gorgeous colors, swaying as with the gentle motion of the ocean breeze, and framing the dark, brown, savage faces in a splendor of tropical hues! The deacons sat on the platform behind a railing, and the minister stood in a pepper-box pulpit behind them. Some of the deacons spoke and read the scripture, and one of them made an uncommonly long prayer. The poor little children writhed beneath it, for the crowded room was growing hot as the time advanced toward midday. One proud mother had brought her two little boys dressed in white satin and had encased their feet in shoes. They wriggled and squirmed under the torture till finally pride gave way to the natural instincts of the mother, and the shoes came off. Even this was not enough; for the bench was an awkward seat for these children of nature, and the mother ended by squatting on the floor, with

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her boys seated contentedly on the hem of her dress. A baby at one end of the church began to cry, and another and another lifted its voice in answer. Finally one set up a wail so insistent and dominating that its mother beat a hasty retreat. A dog was lying asleep on the doorsill, and the mother in her confusion stepped full upon it, whereupon the frightened canine gave a wild yelp followed by a whine at the top of its voice. But still the good deacon prayed on.

The native minister was eloquent, so far as we could judge from manner, gesture and intonation, but the part of the service which especially appealed to us was the singing. When I heard those savage, rhythmic cadences, the stirring time, the loud penetrating voice of the woman who led the song, the prolonged hum with which it closed I was carried to the days before the missionary. Though their words were of the Prodigal Son, the weird melody was savage to the core. I had heard before we went into the church the low, yet penetrating, sound of a conch-shell, which once summoned the warriors to battle. Now I was listening to the battle hymn. I fancied myself at one of the stone *marais* in the long ago past, and heard, through the tumult of the song, the cries of the victim upon the altar. They were addressing their own gods and chanting of war and victory. Though all the conventions of civilization be put upon these people, their music links them to the past. No more victories for them in strife, nor, alas, in peace! Let them sing while they may, for the days of their rejoicing are numbered!

We left the church and returned to the chief's house, vaulting upon his veranda, there to await as patiently as our mental and physical condition would permit, the long-delayed breakfast. The people returned to their homes, and on every hand we saw them on porches, among the trees, or just inside the doors of their bamboo houses, shedding the gorgeous trappings which were to be laid aside for the next gala occasion. Like the actors in a grand transformation scene at the theater, they appeared almost instantly in simpler attire—the men for the most part in undershirt and *pareu* and the women in loose gowns of calico. We sat down, as guests of the chief, to a most excellent native repast of *fèis*, roast sucking-pig and chicken, seasoned with a native sauce of cocoanut-milk and wild ginger.

No sooner had we finished our breakfast than the rumble of thunder gave us warning to be on our way. The Papenóo River is the largest stream on the island, rushing down from the mountains through a deep valley. Its waters rise on scarcely a moment's notice, when it becomes a most treacherous stream to

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ford. Our guide and driver looked anxiously at the dark storm-cloud sweeping down the valley from the mountains, and made

AN APPROACH TO THE MOUNTAINS, TAHITI.

all haste to harness the teams. We started on after a hurried farewell to our entertainers, a large company of natives trotting beside us. Suddenly a blinding jet of lightning flashed in our faces, with a clap of thunder following in quick succession. The horses shied, but a vigorous application of the whip urged them on to the river bank. Here the natives took all our effects from the wagons, and holding them over their heads waded into the swift and swollen stream. There was no time to be lost, for every moment it was rising; so the forward team plunged in, attended by a large company of shouting natives. Deeper and deeper they sank, until we held our breaths as we watched them; but the natives tugged at the wheels, the driver whipped the horses, and they reached the farther shore. Our turn came

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next, and our horses were smaller. In we splashed, the water rising to the hubs, then to the wagon bed, and finally pouring completely over the wagon, our seats alone being above the rushing stream. I could feel the wheels sliding on the bottom and knew we were afloat, although the strong arms of native helpers kept us in place. Just at the critical moment one of the little horses became terrified and commenced to plunge wildly in an effort to free himself and get ashore, come what might to the rest of us. There we sat in mid-stream, our legs in the air, the rising torrent surging all about us, one of the horses dancing a jig and the other standing stock still, while all about were the natives breast high in the water, yelling and tugging with might and main. I looked up the stream at the turbid river hurrying out of the yawning mountain with the black cloud above it, and then glanced towards the sea which was but a hundred yards away. For a few moments the situation looked dubious, but a smart application of the whip brought our refractory horses to terms and the shouting natives urged them on. Again the wheels turned, the water shoaled, and we reached the bank in safety amid the shouts and cheers and farewell *Iorána*s to our savage friends.

Then followed kilometers of wagoning through the Tíare and Makaéna districts, in tropical jungles and beside the rock-bound coast, crowding around rugged cliffs so close to the breakers that the salt spray was dashed in our faces. The pandanus trees grew down to the brink of the ocean, their bare stems topped with drooping ribbons of green which sometimes dangled almost into the water. Through their trailing leafage we caught entrancing vistas of sea and shore, sparkling and shimmering in the sunlight in many tones of green and blue. We climbed to rocky heights, where only the ironwood grew, gray-foliaged, with slender, needle-like, beaded leaves and drooping boughs, making but a scanty veil to cover the rude rock-masses of the mountains by the sea.

A never-ending succession of brawling streams interrupted our way, through which we splashed and struggled as best we could. Now and then a solitary thatched house was seen nestled among the palms by the sea, or a cluster of huts standing in some little cove, with the indispensable canoes of the inhabitants drawn up along shore and protected from the sun by a covering of cocoanut branches. At each little settlement the natives greeted us from their doorways; and thus we journeyed merrily on to Hitiáa, our destination for the first night.

We were to sleep in a native house, and judging from the untidiness of certain thatched huts I had inspected in the environs of Papéete, my expectations were not high as to the entertainment in store for us. We drove up to the door of a typieal

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native home where the chief and his wife stood to welcome us. The house, oval in shape, was built upon a low foundation of stones. The sides were made of vertical poles of bamboo, lashed together, with cracks between them through which the light and air filtered. On either side was a door, opening the apartment to the refreshing sea breeze. The roof was thatched with pandanus leaves, matted, weather-worn and brown. We stepped inside and found ourselves in a most splendid basket. The rafters and framing timbers were of poles stripped of their bark. The fresh-looking screen of bamboo through which the

A Rocky Bluff by the Sea (Tahiti).

light sifted, the neatness of the plaited ceiling, the simplicity and cleanliness of the room, captivated us at once. The house was without partitions, but the floor was raised a step at one end and curtains of light sheeting had been hung in front of the beds, two of which stood at each extremity of the room. Beautiful white spreads hung over their sides, ornamented with gorgeous designs worked in red appliqué. They were covered with canopies of mosquito netting, and altogether looked more like the couches of kings than the beds of savages. In the center of the room stood a table covered with a white cloth, and the only other articles of furniture were a few plain chairs and a camphor-wood chest.

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After a dip in the sea, I went to inspect the preparations for dinner, which were made in native fashion. The kitchen was at a distance from the house and contained a primitive oven, consisting merely of a pile of stones, whereon a brisk fire had been burning for some time. In the embers were placed bundles of fish tied up in banana leaves, a sucking-pig, bread-fruits and *féis*. Moistened bread-fruit leaves were then spread over the repast and it was left to roast for about an hour. In due time the various dishes were served with a sauce made of cocoanut milk, sea-water and lime juice, and we all ate with a keen relish. We slept in beds scented with sweet ferns, as luxurious and inviting couches as any land could afford.

I was up betimes on the morrow to view the sunrise from the beach. The canoes were drawn up under the fringe of pandanus trees in a little bight, with a sheltering point standing out just ahead, dark and sombre in its dense mantle of foliage. Far beyond it stood the headland of the peninsula, blue in the haze of distance and overhung with heavy masses of rain cloud. It seemed far away in dreamland, when I thought of driving there before the close of day. A boat arrived with a cargo from Papéete after an all-night journey against the wind. A boy paddled out in a small canoe to assist in landing the cargo, but otherwise the advent occasioned no stir in the village. A woman came up to give me a piece of bread-fruit which she had just baked, and a man told me he had plenty of vanilla beans and asked if I would buy his stock.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

IN TAHITI.

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THE SONG OF THE BOW.

By MARY AUSTIN.

RED MORNING came to the evergreen oak
And wove him a screen of boughs,
To lie in wait till the tall dun buck
Came over the hill to browse.

It was all in the time of tender leaves
And the blossoming hour of the vine,
The red fox barked in the cactus scrub
And he heard the wild bees whine.

It was all in the time of tender leaves
And poppies beginning to blow ;
Red Morning sat in the evergreen oak
And made him a song of his bow.

The wood was the heart of a juniper tree
On a strong, sea-sloping hill,
And the things it learned in the young green bough
The bow remembered still;

For it learned of the wind, it learned of the sea
And it learned of the spotted snake,
And their threefold sting was loosed from the string
When the will of the bow would wake.

The cord of the bow is the will of the bow,
'Tis the twisted gut of the deer ;
Red Morning fingered the feathered shaft
And drew the butt to his ear.

For he was aware of an antlered buck
Come down by the stream to feed ;
Red Morning loosened the cord of the bow
And sent him the stinging reed.

And all by night when the braves came in
And the children lay in the byre,
Red Morning sang his song of the bow
As he leaped by the leaping fire.

But the tall buck ranged on the hill no more
Nor belled to the tender doe,
For never a beast runs free in the wood
Who has harked to the song of the bow.

Independence, Cal.

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THE SHERIFF OF HUMBOLDT.

By CAROLINE NEWNES.

IT was the winter end of autumn of the year eighteen hundred and fifty something, in the mountains of Northern California. On such nights, in that high altitude, the air braced like champagne, the sky seemed a great inverted bowl of deepest blue, and the twinkling stars like bubbles clinging to the bottom of the wine-cup, from which ever and again one fell and vanished.

Since twelve on such a night, a solitary horseman had been riding through the broad, flat, uninhabited valley into which the county road descended from mountain peaks at the south and from which it ascended to other mountain peaks at the north. The road through the valley was the shortest road between these two points, and lay, in the moonlight, like a long strip of white canvas.

The rider must have been about thirty-five years old. His face was of that cosmopolitan color gained by exposure to all weathers in all climates. His brown moustache curled up at the ends; his small, gray eyes seemed not only alert but keen to penetrate the disguise with which distance veils an object. He was of medium height, light in weight, but heavily muscled. His well-groomed horse gave the same impression of strength and endurance as the master. He led a second horse from which the shoes had been removed.

By four in the morning he had reached the foot of the mountains to the north, where he left the county road for an overgrown wood-trail, which branched off to the right.

"Reckon I'll be in time for breakfast. Coffee and bacon —um-m," he muttered to himself.

Half-an-hour later he forded a mountain brook, and stopped to water the horses. Going, himself, further up stream, he leaned over a flat rock and, pressing his face into the cool water, drank long and deep.

The murmuring brook slipped out from the shadow of the woods, hastened across the road, and disappeared in the shadows on the further side. The morning mist was rising, and, as he wiped the drops of water from his face, the man commented laughingly to himself: "Sure, I reckon the fish are frying their grubs for breakfast this minute. The smoke of their fires makes me plumb hungry." Then, untying his horse, he added, "No use nosing, Sierra Joe; no feed for us until we reach home." He sprang easily into the saddle, and man and beasts moved off.

Further on, the road wound around the point of a bluff which

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projected over a steep, narrow gorge. When the rider reached this spot an eagle caught his attention. As he idly watched its ascent, a cloud of dust appeared higher up on the mountains on the opposite side of the valley. The deep-set, grey eyes seized on this sign of human life, and the shrewd brain drew swift inferences.

"Seem to be in a hurry," he remarked half aloud. "Wonder if they believe if anything is chasing of 'em. There's two—'cause one dropped behind for a minute. They're churning up dust like a propeller does froth on an ocean wave."

"'On my arm her soft hand rested, rested light as Humboldt dust,'" he hummed.

"Oh, woman!" he cried, "if only your faith were as clinging; but it's puff!—and the light o' love in your eyes blows out, though it's beat, beat, beat to be rid of the dust. Come, come;" he urged his beasts forward. "Guess we better meet beyond the bridge."

About six he reached the bridge, which was built over the head of a waterfall. For some distance the mountains had been becoming steeper and steeper, while the trees and dense underbrush which covered their sides were impenetrable. On either bank of the fall stood a redwood, and from tree to tree a close fence and heavy wire had been strung.

The rider stopped on the bridge to consider it.

"Course," he said, "its none of my business what the Sheriff of Mendocino thought best. This is close on to the county line; and if he believed Preacher Jim could jump himself and horse down twenty-foot falls, I reckon he was right to string those wires. They do say that three years ago, when he was frequenting these parts, that Preacher Jim's tracks disappeared hereabouts; but they always searched up stream. Humph!" He listened intently for a moment. "The two I saw should have headed the valley and be coming around this next bend, right soon, now. Yes, there they come, on the run." And he started forward at a leisurely pace. As they raced into view he moved toward the bank as though making room for the new-comers to pass, but when within twenty feet of them he suddenly touched Sierra Joe with the spurs and fairly jumped him across the narrow trail, while he slipped himself to the ground behind the obedient animal. The men reined in hastily to prevent a collision, and were surprised to see a revolver levelled at them and to hear a cool voice saying, "Hands up, gentlemen! I've been waiting for you." The tone was polite, but insistent, and the hands were raised, while two tongues began to protest. The man answered calmly: "No use arguing. I'm the Sheriff of

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Humboldt, and shall have to relieve you of those horses. They just fit the description of some I'm after."

"Oh, but—I say—d— ! These horses are ours. We bought them at the county fair. You're barking up the wrong tree, Sheriff;" and the grimy fists started to descend.

"Keep 'em up!" rang out sternly, and the hands went back. "The Sheriff of Mendocino warned me to be on the look-out for you. Said you were a slick pair."

He stepped out from behind his horse, and the broad, torn brim of his felt hat flapped down over his face. A pair of bright grey eyes peered through the rent.

"Sorry to inconvenience you," he apologized, as he confiscated a pair of revolvers and two cartridge belts. "But business must be attended to. I'll have to request you to dismount." The men complied sullenly.

"Look here," one of them expostulated angrily. "You're gone plumb foolish, Mr. Sheriff. We're the Jones boys, and these critters belong to us."

"Very well," rejoined the Sheriff of Humboldt. "You come to the court-house next week and prove the property. If I'm mistaken, the drinks is on me." He smiled like a benefactor.

At this the one who had spoken burst into a storm of abuse, while his brother listened in sympathetic admiration.

"Tut, tut," remonstrated the sheriff, good naturedly, "Shouldn't waste language so early in the morning. Why, you'll be bankrupt before noon. Such profanity at dawn is shocking. Stop!" he cried sternly, and then in a softer voice, "Listen to the birds singing their orisons; notice the morning glories slowly opening for the buzzing bees to kiss; watch the long fingers of the sun tap-tap-tapping up the hillside and calling all the secret dwellers of grass and tree to life. Gaze about you and feel ashamed of the ungrateful reception with which you alone of all Nature have welcomed the advent of a glorious day. And now, don't speak! If you poison again the sweetness of the morning air, I'll shoot! Go!"

"You've the best of us now, but there's an election this fall," he who had been silent answered warningly, while his more choleric brother gasped with suppressed rage.

"Get on!" The words came like a pistol shot and startled the pair on their way. The brothers walked quietly until out of sight around the first curve and then broke into a run, clumping noisily. The faster they ran the angrier they grew. At last they reached the brook and sank panting in the shade beside it. Only then did one think to inquire, "Why didn't he arrest us?"

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"By ——!" exclaimed the other, "that is strange."

Meanwhile the Sheriff had expeditiously gathered the horses and led them back across the bridge and upon the dry grass at the side of the road. Two by two he disappeared with them into the dense chaparral, and scrambling, sliding, down the only possible but almost invisible path, met the brook some 500 feet below the falls. There he mounted his own horse and keeping the three in front drove them down the stream, which, friendly to the adventure, immediately obliterated the footprints. The Sheriff of Humboldt turned his hat so that the torn brim was again at the back of his head.

"Humph!" he remarked to himself. "Always heard that the Jones outfit was easy. But they are green!" he ejaculated, and laughed silently. "Well, they may reclaim their horses at the court-house; I don't care. It was risky seizing their nags; but I couldn't resist when I saw the new saddles, just what brother has been wishing for, to copy and sell to the tenderfeet when we move to Mexico. If that lad had as much sense as he has swear in him he'd be President of these U-nited States some day."

Hours later he sniffed the air, and declared to Sierra Jo, "Brother is frying bacon; sure sign he's worrying, because I'm late. Says he knows if they had me strung up and he began to fry bacon, that I'd manage to escape. Reckon he's right. Still I dislike to worry him. Brother is a good man," and the pseudo Sheriff of Humboldt removed his hat. "Well," he planned to himself, "just one more wild dash across the border, and then, with luck, we can repurchase the old farm. Say we're home from any old place, raise cobblestones and live respectable." He paused to grin. "That is, brother will, and I'll try—with frequent vacations."

He drew a long breath and stretched his hands above his head, straining the fingers apart as he yawned. "Oh—I'm always so virtuous in the morning, but at night I sure am magnetized to evil.

"Get on!" he called to the horses. "Re-branded, with a new winter coat well plastered with mud, you-all will be safe to drive to Mexico in the spring. I might enter you at the county fair and get a prize. Ho, ho! I turned that trick too, once. But I'll tell brother I bought the saddles. His conscience will be easy, and he'll enjoy re-covering them in carved leather." The rider emerged from the rocky steeps into a small plain, far from any habitation, and covered with thick brown grass.

A short, wiry man, with the face of an ascetic, advanced to meet him from the door of a rough log hut.

"Salute," said the traveler, as he slipped from his horse

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"Salute the Sheriff of Humboldt," and he rolled, convulsed with laughter, in the long grass.

The bacon in the frying-pan sizzled, and the air was fragrant with the aroma of boiling coffee.

Trudging down toward the valley and discussing their escape from arrest, the Jones outfit had overcome its anger sufficiently to take notice.

"That's strange," the elder declared suddenly. "Look at these foot-prints. Here are some of an unshod animal going up and those are of a shod animal coming down."

"By Jimini!" exclaimed the other—"turned his horse's shoes. He's no Sheriff of Humboldt! Brother, that was Preacher Jim!"

San Rafael, Cal.

THE LITTLE HIGHBINDER HAM.

By A. B. BENNETT.

He has no soul in his yellow hide, but still has fair excuse,
For his hands are trained like a Christian cook's—not showy, but lots of use.
You sling his plunder atop the freight, on top of that, a calm
Little toddling, round-eyed mannikin—the little highbinder Ham.

The sun, who blisters the freighters raw—the dust and hungry road—
These rasp up the Christian temper some by time you come to unload;
But, before the horses are all unhitched, and watered, and chawing hay,
Little Ham has unlimbered his cuisine, and his camp-fire burns away.

Coffee, begum! and griddle cakes, and steaks now scent the air;
The bilious eye that cursed the eve now sees it passing fair;
Repenting the jars that occur on the way, repenting superfluous d——
That occasionally flew at the unmoved face of little highbinder Ham.

Surveying the stars that bedeck our roof, we peacefully pull a pipe,
And genially banter the cares of day, for casual discussion ripe;
We brush on the questions appropriate, the arts, the policies, strife
Of civilized man, and explain to Ham that he springs from a heathen life.

Ensenada, Lower California.

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THE WHITE FROG.

By BELLE KANT.

TERECITA smiled into the careless blue eyes of her lover, glorying for the hundredth time in his height, his broad shoulders, the light hair above his sun-tanned face. Good right had he to be brown, she knew; for Will Jansen, sergeant in the crack company of the Fifteenth, stationed in the camp behind the school-house, had seen three years of service beneath the tropical sun of China and the Philippines, before he had been transferred at last to Monterey—there to win the love, and in due time the consent of mother and priest to marriage, of this child of the little town, who knew naught of life beyond its limits and those of her simple-religiously-ordered girlhood.

They came along in the twilight where the road behind San Carlos Mission sinks into a hollow, past the squirrel-burrowed adobe slopes on the one side and the browning meadow on the other. Off in the distance the Monterey hills, their pines against the sky hooded with the mists of the coming evening, loomed dark and still and far. Nearer by, a hillock, yellow-heaped with hay, having relinquished the last rays of Californian sunlight, shaded harmoniously into the subdued tones of the night.

Terecita stopped now, at the edge of the swamp lake. It lay like a time-stained mirror, just a little this side of the cemetery with its group of bowing oaks—gray friars stilled for the Angelus. Patches of green scum spread raggedly over it, waving mustard girdled its uneven shores, and only the frogs which dotted its edges with their brown bodies, and the sand-pipers which spun round and round on its surface, disturbed it.

Terecita, watching the birds, clapped her hands and laughed with a child's enjoyment when they rose, circled a few times about in the air, then settled again on the lake a bit farther from the shore.

"Oh, Will, aren't they little fools?" she cried. "They're almost as bad as I was, when I was a little girl at the convent and used to whirl about till I was so dizzy I couldn't stand up."

Jansen looked admiringly at her pretty rounded face, the heavy braids of soot-black hair bound about her small head, and into the depths of her dark eyes. Each of her dainty gestures pleased him, and he lazily delighted in the animation that made her face sparkle.

"Go on, Teress," he teased. "Tell about the time you changed veils with Mariquita Castro, and wore her old cotton one to your first communion."

"My mother told you that?" Terecita flushed hotly before

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his deriding smile and the shallow blue eyes that watched her through half-closed lids. "She should not have. I was only so little then, and poor Mariquita so tall that her veil did not cover the place where her belt had slipped."

She ceased, and stared down into the stagnant pool at her feet. Myriads of tadpoles darted hither and yon, and among them gleamed a pale bit of color. She threw a pebble at it and the frogs leaped wildly for shelter.

"Oh, look, look!" she exclaimed. "See over there by the rock! It's white, Will—a white frog! Different from all the rest—different from any frog I've ever seen!"

Jansen did not answer. His face had gone gray, but it darkened to crimson as she repeated wonderingly,

"A white frog!"

He bit his lip in an attempt at composure, then burst out fiercely:

"Don't say that, Terecita. Never say it again! How—how should you know?" The girl's frightened gaze recalled him. "Oh, don't be scared! Only it reminded me of something—your saying that."

He smiled at her troubled eyes but the muscles of his face seemed stiff and mechanical.

"Let's go back into town. It's getting cold out here. We'll stop at the post-office and see if the mail is distributed. I—I promise I won't be such a fool again."

He talked on lightly for a few minutes, calling her "darling," which he knew she loved better than any of the Spanish endearments; till he saw he had reassured her, though a shade still rested in her eyes, and his own hand trembled as he helped her over the road.

The cool, dark, night air, odorous with the mingled scents of the June roses blooming on the whitewashed adobe walls, the salt breeze from the ocean, the pine breath from the hills, and the wood smoke that still curled languidly from the village chimneys, gathered pungency as Jansen and Terecita came along the dwellings. The electric lights gleaming over the saloons and from the larger stores lit the sidewalks but spottily, for kerosene lamps still held sway in the humbler shops. Soldiers, slender privates from the infantry camp on the hill, sallow with long exposure to tropic suns and fevers, and negro cavalrymen stalwart in khaki, strolled down the short street toward its ending at the fishermen's wharf.

The postoffice was deserted, and the mail clerk's window closed. As Jansen unlocked his box, a tall Chinese clattered in from a large covered wagon that had stopped in the street a

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moment before—Lun Wok, the wealthiest fisherman in Chinatown, newly returned from a trip to his fatherland. Terecita had known him since she was a child, as had, indeed, every boy and girl in Monterey; for, with undiscriminating generosity, he presented them at each Chinese New-Year with parcels of Oriental sweetmeats. She greeted him now, and, delighted with her notice, he began to tell of his voyage, the joy of his parents at seeing him, and the treasures he had brought back.

"Oh, come on, Teress!" Jansen fidgeted.

She turned to go, calling back to Lun Wok, "I'll come out some day with my mother. Then you may show us the embroidered gowns and the carved ebony chairs."

A Chinese woman seated in the back of his wagon stared after them. The light from a shop window lit Jansen's face for a moment, and she started to her feet, calling out, "Jance! Bill Jance!"

They had gone some yards down the street, and he was listening, deeply interested, to Terecita, but he started at the cry and twisted sharply about. The woman had sunk again into the dusk of the wagon, and Lun Wok was whipping up his horses.

Several days later, having made their way through the fishing village, Terecita and her mother knocked at the door of Lun Wok's weather-beaten shack. The older woman, her dark fine-featured Castilian face eager with desire to see the Chinese silks and embroideries, waited impatiently while a heavy step crossed the room to the window. They heard Wok, within, give a gruff command, which was followed by the shrill expostulation of a woman. When he opened the door, however, the room was empty, and he welcomed his visitors with courteous bows and smiles. Soon the place was gay with Oriental raiment, pulled from dark chests and wooden cases.

"You likee see fluniture?" Wok asked; "I keep over in Tom Won's store."

Terecita had garbed herself in a richly-worked robe, and stood with a yellow scarf draped mantilla-like over her hair. "I don't want to go, Wok," she said. "Will you let me stay here and try on some more of these lovely things?"

He assented, and her mother followed him from the room, saying rebukingly, "Terecita, you are still a child and care more for doll clothes, such as these, than for the embroidered linens I shall buy from Wok for your wedding outfit."

In a corner of the room, the incense-stick that burned before the household shrine sent a thread of blue smoke upward. Terecita had lain aside the darker garments, and now touched with caressing fingers the fairest of all, a silken robe white as the

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spray that dashed on the sea-worn rocks below Wok's cabin. "It might be a marriage gown," she whispered reverentially, "so pure, so beautiful——"

A door at the side opened softly. A Chinese woman peered from it curiously at Terecita, smiled cunningly, and came forward.

"Me fool Wok," she said. "Him say I no let you see me. I stay here now, be his wife."

"But where is his other wife?" cried Terecita. "Where's Yung, who always lived here?"

"She die in China. Wok bling me to this countlee with her stifcate. Get in al' light that way." The woman grinned. "Me know how speak Englis'," she continued. "White man tell me how. Him soldier—here now, too. See um other night."

Terecita looked at her with vague uneasiness. The woman was young, with a certain comeliness, but her lips were painted and her eyes had a bold look that Yung's had never possessed. As a tiny whimper crept from a dark inner room, she swore, and the English-spoken oath seemed doubly foul upon her lips.

"You want see kid?" she asked, leering at the girl. "All time cly like that. Wok hate um, say um no good."

From a back room she brought a child of perhaps two years, handling him roughly with none of a mother's love apparent in her movements. She thrust the child close before Terecita. Unwittingly the girl put up her hand as if to ward off a blow. Then, as she looked, she sank gasping to her seat, her eyes widening with horror.

The baby, quieted now, lay watching a bit of scarlet paper on the wall. Its face, repulsive and masklike, had features flat and Chinese. But the skin that covered it was of a transparent, dead whiteness, the traceries of the vein showed in the temples, and blue, shallow eyes shone through its half-closed lids.

"White baby!" the woman went on. "Got white father. Him name ——"

"Don't!" Terecita cried. "Don't tell me his name." Again she looked fearfully at the child's eyes, and they but added conviction to the thought that had of a sudden made her face old. "It can't be! I mustn't think it!" she moaned to herself. "Oh, why need they be so like ——"

"Why you no want to know his name?" The woman grinned. "Maybe you see him. Him here in Mont'ley. Him hate kid too, call um 'White Flog.'"

Wok's voice was heard outside, and she shuffled hastily back with her child. Terecita lifted a crêpe shawl and mechanically

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folded it, smoothing it into its accustomed creases. Her eyes were wide and strained, and, as her mother called to her from the outside, she blindly rose and followed the voice, though the words carried no import to her mind, filled as it was with one image—a white, flat, Chinese, child's face, lit by Will Jansen's shallow blue eyes.

As that day went by, and the next, Terecita, praying for guidance, refused to see Jansen, who anxiously called and questioned her mother, who was as ignorant as himself of what had disturbed the girl. And Terecita, to her piteous plea for help, received but one answer—that the Chinese woman was the mother of her lover's son and therefore his wife in the sight of God. Her innocent, Catholic-trained mind could conceive of no other explanation, and she shuddered as she thought of what she would have been had not the truth been made known to her. Then her tortured heart, overflowing at thought of his smile, his great handsome body, his every turn and posture, made her start rebelliously to her feet, declaring that she could not give him up.

At last, on the third morning of her struggle, she went wearily to the Mission, to Padre Martine, who had been her confessor since her first communion. When she came forth from the little church, a new peace had settled on her face, though girlhood had left it forever. She walked slowly home through the sunny street, her small head bent in prayer.

A boy riding bareback passed her and cried back, "Did you know Chinatown burnt up last night? I'm goin' out there now."

Terecita stopped for a moment, dazed. Chinatown burnt! And his child was in Chinatown; perhaps it had been killed, perhaps it had been hurt. Everyone hated the little thing; not one would do aught to help it; all would be glad to see it die, even its mother. But it had Will's blue eyes; it was *his* baby after all! She broke into a halting run, moving breathlessly toward the road that led to the Chinese village by the bay. Without thought, driven by sheer instinct, she turned from the dusty path into the shade offered by a low-bending clump of bushes. And here, with the child beside her, crouched the Chinese woman, staring sullenly out over the water. She began speaking excitedly at sight of Terecita.

"You hear about it? Wok's house burn up las' night. All whole street get burned. And Wok say um," she nodded to the child, "is 'hoodoo.' Kick me out, make me go 'way, say I can't come back long as I have kid. A—i—i!" Her tirade ended in a wail.

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Terecita looked at the child, mutely shivering in the strong wind that blew shoreward. Its white face did not appear repulsive to her now, and her heart responded tenderly to the appeal in its blue eyes. She lifted it with whispered endearments, while its mother watched stolidly.

"I'll take the baby home with me," Terecita explained, her voice sounding curiously faint and far-away in her own ears. "You'll give to me? I'll take good care of it."

The woman looked at her incredulously.

"You josh!" she said. "No want the kid!"

"Will you give it to me? I'll take good care of it," Terecita repeated.

The woman sprang to her feet. She was grinning now, her wanton face cleared of its sulky rage.

"Yes, keep!" she said rapidly, beginning to move down the shore, "I no want um back. Give me heap trouble, never no good."

Terecita carried the child back through the hill road into the town. Its weight was burdensome to her unaccustomed arm, but a great mother love, unleashed, beamed in her eyes, and she kissed the white Chinese face ravenously. The man had gone from her life forever, but his child already filled his place.

Jansen, coming face to face with them at a bend in the road, understood all. He shouted at the girl and angrily tried to take the child from her arm.

"Drop that trash, Terecita!" he commanded. "How did you find it? How did you know?"

"It is *my* baby now," she said quietly. "Its mother gave it to me. Will,—I can't be your wife now—never!—because—because of it. But you don't want the baby, she doesn't want it, and I am going to have it. It is mine—my child, do you hear? And its eyes—oh, it has YOUR eyes!"

The man cowered before the love and anguish that filled her face.

"It's *my* little white frog," she ended, bending to shade the child which blinked in the sunlight. "My own little white frog!"

San Francisco, Cal.

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THE RIVALS.

By SARA CONE BANCROFT.

HER name was Nick, and it suited her to perfection. Her antecedents were half Yankee and half Castilian; her eyes bright, black and masterful. Small wonder that at eleven months she was already an accomplished flirt.

As for the rivals, there were four of them. George and Sam were fresh from college, doing grimy work, in the isolation of the Giant Electric Company's generating station, for experience; Rutherford, who, together with Nick's father, completed the station force, was superintendent; and Coy was the Mongolian dignitary who obligingly cooked for them at such times as a "lady" could not be procured for the purpose.

They all had their good points. George did not bother and tease one, and he was kind to the fox-terrier. Sam, though his attentions at times grew wearisome, could make beautiful faces, and had bulgy eyes that were a never-failing source of excitement. Coy wore a French cook's cap—when that was removed, a long black cue wound round his head like a rope—and he let one play in the wood-box; while Rutherford laughed delightfully when one was naughty, and loved to have his hair pulled. It was hard to know whom to favor; so, with true Castilian instinct, she favored them all.

This plan was all very well for Nick, but it was exceptionally trying to the rivals—especially to Coy and Rutherford, who were so much in earnest that they could see no excuse for the half-hearted antics of the other two. For instance, when George bragged that Nick had learned to stick out her tongue and "lick back" when the terriers lavished doggish affection upon her face, Rutherford declared that it was an unhealthy amusement; and reported the matter to Mrs. Fern. And upon another occasion, when Nick was affectionately trying to extricate one of Sam's prominent eye-balls, Coy had quite needlessly remarked:

"Him likee take out, roll floor—allee same marble." To be sure, he was only expressing what everyone present mentally agreed to be most likely; but Sam looked upon it as personal, and from that time forth there was a coolness between the two that even Nick's presence failed to remove.

But these little skirmishes did not affect the real question at issue. George got himself appointed a committee of one to break Nick of the lingual accomplishments into which he had encouraged her; Sam continued his ogling attentions with praiseworthy disregard of public opinion; and Coy added saucepans and pot-covers to the kindling in the woodbox, when Nick

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chose to spend her afternoons with him. But all these demonstrations were mild compared to the methods of Rutherford. He even went calling in the evening, and the times that these two had together were such that the mere memory of them would keep Nick a model of propriety for as much as five minutes together.

With the other three she was comparatively quiet and dignified; but when Rutherford appeared she became the incarnation of mischief and noise. In him she seemed to recognize a fellow villain, and together they would set out on lawless expeditions across the sitting-room floor. Rutherford would proceed stealthily on hands and knees; but Nick, who scorned to creep like other children, sat bolt upright and thumped along with a hitching motion, for which her father recklessly guaranteed an efficiency of ninety per cent. Straight for the sofa they would steer; and, effacing themselves behind its head, peer cautiously out to see if the mother were looking. Then out would come the large white wash-bowl that was really Nick's bath-tub, and the most favored of her playthings would be collected for a ride. When Nick considered the company complete she would get in—a daring feat, which she usually accomplished by putting in her head and trusting to Rutherford and the obliging law of gravitation for the rest of her body; and Rutherford would drag her grandly about the floor, ending up with a merry-go-round which always left her helplessly giddy but none the less joyful.

But all this was when she received them separately. At meals, when she had them all together, it was quite different. Her eyes, though sparkling with naughtiness, would be modestly cast down. She would drop her napkin-ring innumerable times, just to see Coy pick it up. She would lean far out of her high-chair to offer Rutherford a bite of her cracker; and, as he bent to take it, pass it on to George. Or she would wave her hands frantically at Sam, and draw back with a laugh as he reached out to take her. So that it was impossible for any of them to prove that he was at all favored.

With matters in this trying state of uncertainty, a "lady cook" was engaged and promised to come on the first of the month. It was then that Coy, with only three weeks more before him, girded up his loins and took upon himself the task of reducing the number of his rivals.

Coy had been in that part of the country for thirty years; and, during that time, had acquired a very fair mastery of the English tongue, and a comprehension of it that needed no improvement. He had lived as much among white people as with Chinamen, knew the history of old settlers uncommonly well,

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and was an enthusiastic gossip. So it was not without a knowledge of his foes that he prepared his attack.

The day after his resolve Mr. and Mrs. Fern and their daughter came to dinner very early; and Coy, who was energetically pounding the ironing-board at the time, entered the dining-room with his fist protruding through the heel of a much dilapidated sock. He pointed to George's seat at table:

"Him go up town eblee night, make heap swell mash Minnie Jones. Bye'm bye she sew him socks. Me think p'laps good hully up."

Coy had reckoned well. Mrs. Fern choked dangerously over her soup, but Mr. Fern laughed outright; and it was not long before George was hearing from many sides at once that, if his wardrobe were to have any real benefit from his attentions to Miss Jones, he would have to bring matters to a decisive issue at once.

After that George took pains to have his meals in solitude, and Coy was able to turn his attention to Sam.

With the wisdom of a general, Coy selected a moment when Sam was winking at Nick and imploring her to flirt with him; and opened hostilities by casually burning the youth's classic nose, as he set a dish of hot potatoes on the table. Before Sam could recover from his indignation sufficiently to reprimand him, Coy had opened fire:

"Oh, I know you," he said with fine contempt; "allee time fliut, fliut. Las' year, nurse girl down here; you fliut him; nurse girl go way, you fliut cook woman; cook woman go way, fliut cow maybe. I no know."

Although Sam's temper had by this time hopelessly forsaken him, his power of speech had returned; and he questioned the veracity of Coy's statement with more force than courtesy.

"No," protested Coy; "I no lie; I know. You fliut cook woman—cook woman tell vegetable man—vegetable man come up Litchee Gulsh, I work las' year, him tell me. I know." And Coy deposited a cookie on the tray of Miss Fern's high-chair with the air of one paying his score.

From that time on Coy and Rutherford had the field to themselves; but between them all was fair and above board. Rutherford always made it a point to see even a Chinaman treated "white," and Coy had no desire to attack him as he had the others, even if he had dared. Instead they tried to outdo each other in polite attentions; but the young lady refused to reward either with any consistent show of preference, and, when the new cook finally arrived, even her mother could not detect that she liked either of them better than the other. She would play

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for hours on Coy's kitchen floor, and gaze in rapt admiration at his cap as he moved her from place to place while he swept or mopped; but if Rutherford took her up to his office for the afternoon, she wept dismally until returned. Still, on the other hand, there was a screech of inexpressible bliss to which she gave voice when pulling Rutherford's hair, that no attention of Coy's could ever wring from her.

* * * * * * *

A month later the two again stood before the object of their devotions. Rutherford, away for two weeks on business, had heard that the "lady" engaged to fill Coy's place had again proved a failure; and, finding the Chinaman still out of work, had brought him back with him—this time for good.

"Let's see which of you she will recognize first," said Mrs. Fern. "I wonder if she will remember you at all after so long."

Nick looked at Rutherford doubtfully for a time. Something about his actions seemed dimly distinctive and familiar; but he looked, after all, much like all the other strange men she saw. But when she turned to Coy she began to laugh and clap her hands at once. There had never been but one French cook's cap.

Coy laughed triumphantly in spite of himself, but Rutherford would not acknowledge his defeat.

"Let's see which of us she will come to first," he said; and held out his arms.

Coy's efforts to attract Nick's attention and be chosen would have sent Rutherford into hysterics at a less serious time; but now, as she held out her arms to the Chinaman, he found himself getting quite angry with both of them. Coy stepped forward to take her, his eyes twinkling with delight; but the little rascal seemed to notice his eagerness and, drawing back, fairly jumped into Rutherford's arms; from which, with one hand already fast in his hair, she looked mischievously from Coy to her mother and crowed.

Rutherford laughed like a school-boy, and tossed her high into the air.

"Him know me first allee same," Coy insisted; and the rivalry commenced all over again.

San Francisco.

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THE VOICE OF THE NORTH.

By ELLEN PAINE HULING.

IT was June, our spring in the Bay Country. As I stood on the lookout beyond the fur-house, the little green willows of the swamps, which stretched away far as I could see, were bent almost to the water with wild-fowl—wavies, black ducks, widgeons, pintails, all looming up through the thaw-mist twice their real size. Over among the poppies, on a hummock by the chief trader's house, a few yellow butterflies fluttered heavily in the hot sunshine. From somewhere behind the mist I heard a tinkle of snow-water trickling over thin ice; when a gust blew the mist aside, I saw, flapping far above me, the great red British ensign with its "H. B. C." in the corner. Down in the square in front of the fur-house the half-breeds had already discarded their caribou-skin capotes, and the scarlet bead-work on their new moccasins and leggings glittered in the sunlight. As they knelt, strapping up the bales of furs, I heard them singing some old French folk-song such as women sing down by the Richelieu:

> "Sur la plus haute branche
> Un rossignol chantait.
> Chantez, rossignol, chantez,
> Tu qui a le cœur gai—"

I drew in my breath with a quick sob, hardly knowing why, and turned my face to the south. Then, of a sudden, I heard someone echo my sigh, and, glancing downward, saw standing just below me, on the steps of the lookout, old Pierre, my truest servant and closest friend ever since, a raw lad, I left the world behind to take charge in the bleak Bay Country. He, too, stood gazing southward, with the look on his face that I had seen many a time on faces of men at the Bay and had learned to dread—the deadly spring homesickness that leaves a man only with death or accomplishment.

"Pierre!" I cried.

He looked up in my face and saw that I understood. "M'sieu' knows," he said. "It was of that I came to speak. I cannot stand it, M'sieu', I must go. Each night I dream of the green Richelieu Country, and the apple-boats, and the smell of paint when, of the long hot moons, I lay in the sand behind Arpin's boat-house and felt the sun burn my bare feet. And I hear the rapids below, down by Chambly. I cannot stand it, M'sieu', I must go!"

I said nothing. The men had stopped singing and a dank smell of earth steamed up from the swamps. Pierre's rough hands, black and skinny as a mummy's, with the muscles of a

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voyageur standing out in lumps under the skin, clenched and unclenched on the railing as he went on.

"I am old, M'sieu'. I was but twenty-two when I left St. Athanase to work for the Company. The little Alphonse, who was a baby then will be a man now with children of his own that I haf never seen. I haf serve the Company forty-two years and now I ask that I may go. M'sieu', I am an old man. It is well that I go back to my village, to my children, that when I die I lie in the blessed churchyard where I can hear the little bell of the mass and feel the steps of the children over me among the crosses."

"But the Richelieu Country is very far away and you are old —how will you go, Pierre?"

He looked steadily at me. "I haf thought of that. Tomorrow the boats start for Norway House; I will go with them and wait at Norway House till come the boats from the far north which go to the end of the lake. There I will take the train. One has only to give money and they will take me to St. Athanase. So says François. He has seen a train once, at Calgary."

My throat felt as if someone had hold of it. "We have been together many years, Pierre," said I. "Will anything keep you—more pay, less work?" But even as I spoke, I saw in the old man's eyes that my words were useless.

He held out his hand. "M'sieu', I must go," he answered. I said no more.

Next day the Spring boats left for Norway House, and every man in York Factory—there were no women or children—came down to see them off. The mist had blown away and everything glistened green and wet. Over the slimy logs of the wharf flamed orange and gray lichens. The voyageurs all had on their scarlet sashes and gaudiest moccasins beaded in yellow, orange and scarlet. York Factory was looking its gayest. But as I stood on the edge of the wharf shaking hands with Pierre, I saw that he was not noticing these things, but heard him say, as he gazed dreamily away southward, "M'sieu', there is much grass there, and the clover down by the river smells very good." I walked unsteadily up the wharf and left him. On the Bay it is not good to hear a man talk of the South.

That was in June. At the Factory, months crawled by as usual; July with the boats bringing supplies, August with fishing or shooting, eaten alive by mosquitos and "bulldogs," September with the first frosts, and, after that, winter—the worst winter I remember on the Bay. By December first, snow lay sill-deep outside the windows. Cree hunters who drifted

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into the post, half-dead, told of a whole village of Crees starved to death in their tepees. In the Arctic silence every snapping twig boomed like a cannon, and frosted gun-barrels blistered the bare flesh. To make it worse, late in November, Stone and Jackson were ordered down to Oxford House, and I was left the only white man in 150 miles of snow and swamp. No one knew how I missed Pierre; I had not realized how much a part of myself the old man had grown to be in our forty years' exile. In my rounds of the district, in every shooting or hunting expedition, he had gone with me as matter of course, and it had been to him alone, in the winter evenings when he sat by the stove running new *babiche* into his snow-shoes, that I had talked of home. Now I sat alone by the stove, watching black drops of moisture trickle down the dingy walls and smoking savagely, as I vowed to ask for dismissal the next Spring. Yet, even while I said that, I knew I should never leave the Bay alive.

November, December passed, and I began to look forward to our one winter event—the coming of the mail. Day after day I climbed the lookout and gazed over the white hummocks for the black zigzag of the dog-train. It was overdue, and, out of sheer loneliness, I began to worry. After a fruitless trip to the lookout, I used to become so savage that, striding back across the square, I saw the half-breeds slink fearfully away from me into the fur-house, and was glad of it.

The eighteenth of January came and went; still no one came. But on the morning of the nineteenth, as I climbed the last steps of the lookout, I saw something black move, off in the southwest. It came nearer, lengthening from a point to a long black line that zigzagged to and fro. I saw the glitter of snow-light on harness-bells and made out the black, coffin-like dog-sleds. Then I gave a yell that sent the snowbirds all around me fluttering up from the willows, and sprang down to warn the post.

In two minutes we were all down at the landing, the Indians and "breeds" shouting and jabbering, their lean, mangy dogs howling lustily. But the newcomers were an even worse-looking set. The dogs' hides stuck to their ribs as parchment does over a drum-head, and the eyes of their drivers had that brilliant, glassy stare that means starvation.

"Two weeks from Oxford House," "Worst storm known in the Swamp Country," I heard the men saying as they tossed out the mail. But I did not pay much attention, for on the last sled I had caught a glimpse of a wizened, little, old face peering out from a bundle of buffalo robes.

"Pierre!" I cried.

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He clutched at the sides of the sled with skinny, trembling hands, but could not lift himself out.

"M'sieu'!" he answered feebly, and fell back among the furs, helpless.

I lifted the old man out of the sled and carried him up to the house in my arms. He felt horribly light, and under the skin, glued like paper over his cheek-bones, I could count every separate vein. The arms I had seen lift easily 200 pounds hung straight down limp from the shoulders. I put him on my bed and called in Jacques. "*La faim blanche!*" he cried at a glance, and the three words told the whole story.

It was a week before Pierre was strong enough to talk. "We find him in the snow at Deer Lake," Josèphe, the half-breed in charge of the mail-brigade, said to me. "He had not eaten for four days and thought to die. At Oxford House, Indians told us they had met him alone, three days before, and wished that he go back south with them. But he would not. 'I go north,' he said."

When Pierre finally told me the story, he lay on my bed, bolstered up before a window looking away to the cold northwest, where the snow lay six feet deep over the swamps.

"M'sieu' knows why I went," he began. "I went with the boats to Norway House, and after that I wait there a week, there come the boats from the far north to carry furs to the end of the lake and I go with them. All the way I keep saying to myself 'I am going home. I go to St. Athanase and *la terre de Dieu*, where the sun shines warm and I shall see my own people again!' and then I feel ver' happy. But other times I do not feel happy. When I run the rapids, and carry the pack over the portages, I think 'it is the last time. You are old; never again will you make the little canoe leap over the rapid or feel the pack on your shoulder.' And when we lie to sleep round the camp-fire and I hear the ptarmigan crow in the willows and the loon cry far out over the lakes, it is as if they are saying good-by to me. Then I think again 'I am going home!' But that does no good, M'sieu'; it is as if two things are fighting inside of me, and there is pain, only I am not sick. And I get up and walk round the fire where the men lie asleep, but that also does no good. At last we come to the large city where is the railroad—M'sieu' has seen it?"

I nodded. Only to a man who, for forty-two years, had seen nothing larger than a Hudson Bay Company post would those few houses look imposing, thought I; then, with a pang, I remembered how the place must have changed in forty-two years.

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But Pierre went on, unheeding. "There are many stores there, each as large as the house of the Factor, here, and every day the people eat white bread with butter—M'sieu', I speak the truth. And with the many people and horses in the streets, the noise is terrible—it frightens me. So I seek the store of the Company, and ask that one show me the railroad. When I see that—the iron animals that rush like the wind and shake the ground under me—I am still more frighten', but I pay for my ticket and sit to wait for my train. And while I sit there, the old pain comes back, and I think, 'Behind you is the north. You are old. You will never come back,' till I stand up; for the pain in my throat chokes me, though I try to think of St. Athanase and the green grass-country. Then there is a noise and dust far away; I know the frain is coming. And the minute I see that train, it is as if all in the same minute I see the dog-teams running over the snow into the sunset and feel the drift-snow bite into my cheek, and, beyond, I smell the rabbit-stew that someone cooks for supper—and then, M'sieu', I turned and ran, away from the train, away from the city that frightens me, till I see before me the long lake and the sun shining on the little willows. And I lie down on the warm sand under the willows and cry, cry as if I am a baby. But when I get up I know I shall never again see the Richelieu Country; and, *moi*, I am glad!"

There was a long silence. "And then?" I finally said.

"Then I think I will go back to York Factory and M'sieu'. There is no brigade going, so I go alone. I am an old man, M'sieu', and there is much cold and hunger, but I feel happy all the time and there is no more of the old pain. And when I see again the lakes and the little willows of the swamps, I know this is my home and I shall never leave it." The old man's gaunt, puckered face fairly glowed, and he raised himself on his arm. "Ah the North, M'sieu', the beautiful, cruel North! It will kill us all some day and there will be no memory of us, sleeping under the little willows—and yet we are of the North and we may not be free! Is it not so, M'sieu'?"

And gazing over the snow to where the tips of a few willows fluttered ceaselessly, relentlessly, before a hard red sunset, in silence I nodded assent.

Cambridge, Mass.

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EARLY CALIFORNIA REMINISCENCES.

By GEN. JOHN BIDWELL.

[For more than half a century John Bidwell was one of the foremost citizens of California—not by any accident of birth or happy business venture, but mainly by the sheer force of righteousness, using the word in its larger meaning. Coming here years before the golden magnet had given its first tug hitherward at the hearts of adventurers the world over, he saw the Mexican province wrenched from the hands that had held it till then and molded into a State, which was to weigh powerfully in shaping the social and economic future of the Republic. In the development of that State his voice and hand were potent factors for fifty years. Through all that time he preserved upon his own estate the patriarchal traditions of the older day, as did few other Americans. To all within its borders, he was guide, counsellor and friend; its gates swung wide in limitless hospitality; its storehouses were gladly open to every opportunity of beneficence.

Near the close of his life this clear-visioned, clean-hearted, high-souled Californian recorded some personal recollections of the days when California was in the making. In publishing these, they will be treated with the respect due to historical "sources"—that is to say without editing or alteration, except for slight changes in punctuation and arrangement. —ED.]

ON THE WAY IN 1841.

OUR first experience in packing animals was under the most trying circumstances. The packs had to be lashed very tight in order to stay on at all. The mules were not the only animals that kicked. The horses were as bad or worse than the mules, and the oxen, at least some of them, surpassed all in dislodging the burdens they were to carry. In fact, horses and mules ran about in every direction, scattering the packs. The oxen not only ran, but kicked and heaved and helped to cause general disaster; but we tried and tried again until we were able to make the packs stay on without having to fix them for several miles.

The first night we were unable to reach water. Some of the pack-oxen strayed in the darkness before we camped and had to be hunted for the next day, while the main party went on to find water. I was the one who was to find the missing animals. The man who went with me became discouraged and left me when we had gone back about ten miles. Striking the trail of the lost animals, I followed on alone for about ten miles directly north, and at sundown overtook the animals lying down in the grass with the packs on.

They were evidently not far from water, which the grass indicated. They had followed an Indian trail, and fresh moccasin tracks had been made for some distance after the animals had passed along. However, I saw no Indians, though they must have seen me, and certainly the Indians could not have been hostile, for I was entirely alone.

It took some time to change and readjust the packs on the oxen so as to begin my return to the company. Without being molested, I started and traveled during the whole night, striking the trail of the company at daybreak, where there was an abundance of water but no timber, except willows. The company had evidently stopped there for noon the previous day. My disappointment was great when I found that they had not waited for me as they had promised to do when they found water. I tied the oxen

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to the willow trees and began to make extended circles to the south and west to find in which direction the company had gone.

I had seen Indian fires in various directions, particularly toward the north and west. The ground was very hard, almost like rock, and the animals had left no tracks. The atmosphere was hazy and the mirage very embarrassing. When about three miles to the west of where I left the oxen, I saw two forms in the mirage to the south. Their motions led me to believe they were Indians mounted on horses. I hastened to regain the place where I had left the oxen. My horse suddenly plunged into a miry place almost out of sight, my gun filled with mud, but I threw it on to the dry ground, and with the greatest difficulty succeeded in getting myself and my horse out, covered with mud, and our ears and eyes filled. The Indians, as I supposed, were by this time quite near. My gun, a flintlock, could not be fired, but I prepared as well as I could by making barricades of oxen, and trying to get dry powder into my gun, to resist attack; but to my delight, two of our men appeared in place of Indians. They had come back to meet me, bringing water and provisions. I had been deceived, not supposing that the company had turned so sharply toward the south. From this time on for several days our course lay to the southwest.

One morning as we were in the midst of packing up, a band of Indians, all mounted on horses, and numbering about ninety, came up to us. Not knowing what they might do, it certainly was not safe to permit them to come up to us while preparing to start. The captain could not be persuaded to send men to stop them. He said the Indians would consider this a hostile act. Nevertheless four or five of us seized guns and went out toward them, and by earnest gestures made them understand not to come too near. Meantime the company hastened to get ready to start.

That band of Indians was armed with carbines, and was well supplied with buffalo robes and other things, showing their ability to cope with the Blackfeet and other warlike tribes between them and the buffalo country, which was at that time at least 500 miles to the east and northeast.

These Indians were short of ammunition. They traveled with us nearly all day; that is to say, keeping abreast of us and about 100 or 200 yards from us. Occasionally one would come to us, or toward us, to exchange deerskins, moccasins, and other things for powder and balls. They were willing to give a large, well-dressed skin for four charges of powder and four bullets, and other things in proportion. They showed no signs of hostility, but might have done so had we permitted them to come promiscuously among us.

In a few days we came to a country where there was very little grass. Everything was dry—absolutely no water. We then called a halt and asked the men who had been to Fort Hall for information to repeat again what they had learned about the country. It was the same old story. "Be careful not to go too far to the south, because you will get to a country destitute of water and grass, and your animals will perish."

We thereupon changed our course and went directly north, and passed a range of mountains. The topography of the country was such as prevented our taking a westerly course. We camped on a small stream running directly toward the north. The traveling was very good next day, crossing and re-crossing the stream, until at last it entered a cañon. We traveled into the cañon till night overtook us, by which time the sides of the cañon had become precipitous, in places over 100 feet high. Hoping to get through it, we got along as best we could, floundering over boulders

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in the very bed, which was now drying up, but which, in the winter season, must have been a raging river. Here we had to pass the night, our animals being jaded and footsore and unable to go farther. That was a dismal night. Our men were again called upon to give us the information they had obtained at Fort Hall. They were particularly enjoined not to go too far to the north, as they might get into deep impenetrable cañons and become bewildered, as trappers had been, and might wander about and starve to death. This cañon bore directly north. To return the way we came, we decided to be impossible, so at daylight next morning we determined to see if it was possible to get through the cañon or to scale its precipitous banks. Our reconnoitering party returned and reported that about three miles farther up the country looked better. This answer seemed to summon up the courage in our animals as well as in ourselves, and by two or three o'clock of that day we came to a flowing stream, and comparatively good traveling. This stream is what is now known as the Humboldt River, in the present State of Nevada. This stream we followed first south and then north for many days. We could kill no game, it being very scarce; partly because the country had been all burned over, and partly because of its naturally barren, desolate character. It was almost entirely destitute of every living thing, except an occasional rabbit, or distant antelope far beyond reach. We had had no bread for several weeks, and the only meat was the poor beef of our oxen, which we very carefully drove with us, and were saving as our only source of supply. Our horses and mules of course were able to travel faster than the oxen, so some of our company, especially the captain and some seven or eight other men who belonged to his mess, were in favor of leaving the oxen and hurrying on to California. I was one of those who opposed leaving the oxen. Others who thought with me would take turns driving the oxen.

Finally, one day when it was my turn to drive the oxen, the captain led the company on so fast that I could not keep up, and at night I was about nine miles behind the company. The next morning it was no easy task for me alone to get the oxen out of the brush, put the packs on and start on my way. The company, however, having nothing to eat, were obliged to wait till I overtook them, so that an ox could be killed for breakfast. I considered that I had been badly treated, and did not hesitate to tell the captain, and the men whom I thought to blame, what I thought. Curiously enough, they made no response. An ox was killed and the company breakfasted about noon. About one o'clock we were packed and ready to travel. The captain and his mess came to us and said. "Let us have a double share of meat. Our animals are stronger and can carry it better, and we will kill the next ox and pay you back." We very willingly consented, but as soon as all was ready to start the captain made known his purpose and said, "I have been found fault with and am not going to stand it any longer. I am going to California, and if you can keep up with me it is all right, and if you can't you may go to hell." So he and the seven started off as fast as they could go, and were soon out of sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE CAMINO REAL.

AS was forecast in these pages last month, an official call has been issued for a Camino Real convention for Southern California, to be held in Los Angeles on Saturday, January 30th, to discuss plans for re-creating this historic highway so far as from San Diego to Santa Barbara. This movement is no idle dream, no irresponsible adventure, no "scheme" of some unidentified and ambitious person to procure glory or a "job." It is a ripe and practical undertaking, launched by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce (the strongest commercial body in the West), the Landmarks Club, the Southern California Historical Society, the Los Angeles District California Federation of Women's Clubs. This means that this work, far too large for any single community, will be undertaken under responsible and recognized auspices. It has been evident from the start that if an undertaking of such magnitude is to succeed at all, it can be only on the initiative and with the backing of such representative organizations as shall command the respect and confidence of the general public and furnish a common rallying point for all to whom the matter is of sentimental or practical interest.

It is also evident, upon any serious consideration, that although the Camino Real historically covers some 500 miles up and down the State—namely, from San Diego to San Francisco Solano—and although its rehabilitation should be in time complete through its whole length, the only practicable way to build this great highway is by halves. Instead of being "sectional," to divide the task between Northern and Southern California, it is the very way to avoid sectionalism—to make a Beginning where it is Easiest, and set the Example of Success. In Southern California, a vastly greater population lives along the line of the Camino Real than in Northern California. Practically every important town of the seven southern counties is interested in this road. From Santa Barbara north, except at San Luis Obispo, the population and the historic interest are alike negligeable save about the bays of Monterey and San Francisco. If the movement were to wait until an all-State organization could be made—and kept—effective, it would loiter a long, long time. Precisely in the same way the Landmarks Club went to work over the same Southern area—which is as much as any one organization can physically cope with—and saved the Missions within that scope; so successfully, that eight years later the Northern part of the State took up a like work for *its* area. Had the

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Landmarks Club waited to build up a State movement, at least four of the Southern California Missions would have been irremediable ruins before work was seriously launched. If Southern California, which has the far larger population with reference to the Road, and the vastly more general popular interest thus far, organizes the work soberly and well, on lines which neither the historian nor the road-builder can seriously criticise, the northern counties will presently take up the work —much sooner, indeed, than if they are awaited for its beginning. Or else the whole enterprise will be smothered by the present relative inertia along that part of the road where the population is scattered and the interest confined to a few.

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The official call asks that delegates to this convention be appointed, one each, by commercial organizations of a general character, improvement associations of a general character, Historical and Pioneer societies, parlors of the Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West, women's clubs, county Boards of Supervisors, city Trustees, farmers' clubs, Highway Commissions and Camino Real Associations.

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And by the way, at the outset, let us drop the Spanish article "*El*" and say plainly "The Camino Real."* It is just as well to save this movement from duplicating the article as ignorantly as has become our habit with "the Eldorado"—that is, "*the the* Dorado." As for the meaning, while it is literally "The Royal Road," the only proper English translation is "the King's Highway."

***

The tentative program of topics to be considered by the convention is set forth in the call as follows:

I. The Camino Real.
   a. Its historical verity—sources of information.
   b. Relation to the Missions.
   c. As a practical modern highway.
   d. Commercial value to the State.

II. Organization to be effected.
   a. Territory covered.
   b. Scope of work.
   c. Form of membership.
   d. Local organizations.
   e. Ways and means.

*The proper pronunciation is Cah-*mee*-no Ray-*al*.

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III. The Practical Issues.

a. Relation of the project to the State, to the counties and to the cities.

b. Needed changes in road legislation.

c. Methods of arousing public sentiment.

d. Necessity for a complete and uniform project.

***

The honor of having the first local organization to take up this work belongs to Alhambra, where an earnest and intelligent branch of the Camino Real Association has already been formed, putting up its membership fees for a fund which will go into the common treasury of whatever central organization shall be formed. This is a good beginning; and the public spirited men and women of Alhambra are to be congratulated, both on their zeal in taking action and their discretion in making it subordinate to the general plan.

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The building of this enormous, and enormously expensive, Good Road is no child's play; nor can it probably be finished by private subscription and town and county appropriations, even in a community so warmly interested. The time will come when it should have, and can get, State aid—perhaps even national aid. But every thoughtful person realizes what happens to a cause for which we come to Lean on the Treasury. The heart is gone out of it. It is no longer Ours. It falls back among the "public utilities" we neglect and deem it no sin to rob. The Camino Real should be, first and last, a popular movement; for the people and by the people; born of their intelligent interest; begun with their personal contributions and—no matter how much government aid they may secure for it—cared for and kept up by their enlightened attention. It is only in this way that the Road can be made a practical success; and it is only in this way, too, that it is fit for us to approach the rehabilitation of the path of those single-hearted heroes who marked it out first with their sandalled feet across a wilderness.

***

The very first step, of course, must be organization of the popular movement. The interests which can be allied in this cause must *be* allied, and in such a way that they can work together. Here is a whole nervous system, needing only a spinal marrow and a head. The first task of the convention will probably be to supply these. Whether it shall be a Club, a League, an Association; whether it shall be incorporated or not; what its title, form or status shall be—these are details. The vital

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thing is to assemble and co-ordinate these many friends of the cause, under whatsoever style may be found most effective; to provide a competent machine to harness the steam-power now going to waste—a far greater energy than is generally dreamed—and *to put that machine to work.* As to the horsepower now wasted or undeveloped—it is enough to furnish traction for an even bigger cause. Every farmer is interested in this Good Road, whether he knows it or not—and the farmer who "mixes brains with his fertilizer" does know it. The others will learn; some faster, some slower, according as God made them. Every man who owns a bicycle or an automobile or a saddle-horse is interested—and most of these *know* they are. Every hotel man, every livery-stable, every railroad, every street-car line, every enterprise and every individual that plans to harvest a tourist dollar, has a stake in this movement—and the size of the stake depends on the reasonable expectation of that corporate or personal body in the crop of visitors. Only the concerns to whom it makes no difference whether another visitor or another settler ever strikes Southern California can decently afford to say of the Camino Real, "What is it to me?"

***

Nor is coldblooded calculation the whole story. Southern California "doesn't often get left" on "business;" but it has a very large population which combines pleasure with business—the pleasure of Thinking, once in a while.

The Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, Improvement Societies, and all that sort of thing, in this wonderful community of Wakened Americans—they are more "Business," indeed, than the like organizations Back Yonder; but (and largely for that very reason), they are more Alive.

***

And there are the Women's Clubs—a truly remarkable host in Southern California; remarkable not only for number, not only for membership, but perhaps most of all for vitality. There is no hazard in remarking that any one of the most prominent of these Women's Clubs in this region is doing more to keep alive the flame of intellectuality than all the men's clubs put together. That is doubtless a truism for the whole country. Of course Men could Do It Better—but we Haven't Time.

***

These women are always Pulling on the Bit. There has never been in human history a finer example of Communal Desire to Go. The pity of it is that the Traces are Not Hooked Up—and we Get Nowhere. Hitch even ten per cent. of this splendid energy to something Real, and you will be aston-

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ished to see how fast and how far it will go. Their best friend will be the one who shall give these earnest energies Something to Do—not talk, not fiddle, not dream dreams, but Do the Dream. And it must be either a very stupid man or a man who has been Too Busy to notice what was at his ear, who doesn't know that if we can enlist the women the battle is two-thirds won. And it is only fair to remark, in passing, that while it is now high time for men to take hold who know what's what, eighty per cent. of this whole Camino Real momentum is due to women.

***

The very next thing after organization is to determine where the Camino Real was. No person now alive now knows. We *must* know. The people of Southern California will not stand for a faked Camino Real. If it is reconstructed, it will be as nearly on the historic lines as practical common sense can put it. There is only one way to identify that historic way—by the historic documents. The men who marked out the Camino Real were under obligation of law to keep a strict record of all their explorations and journeys. They did keep it. These diaries and itineraries are extant, though so rare as to be worth their weight in $100 bills. There are a few people still who can read them critically. The historic route can be reconstructed by these old documents. While they are rare, and known only to the specialist, almost every community of any importance in Southern California has sprung up on the line thus marked out and recorded in them a century and a quarter ago.

***

The third vital point is to make the best specifications for a uniform, modern, Good Road. The new Camino Real should not be a patchwork. With reasonable elasticity for local needs, conditions and possibilities, it should be One Road its whole length. It may have to "jog" on valuable small holdings; it may not be as wide in a mountain pass as in a vacant valley; but it must be a Highway—a logical road upon which a man may start with any fair machine or animal and have a tolerable expectation to finish without Damning its builders or having to walk. This is for engineers, as a determination of the route is for documentary scholars. But the whole outcome must be for us all—a road equally for farmer, footman, cavalier, wheelman, automobilist, unoccupied tourist, buckboard, tallyho, and all. It must be a Good Road; it must be the historic road it pretends to be; and it must be a road for all. If it is built properly, it will be all these things—and more. It will be the finest communal effort, and the best investment, the people of California have yet made.

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TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS AND OTHER HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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WITH January 1st all memberships lapse, and fees for 1904 become due. The Club is seriously in need of funds to prosecute its work; and trusts that all members will be prompt in remitting their dues.

1903 was the banner year of the Club's work; it is hoped to do even better in 1904. The initiation of an official public movement to re-construct the Camino Real—the old King's Highway from Mission to Mission—promises a large increase in public understanding of the need and the magnitude of the Club's work.

Membership is $1 per year, and is open to all. Life membership, with handsome certificate for framing, $25.

An illustrated pamphlet, showing what the Club has done, will be sent free on application.

The Landmarks Club Cook Book—the best California cook book ever printed—is for the benefit of the work. Price, $1.50; by mail, $1.60. From the Out West Co., or Mrs. J. G. Mossin (as above), or C. C. Parker, book-seller, Los Angeles.

FUNDS FOR THE WORK.

Already acknowledged, $6,930.

New contributions—H. T. Lee, Los Angeles, $25, life membership.

Mrs. W. D. Turner, Pasadena, $1.50; Mrs. John H. Drain, Los Angeles, $1.25.

$1 each—The Thursday Club, Deadwood, S. Dakota; Miss Edith Ferguson Black, Los Angeles; John B. Miller, Pasadena; H. W. Barnard, San Francisco.

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MILKING BUT FORGETTING THE HAY.

Poor Dobbin is not the only creature upon which civilization puts blinders. He has this advantage over some others, that he can See Ahead, though he is saved from the shock of seeing someone come up alongside. *Our* blinders, on the contrary, are mostly hung in front ; so that we cannot see very much beyond the dollar at the tip of our nose.

Los Angeles is now, as it has been for several years, the most extraordinarily progressive city in America. A quarter of a million of dollars is being spent every month on street railroads ; more than a million a month is habitually going into new buildings ; and everything is in proportion. Which is all very fine. The railroad-tracks, however, are mostly laid on sleepers ; and as a rule the man who has to erect a sky-scraper puts in a foundation first.

Within a dozen miles from the city the gaunt Sierra Madre looks down upon its nursling valleys. In a thousandth of the time that went to write the smallest of the myriad wrinkles upon that ancient face, the Mother Range has seen its lap turned from desert to an Eden. It has suckled a marvellous brood of communities to a lusty growth ; and has had the experience, not unknown to mothers, of being forgotten of its children. Youth is naturally heedless ; but it is high time for these communities to remind themselves that they are not—and never can be—weaned. The life of these valleys is drawn not from the number of educated and wealthy people who settle in them ; not from the golden crops they yield ; not from the railroads, hotels, blocks, or all the labyrinth of enterprise—but from the granite breasts of the Sierra Madre, the Mother Range. And those breasts are going dry.

What with the criminal carelessness of irresponsibles unfit to be trusted in the woods or near a tree ; what with the inevitable accidents which accompany civilization even when careful ; what with fires and other destructive agencies, the deforestation of the range has already gone far beyond the actual danger line. An enlightened new policy of the government toward forest reservations has, indeed, put a hitch in the gallop of destructiveness ; but such protection as Government gives is

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pitifully inadequate for so great and so inaccessible an area. This whole enormously rich and enormously thoughtless community owes it to a handful of people that the prosperity of Los Angeles for the next twenty years has not been hopelessly discounted. If it had not been for the efforts of T. P. Lukens, of Pasadena, and a few other persons who use their minds to think with, our watershed would have been so skinned by this time that we could expect nothing but an impending collapse of the water supply upon which every business, every field and every home in this region depends. Through the efforts of this faithful little band the campaign of protecting what forests are left, and replanting the denuded slopes, has gone on steadily for some years—but, owing to lack of funds and lack of public interest, with a slowness which does little credit to our real intelligence. They are the sort of men that will die fighting on; but it looks to be about time to Help them take Care of Us. The work is almost at a standstill for want of men and money to carry it on.

Mr. Huntington is laying out here, with magnificent energy, an urban and interurban system of electric transit which has at present no rival in the world. But where does Mr. Huntington think he is going to get his water from? The price of a couple of miles of track, put in yearly to keep the Mother Range from going dry, would mean a good deal more to his total investment within five years from now than the instant equipment of the said few miles. The people who are putting up seven-to-twelve story buildings as an investment will have plenty of tenants as soon as the plasterers are turned out; but they will not have many tenants in 1909 if the springs, which irrigate Los Angeles County and push behind the faucets of every Los Angeles home "cease continuing," or even shrink 20%. And so of every other enterprise, of all those that make this section a wonder to the business world.

It is no exaggeration to say that these things are coming. It is not asking too much to suggest that a reasonably intelligent population had better begin to see as far ahead as the day after tomorrow. It does not need to be argued that if our watershed is denuded of plant growth, our rivers, brooks, springs and wells will presently fail. Your child's teacher can tell you that much. It is a thing that we do not See on a transparency across the street as we go to business; Destiny does not send around a dun the first of every month to tell us what is going to happen; and we are reasonably occupied with the things of this minute. But if the present drift goes on for five years more, we shall awaken to a condition which we cannot remedy in less than

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twenty years. It *would* be remedied, no doubt. Southern California is too valuable a possession to be lost, even by the stupidity of its present owners. But while later people would reforest our mountains and enjoy our lands, the generation which permits the Drought to take judgment upon it by default shall surely come upon bankruptcy.

AND WE CHANGE WITH THEM.

Jeanne C. Carr was once of some consequence in California letters; but last month she died ancient and forgotten. The California of today knew her not. She had been out of the world these dozen years, or the like; and in that time all things are become new in the land where her name was one to conjure with. There is no "Carmelita," now, where the elect used to gather; and while there is a Pasadena, it is not the Pasadena of the Improvement Association, but an out-bostoning of Boston. And it is long since there has been a Mrs. Carr—that tiny, withered cricket, old and old since my memory runneth not to the contrary; but always cheery and blessed, even after her orb began visibly to decline upon the evening fog. She wrote somewhat, and very well; but it was as the first "literary center" in Southern California that she was really notable. None that admired her may fairly wish her back in these sophisticated days. She Had her Share—a rich share of joy. a double portion of sorrow. But we may at least pause to bespeak peace to the ashes of a little old woman who in her simpler time counted for as much as a whole tally of women's clubs does today in the same geography.

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE.

The present indications are that Leonard Wood will be confirmed as Major General, and that we shall have another encouraging example of the President's peculiar faculty for doing the right thing against odds, and "making it stick." This is gratifying, not only for the sake of the army, not only for the general encouragement of ability against Red Tape, but also as an earnest that public common sense, which there is sometimes some temptation to doubt, has still great vitality. Civilian ignorance as to the army and the field—particularly the frontier field, or a foreign island—our nebulous but always suspicious concept of every alien custom; the natural conviction of every fussy fossil major and his admiring friends that he should be It—these things are among the many handicaps over which the saving grace of common sense appears to have triumphed.

We have somewhat a national habit to call things "Funny." Weddings are Funny, and funerals are Funny, and everything is Funny—if we may believe what we hear. It was Funny to see a man like Wood attacked by the postal thief Rathbone and

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his friend Senator Hanna—the Respectable, Sleek, Successful incarnation of everything that is most detestable and alarming in American public life and ideals. It is more than Funny—it is Devilish Funny. Routine jealousy is not a crime. It is a weakness of human nature. So, too, is timidity of the pocket-book. But the Organized Appetite of the spoilsman and the materialist, the willingness to Forget in order to Get—this *is* a crime, not only against our nature, but against even civilization.

Wood is a human man. I have heard him Swear. I rode around with him in Washington one Sunday, as he sought not a sermon, but certain godly Senators—to try to dissuade them from their plan to swindle Cuba and prostitute the United States. But they had all gone to church. Yet though he is thus Sinful, I would enjoy nothing better than precipitating Wood and Hanna into any possible gathering of one thousand Americans, in any city, or in any backwoods community, without identification or introduction, and letting Nature Take Her Course. In an hour, any such concatenation of Americans would have found out which was the Man.

How Wise our daily educators and our public men can be, was perhaps never more sweetly shown than in this inquiry. The charge that Wood allowed the Cubans to continue that dreadful "gambling establishment" Jai Alai—this is too, too much. It is precisely equivalent to impeaching the Mayor of Boston because he allows the national game of baseball to be played within the sacrosanct precincts of the Hub. Jai Alai is just as much a national game of Cuba (and of some other Spanish-American countries) as baseball is of the United States; and it is precisely as much a "gambling device." There is not a baseball game, nor a football game, nor a presidential election, in the United States which has not as much gambling in it as a game of Jai Alai. If the election of bishops of the Methodist church aroused enough popular interest, there would also be bets on that. Anyone that ever saw that expert game knows this; anyone who has not seen it would do his mind a service by not guessing.

There are still a few men left in public life who are not more or less Hannaized; who keep the rugged old virtues; whose word is their bond, and better than another man's cash bail; who neither trim, nor palter, nor skulk, nor figure "what there is in it." And Leonard Wood is one of these. Not only that; he has military and administrative genius almost as rare nowadays as his uncompromising integrity. "Seniority" is a useful thing—and a necessary since we have to adjust our systems to the mediocre average. But Napoleon did not "get there" by Seniority. Neither did Cæsar. Neither did Roosevelt.

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Wood is none of these men. It is too early yet to say just where he shall stand; but it is not too early to say that in unmistakable fashion he is a peak upheaved by nature high above the average altitude of his generation. It will be one of the best things that has befallen the American army, to have that long head, that keen eye, and that ponderable fist just where the likest man I know to him has put him.

THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

As years go on, the vivid pages which Wm. E. Smythe has contributed to thirty numbers of this magazine (ending with last month) will rather grow than shrink in value. The Twentieth Century is young, yet. It has its mistakes to make—and to learn by. Precept always comes to us too soon; when we can understand it, we hardly need it. It is only after we have bumped our own heads for our very selves, and upon our proper wall, that we can sympathize with what we used to be told as to the relative resistance of walls and craniums.

It is a precarious matter to advise posterity; and the mentor may confidently expect to be lonely. Still, he needn't mind that; for every step of progress the world has ever taken, it took by just such forecasts of the Man Too Soon.

How previous the specific prophet is, only the calendar can unfold. How soon the stolid drift of numbers shall find itself in his train, and how far it shall follow him—these, no prophet whatsoever may foresay. All the seer can know is that the Right shall inevitably Come True in its fullness of time.

How letter-perfect upon its details Mr. Smythe has read the Coming Fact, the Lion has no way to know; but that his main contentions are right; that his Pathfinding across the uncharted peaks of the Coming West has blazed the passes the multitude shall sometime tread; and that his adventuring upon the future has been not only magnificent in its sustained courage, but unmatched in modern economics for the clarity, the brilliancy and the vitality of its text—of this there is no question. Reform "literature" is generally as deadly dull as it is dead in earnest; but here it has a classic.

To this Frémont of the economics of our Arid Lands—Good Hunting! His *Conquest of Arid America* was the head of its class. May the new book to which he is now bent, *The Surplus Man*, be still greater for his interim of growth.

WHERE THE CREAM RISES.

And speaking of Literary Centers, a curious fact is brought out by the latest edition of *Who's Who in America*. That is, the fact is "curious" (as all facts are) to those who had not already half-way guessed it. This almost indispensable New York text-book lists—carefully and

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with excellent discrimination—the 14,443 most eminent living men and women among the 80,000,000 inhabitants of the United States—most eminent in letters, art, law, medicine, politics. In proportion to its population, a larger number of these notables now reside in California than in any other State in the Union, excepting only New York and Massachusetts. California's proportion is practically half as large again as the proportion of the whole United States. In gross number of these distinguished Americans, California is surpassed only by New York, Massachusetts, the District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio, in that order. It has more of them, numerically, than Indiana, Iowa and Delaware, with three and half times its population. If the cities of New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Philadelphia and Cincinnati were eliminated, no other State would be in the comparison with California.

Who's Who lists birthplace as well as residence. It is worth noting, also, that every far Eastern State, except New York and the District of Columbia, is losing its leading sons and daughters. The migration rate far exceeds the birth rate, so far as concerns celebrities or those competent to become so. Even in Massachusetts, one out of every seven of the most successful has migrated to some other State. 419 of the most eminent living Americans were born in Maine, but only 118 of that category now live there. The old States increase in population; but they cannot hold their favorite sons. Every Western State, on the other hand, now counts among its residents more of these national figures than were born in it—and in California the proportion is nearly five to one. In other words, the East is paying tribute to the West in its best brains—as in some other things. It is only the National Capital, the American metropolis, and the two or three other most dazzling cities that seriously divert this steady drift of the reddest blood from the old communities to the new.

IN THE CONTINENTAL NECK.

The Panama Railroad isn't impressive for mileage; but for a generation it has been a proverb as the Longest for its Length ever built—and the most corrupt per mile. It is the historic line whereon the conductor was said to take up the fares in a gunny-sack, go forward to the baggage car and swing the open bag around his head by the lower corners. Whatever money stuck to the walls of the car, belonged to the Company; what fell to the floor, was for the conductor. I have sometimes suspected that there was a shade of exaggeration in this statement; but at any rate, it is the story Americans on the spot invented to indicate the character of the road; and it has been a classic for twenty years. If it isn't literally true, it is deliciously Isthmian.

The Gold-Brick "Republic of Panama"—composed of a hireling of this railroad, an agent of the De Lesseps swindle, an electric-light promoter, the half-breed Federico Boyd, a Colombian Perry Heath, and a few more patriots of the same stripe—never made a Declaration of Independence, never fought a battle

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to be free, never had an election, a governor, a legislative body, an executive, or voters. It is a "Republic" without a Fourth of July, a Lexington, a Bunker Hill, a Yorktown, a Washington, a Continental Congress. It has neither army, navy, capital, port*, postal service. When its mother country rebelled from Spain—fired by the spirit of our own 1776—there *were* wars and generals and armies and the earning of independence along a bitter decade. But times are easier now. All you have to do to be a Man is to steal your mother's jewels and sell them to a Tourist for enough to start you in business. You'll be Recognized—and by no one more promptly than by the feudal gentlemen who hate a real republic and love to see it lapse to the good old game of Grab. Only a little while ago, the United States was a menace to every monarchy on earth. Not because it was Big, but because it was Different. No first-class Power is afraid of our army or our navy; but every power on earth feared our stand for the equal rights of man. The Declaration of Independence was worth all the battleships we shall build in a hundred years. *They* can kill good men of other lands; but *it* brought to us the best men of every land. As between the country with the biggest navy and the country with the truest liberty, Destiny will not be long in balancing the scales. And as for the Canal, we should have got it—or the expensive lesson that it Can't be Did—quite as soon by an honest deal with its rightful owner as we shall by this smuggle of stolen goods.

As for the impressive array of revolutions Colombia has had—well, she's put them down. And what have they to do with the World Highway? The Isthmus is still there, isn't it? Recollect any time since 1849 when Americans, Englishmen, Dutchmen, Senegambians or others weren't crossing it at pleasure, if they had the fare? Indeed, had you ever lost sleep over the Colombian revolutions, until the convenient penumbra of the shadow of the shade of a revolution befell where we could Use it in our Business?

Colombia rejected a treaty—well, we have rejected many. She would have made a satisfactory treaty—she would make one now. Even now, we could get the canal—and not a day the later—by dealing decently with Colombia; saving our own honor, reviving the trust of all the little republics south of us—every one of which became a republic on the faith of our Declaration of Independence, and every one of which is now naturally suspicious of us—and all it would cost would be to "reconsider."

The Lion is a stiff-necked generation. He doesn't love to say, "Excuse me—my mistake." But he would rather beg pardon of every other beast now extant than of himself.

IN GRACE AS WELL AS BRICKS.

Los Angeles was the fourth city in the Union to maintain Symphony Concerts (as it still does, successfully and to a high standard); it is now the fifteenth city to found an affiliated society of the most serious scientific body in the United States, the Archæological Institute of America. Details of this interesting foundation will be given next month.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

*For the United States holds the ports.

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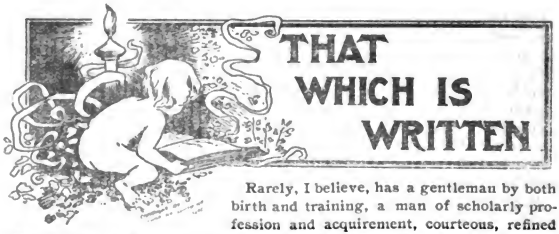

Rarely, I believe, has a gentleman by both birth and training, a man of scholarly profession and acquirement, courteous, refined and truthful, and moved by entirely honorable purpose, written a book so discourteous, so unscholarly, so careless of professional ethics, and so untruthful in its message to the average reader as *The Torch*, by Herbert Müller Hopkins. Something to this effect I have already said to Mr. Hopkins (for whom I have a genuine personal regard). From his letter in reply I quote, with his explicit permission, all that seems to me vital by way of explanation or defense, before proceeding to my own comment.

"THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS."

I wished to write a book which should mirror faithfully and dispassionately typical conditions in American universities. I wished to point out the dangers resulting from the materialistic spirit of the age, a spirit which shows itself in the universities in the passion for big things that appeal to the eye—great buildings, large classes, spectacular football games, and so forth. Again, the status of the university teacher, I felt, was more unsatisfactory in America than in any other great civilized country. . . . It seemed best to me to depict the situation as I understood it by means of character in action, rather than to write a series of essays; for practically only one or two magazines would be the proper channels through which the essays could reach the public, and these questions had already been discussed therein by men of greater ability and reputation than myself. [There follows a mention of certain cases of forced resignation of university professors.] But the most famous and dramatic disturbance occurred at Stanford University, and that my story naturally suggests that disturbance it would be idle to deny. Before going farther, however, I wish to say that the advertisement of my publishers, in which they mentioned the Pacific Coast, came to me as a shock, and I wrote to them at once to abandon that form, for the very reason that I wished my book to call attention to a general situation.

The Stanford situation, then, was the inspiration of the story, but I felt certain that President Jordan's character and achievements were so well known that no one could suppose I had him in mind. And it is equally true that Mrs. Tupper does not stand for Mrs. Stanford, nor for any benefactress, but is a creation of my own. The same is true of the other characters, so far as it is possible for an author to invent. I venture to assert that my professors are typical of their profession, and I ask you to believe that the book was written in all sincerity without the slightest desire to injure anyone.

The dramatic possibilities of the Stanford situation were so superior from the novelist's point of view that I chose it, hoping that the limits of my indebtedness to it would be generally recognized. And I think that they have been. As far as I have read the reviews up to this time, not one has assumed that I meant to satirize President Jordan, though, of course, Stanford University has been referred to more than once. The book has been taken as a discussion of the university situation by papers in the East much more generally than you would think probable unless you had followed the reviews. . . . An author's right to make use of historical events, the participants in which are still living, for the purpose of fiction, is a question on which much can be said *pro* and *con*. My own contention is that the right depends upon the author's purpose. If it is distinctly ethical and impersonal, I believe he is justified. Any satisfaction I might take, however, in the completion of my task is seriously marred by the offense I have unintentionally given on the Coast, which gives me keen distress.

No one can doubt the frank sincerity of this statement. Let us see how Mr. Hopkins has gone to work to carry out his good intent, asserting first that historical facts and actual persons, alive or dead, if used at all in fiction, must be whole facts and undeformed characters. The more "distinctly ethical" an author's purpose and the more definitely he proposes

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himself as an expounder of morality, the more stringent is the obligation upon him not to bear any false witness as to either occurrence or motive.

Mr. Hopkins, before being called to the chair of Latin in Trinity College, was instructor in the same subject at the University of California. He was there, I believe, when Dr. Wheeler accepted its Presidency, and certainly during the time of Prof. Ross's involuntary divorce from his position at Stanford, and the resignations, enforced or of preference, which followed it. Some pains has been taken, both by his publishers and the reviewers, to inform the reading public as to this fact. Readers of this novel are therefore entitled to believe that its author knows the truth about both the persons and the conditions in these two great universities, and that, where a chain of incidents in the novel closely parallels events which, within public knowledge, actually happened, the character of the persons involved and the motives actuating them, shall be depicted with at least as much nearness to the truth. If the author fails to do this, he has done what he could to spread a lie upon the records. And if, as Mr. Hopkins has done, he makes some of his invented personages act as the real persons in the real drama did act, so far as the average public knowledge and memory of the action goes, but makes them impossible travesties of the real persons, and attributes shameful motives to them—motives, which not only did not exist, but could not have existed—he does a thing which is barely saved from being disgraceful and contemptible by his blindness as to what he was really doing.

Let it be granted at once that no one knowing Dr. Jordan or Mrs. Stanford ever so slightly, either personally or by observation of their words or acts, will suppose that Prest. Babington and Mrs. Tupper, in *The Torch*, were intended as portraits, or even caricatures of them. Of the one Mr. Hopkins has seen fit to make a time-serving politician, a bully, a liar, a coward, an eloquent expounder of insignificant platitudes, a man capable of agreeing to marry a vulgar, uneducated, miserly, half-insane, old harridan for the sake of her millions; the other is drawn as a miser who is led into great benefactions for the university by the fascinations of its president, who—pah! the taste is too vile in my mouth to carry the detail of it further. Yet it is safe to say that very many readers of the novel, knowing nothing much about the President of Stanford and its surviving Founder except that the one dismissed Prof. Ross with the approval or at the wish of the other, and being assured that the "Ross Case" was the inspiration of the book, will surely assume that the author has intended to draw the persons and the motives of that case with approximate truth.

But there is an even graver charge against the book than any possible distortion of individual reputations. Professor Hopkins wished to "mirror faithfully and dispassionately typical conditions in American universities." As such a study of typical conditions *The Torch* has been generally accepted by the reviewers. Indeed, every review which I have seen has treated it seriously and with distinct approval. Is Mr. Hopkins soberly willing to commit himself flatly to the proposition that it is typical of State universities that their presidents are not much better than mere windbags, or lick-spittle sycophants? Or that nobly competent professors are discharged for reasons among which personal jealousy, both professional and sexual, is important? Or that great gifts to universities come typically from women who are sexually attracted toward their Presidents? Or that he has ever known of any one case in which these things were true? Yet these three points are insisted upon repeatedly in *The Torch*—are indeed among the matters which will stick in the mind of the average novel-reader after the rest is forgotten. Imagine what would be thought and said if a

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French, or German, or English writer were to introduce such matter into a "faithful and dispassionate study of typical conditions in American universities." Yet this has been done by a man educated at Columbia and Harvard, instructor in the University of California and Professor in Trinity.

The Torch is an interesting story, shows a distinct technical advance beyond Mr. Hopkins's previous novel, and carries internal evidence of the author's familiarity with university life as well as of his sincerity of purpose. All the more for these reasons, it ought never to have been written; it ought now to be withdrawn from sale; and Mr. Hopkins ought to disavow, as publicly as possible, the falsities which he has unwittingly spread broadcast. And then he should earnestly commune with himself over the following words of the man he has so grossly, though not with intention, libelled:

It is not the fear of the public, of the press, of the rich or of the poor, that should deter a young man from rash speaking. It is the fear that he may not tell the truth, the fear that he may mislead others or bring reproach upon himself or his colleagues by undue proclamation of his own crudity.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $1.50.

A SCHOLAR SPEAKS.

By good fortune there are this month on my review-table the two latest books to bear Dr. Jordan's name, *The Voice of the Scholar* (Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco), and *The Call of the Twentieth Century* (American Unitarian Association, Boston). Under the former title are gathered fifteen addresses, delivered on various occasions before university audiences; the other book is a single—and singularly inspiring—"Address to Young Men." From each of these I take one paragraph, choosing the first because there is wrapped in it the sufficient motive for "the Ross Case"—a motive worlds apart from any suggested by Mr. Hopkins; the second because it is a noble specimen of the power with which Dr. Jordan drives home his thought.

> The university must stand for infinite patience and the calm discussion of the ideas and ideals which it must leave to men of action to frame into deeds. The passionate appeal is no part of its function. In order that politics shall not creep into the university, the men of the university must try not to creep into politics. . . . There can be no greater foe to academic existence, and therefore to academic freedom, than the professor who makes his chair a center of propaganda of personal opinions. Whether these are right or wrong, popular or unpopular, makes little difference. The effect is the same. The appeal is to prejudice and takes the place of investigation. The function of the university in public affairs must always be essentially judicial. This does not mean that the scholar's voice should be silent in times of moral issues. It is now and then the scholar's sworn duty to take the great bull of public opinion by the horns, regardless of results to himself or to the association of scholars he represents. . . . But such moments are not matters of every day, and the small battles of society must be fought by men of action who enroll themselves under banners which flutter for the hour.

> Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the twenties, the thirties of the Twentieth Century he is awaiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous sytem true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, boy of the Twentieth Century, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased, a will untrained to action, a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass of that vile harvest we call wild oats? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing wantonly that the man you might have been shall never be?

This is eloquence of that higher order which depends not at all upon

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grace of manner or carefully woven rhetoric, but forges the white truth under the direct blow of "straight talk," with the weight of character behind it.

TURN NOT BACK FROM THE PLOW.

Another invasion of the classic shades where faculties preside while students browse is personally conducted by Anna McClure Sholl, in *The Law of Life*. "Hallworth University" is unmistakably Cornell, and Miss Sholl has taken some liberties with actual persons in depicting her characters. But everything has been done in the friendliest spirit, and without caricature; nor is there any danger of confusing the fact with the fiction. This is a "problem novel," involving the gravest questions of both personal and professional relations. Here, as in "The Torch," the sympathy of the reader is invited for a professor whose radical economic expressions lead to a request for his resignation. But both professor and president are drawn with discretion; no personal antagonism is allowed to cloud the view; and the picture displayed is of honorable men disagreeing widely on a vital point, and the one in authority using his power as his duty compelled him, but without hostile feeling on either side. The novel is well worth reading. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A VERY DOUBTFUL ADVANTAGE.

Volumes VII and VIII of *The Philippine Islands* bring the record down to 1593. They contain very much that is of the liveliest interest to any discriminating mind. I have been sternly resisting the temptation to quote month by month from these "musty, dead records" some of the deliciously living passages in which they abound. But I give way this time before the grimly pertinent comment of good old Bishop Salazar upon the failure to provide adequate religious instruction, that, "some provinces have been paying tribute to your Majesty for more than twenty years, but without receiving on account of that any greater advantage than to be tormented by the tribute, and afterward to go to hell." Having once fallen, it is easy to go on with a longer quotation from a Decree of Pope Gregory XIV, "given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman, April 18, 1591." This is respectfully but earnestly commended to the attention of those who believe that it was the habit of Spanish rulers and Spanish priests to establish a general condition of slavery or serfdom among the natives.

> We have learned that our very dear son in Christ, Philip, the Catholic king of the Spains, has ordered that in view of the many deceits usually practiced therein, no Spaniard in the aforesaid Philippine Islands shall, even by the right of war, whether just or unjust, or of purchase, or any other pretext whatsoever, take or hold or keep slaves or serfs; and yet that in contravention of this edict or command of King Philip, some still keep slaves in their service. In order, then, as conformable to reason and equity, that the Indians may go to and from their Christian doctrines and their own homes and lands freely and safely, without any fear of slavery, in virtue of holy obedience and under pain of excommunication, we order and command all and singular the persons dwelling in those islands—of no matter what state, degree, condition, rank and dignity—on the publication of these presents to set wholly free, without any craft and deceit, whatever Indian slaves and serfs they may have; nor for the future shall they in any manner, contrary to the edict or command of the said King Philip, take or keep captives or slaves.

This would seem reasonably conclusive as to the position of both Church and State on the question of Indian slavery. It will even compare favorably with any utterance or action of the United States, in that particular matter, since this nation assumed control over the destinies of the Islands. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, O. $4 *net* per volume.

"THE BULLIEST OF 'EM ALL."

However the law may be, I seem to have in equity a righteous claim for damages against Ernest Thompson Seton. Since the evening when his *Two Little Savages* reached this review-table,

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my Junior Volunteer Assistant has ceased to give any fraction of his attention to any other of "the books a boy'd like." To my gentle remonstrance for this neglect of duty, he replies: "But, papa, that's just the bulliest of 'em all. Why, it tells just how to make fires without any matches, and build wigwams, and tents, and dams, and bows-and-arrows, and moccasins, and tepees and war-bonnets, and they had just slathers of fun camping out, and playing Injun and Deer-Hunt and catching lynxes and coons and three-fingered tramps, and I'm going to do it next summer when we go to the mountains." This sentence seems to cover the contents of the book and its fascinations for boys of all ages adequately enough so that I can pass it along, endorsed. The profuse and illuminating illustrations are by the author; the detail of their arrangement and the designing of cover, title-page and other decorative feature by Mrs. Seton. It will have delighted students so long as boys are boys. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.75 *net.*

MOVING BEEF FROM MEXICO TO MONTANA.

The Log of a Cowboy, though fiction in its form and its association of incidents, is most emphatically fact, both as a whole and in detail, and is much better qualified to be called history than many a book which has laid formal claim to that title. It follows a million pounds of beef, while that important factor in our Indian policy conveys itself, assisted by fourteen men and a hundred and forty-two horses, some three thousand miles, from the southernmost corner of Texas to the Blackfoot Agency in Montana, to fill a Government contract. Andy Adams, the author, knows "the trail" as no man can but one for whom through many years it was the path of his profession. He tells of it in the most direct and matter-of-fact fashion, with no "gush" or "fine writing," nor any attempt to throw a veil of romance across it. It is as convincing as Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," and a good deal more readable. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.50.

THE SALE OF A SURPLUS WIFE.

Geraldine Bonner scores a center-shot with *Tomorrow's Tangle*, which is one of the best Californian novels which have so far appeared. The Prologue, indeed, with but slight changes, might have stood alone as a novelette of California in the early fifties and would then have been unsurpassed in its class. I speak deliberately, and with full recollection of Bret Harte, and others in that field. The more elaborated action of the story is set for twenty-five years later, when the Mormon emigrant, who had traded his wife and infant daughter to a miner for a fresh pair of horses, has become, by virtue of "the Comstock," one of the powers of San Francisco. The daughter, whom her mother saw fit to name "Mariposa Lily," has grown to magnificent womanhood, never knowing that the man whose name she bore was not her true father. Father and daughter meet soon after the opening of the tale, and from this point most readers will find it impossible to quit the book unfinished. Miss Bonner's work in fiction has up to this time, I believe, been confined within the limits of the short story. This novel establishes fully her title to use the larger canvas. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $1.50.

BIOGRAPHY THAT INTERPRETS.

Lyman Abbott's *Henry Ward Beecher* is a just and interpreting study of the man who, without much doubt, affected the thought and action of the United States more profoundly than any other "preacher" of his generation. This is no less than was to be expected from Dr. Abbott, who almost half a century ago received from the young preacher of Brooklyn the impulse which sent him into the ministry; who was, through the rest of Beecher's life, his friend, appreciative, affectionate, yet critical; who succeeded him in the Plymouth pulpit, and who was

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for many years associated with him in the editorship of the first undenominational religious journal. Dr. Abbott touches but lightly on the detail of Mr. Beecher's personal life, considering him mainly as lover of God and his fellow-men and as interpreter of the nature of God and the duty of man to God and to his fellow-men. The book should be in every library, public or private. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.75 *net.*

THE VICTORY OF DEFEAT.

The Beaten Path, by Richard L. Makin, is a novel of more than passing interest and importance—that is to say, the judicious reader of the next generation is likely to find it worth his while. Longer than is the present fashion—the count of pages runs beyond 500—it is none too long for the full development of the author's plan, and it holds attention closely to the end. It is a study of some phases of contemporary life, made without passion save that for justice, or prejudice except in favor of the truth. The scene is laid in a Pennsylvania manufacturing town, and adheres for the most part to the fortunes of the "Leverson Car Co.," and its owners, employes and their kindred. "Combines," stock manipulation, strikes, labor unions, and politics, all play a part, but none of them are so thrust into the foreground as to obscure the ethical situations in relation to which they are but incidental. If this is a first book—as I believe it is—Mr. Makin is to be heartily congratulated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

THE HOPEFUL PROMOTER.

In *The Forerunner*, Neith Boyce has drawn the best picture which I have yet seen of the kind of "promoter" which is, contrary to general belief, both most common and most dangerous—the man who is utterly sincere and is the heaviest loser in the disastrous ventures into which he persuades others. "If Dan did you harm it would most likely be from over-confidence in his own ability, plans, or the promises of somebody else. He had a natural belief in the best that could happen; a disinclination to look on the darker side of anybody or anything." Other characters are almost as convincingly sketched, and the book is of quite uncommon strength for a first novel. That the opening scenes are laid in Los Angeles during the mushroom times of half a generation ago should give it particular interest hereabouts. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.

THE KEEPING OF A VOW.

How closely Mr. Quiller-Couch has followed the historic verities as to the life of the brilliant, beautiful, impetuous and bitterly unfortunate sister of John and Charles Wesley in his *Hetty Wesley*, I do not know. But the story is offered as containing the substantial truth about her valiant and cheerful struggle with life as she found and made it—and it "reads true." "The Wesleys" would have been a more fully descriptive title than the one used, since father, mother, brothers and the other sisters are all studied with care and drawn fully and with sympathy. This seems to me, on the whole, the strongest and most important work yet done by this writer, who has already thrown several books of some weight upon the scales of judgment. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

GOOD WORK FROM A FRESH PEN.

No one who has been infected by the novel-reading bacillus can afford to miss Stephen Gwynn's powerful and original story, *John Maxwell's Marriage*. The name of the author is new to me, but if he can continue to produce such work as this, it will soon be written well towards the top of the list of contemporary novelists. Mr. Gwynn has not only invented a new situation—he has led up to it and worked it

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out with the utmost skill, making the incredible seem probable and natural. Not one of his characters is a lay figure, the tale never lets go its grip and its conclusion is entirely satisfying. I cannot even suggest the plot here, but can recommend the book without qualification to any whose tastes in fiction incline to strong meat. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

SNAP SHOTS IN THE SLUMS.

As no man has worked more effectively to bring such relief as can be brought to the dwellers in the slums of New York than Jacob A. Riis, so no man has written more sympathetically concerning the life he has seen there—the life, indeed, out of which he had to fight his way before he could turn to lift others out. His *Children of the Tenements* is composed for the most part of short newspaper stories, gathered during the twenty-five years of his experience as reporter. Naturally, helpless suffering, hopeless tragedy, or, at best, pathetic little gleams of happiness are the commonest notes; but there is high courage there too, and undying hope, and the patient endurance that struggles upward unceasingly. Interesting it is, but hardly to be recommended to the mere seeker for entertainment. It might make him stop to think. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

GOOD TO OWN OR GIVE.

I am quite prepared to believe the publishers' claim that Dante Gabriel Rossetti's splendid sonnet sequence, *The House of Life*, has never before been so fittingly published as in the "Sapere Aude Edition." Certainly I find no peg on which to hang a suggestion for its betterment. More than money is required to produce a book like this, nor can true possession of it be attained by the mere payment of money. The publishers promise to issue further volumes from time to time after the fashion of this one. I hope they will find it both possible and profitable. H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. $2.50 *net*.

From the same firm comes the "Alma Series of Masterpieces," edited by Arthur M. Hall. This consists of twelve handy and handsome little volumes of selections from standard authors—six Americans and the same number of Englishmen. Reade, Darwin, Spencer, Scott, Sheridan, Smollett, Motley, Prescott, Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Bayard Taylor, and Cooper are the elect in this case. In dark-blue, flexible calf, $1 each.

Still another attractive series bearing the same imprint is the "Remarque Edition of Literary Masterpieces." The title under my hand is Thackeray's *Letters to a Young Man about Town*, which originally appeared in *Punch* and have not been obtainable up to this time in book form, except for a privately printed edition of which copies are rare. It is an elegant little volume. In cloth, 40 cents; full leather, 75 cents; limp chamois, $1.25; brocade silk, $1.25.

Perhaps *Old Quebec*, by Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan, may be best described as a biography of that American city whose record is fullest of romantic and adventurous interest. It is not to be found fault with at any point. Entirely reliable as to the historic fact, the story is told with the novelist's art. The illustrations have been selected with rare judgment, including many notable portraits. One of the choicest of these —new to me—is that of Benjamin Franklin as he appeared while serving as Commissioner to Canada in 1776. It is Poor Richard to the very life; and if he has not just said, "Honesty is the best policy," he is considering whether this is the precise moment at which it is the best policy to be honest. The work of the publishers is as satisfactory as that of the authors, and the book will be conspicuously attractive in any company. The Macmillan Co., New York. $3.75 *net*.

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Mamzelle Fifine, by Eleanor Atkinson, is a sparkling story of the girlhood of Mademoiselle Maria Joseph Rose de Tascher, daughter of the Sieur de la Pagerie—the brilliant and beautiful child of Martinique who was to become Empress of the French. The author has a rare gift of description. Here is a little plum, of quite a different flavor from the rest of the cake:

> Yankee Doodle est venu en ville.
> Montè sur un poney,
> Il mis une plume dans le chapeau
> Et l'on s'appèlle un gandin!

D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

My Devon Year, by Eden Philpotts, is an intimate and charming study of outdoors in a part of England where outdoors is most charming. Seldom does one find prose richer in color and melody than on these pages. Here is a paragraph taken almost at random:

> To my feet the dead heather rippled all russet; but a glory of pale gold and red-gold fretted the dead ling, and leapt to welcome each sun-gleam, where the brake-fern shone for miles. The lesser gorse also blossomed with pure, deep yellow flowers above its ripening pods; while the dodder's scarlet threads wound into the vesture of the waste, and briars lightened it with ruby and crimson.

The illustrations are numerous, varied and beautiful. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Each of the four stories by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan), now published under the title of the first of them, *The Pool in the Desert*, is a work of art. They may be best described briefly as dealing with life in English official circles in India from a point of view and in a manner somewhat resembling those of Henry James and Edith Wharton. This is not intended to suggest imitation. Mrs. Cotes's vision, style, sympathy and humor are very distinctly her own. It is only an attempt to indicate her "school"—and any effort to "classify" a writer of vigorous originality must be taken with considerable allowances. Classified or not, however, these stories would add something to the reputation of any living writer of fiction. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

The opening chapter of Sidney Pickering's *The Key of Paradise* tells of the first meeting of a bewilderingly beautiful Italian prince with the fifteen-year old convent-bred girl whom he is soon to marry, by family arrangement. She loves him at sight, and is confident that "if an earthly paradise existed, he, and none other could take her there." The prince, for his part, is no more than courteously indifferent, and it is not until many years later that the closing chapter brings the princess into her paradise. The story is well told and will interest almost anyone. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

New Orleans in the middle of the eighteenth century, a gallant young nobleman come from France expressly to avenge the death of his father in a duel eighteen years before, and finding, not the one he sought, but an heir equally gallant, noble and ready to give him what he sought—these are promising materials for a good story. Mrs. M. E. M. Davis has made effective use of them in *The Little Chevalier*. The story ends in the full satisfaction of the seeker for vengeance, though not after the manner he had anticipated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.50.

The lectures delivered by Washington Gladden at Harvard in 1903, under the William Belden Noble foundation, are published with the title,

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Witnesses of the Light. Dr. Gladden considers, as "representatives of the light that was in Jesus," six of the great ones of earth whose work "was done quite outside the realm of organized Christianity"—Dante, Michelangelo, Fichte, Victor Hugo, Richard Wagner and Ruskin. Each biographical study is preceded by a portrait of its subject. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.25 *net.*

A Century of Expansion is a study of the territorial growth of the United States, from the standpoint of one who believes that "the nation is entirely competent to acquire and hold other territory . . . entirely outside of the principles and control of the Constitution." It is by Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D. He is to be relied on as to the sequence of incident, and there are many to agree with his interpretations, argument and opinions, which seem to me, however, to be unreliable at more than one point. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50 *net.*

Among the Great Masters of the Drama seems to be an excellent specimen of the book written around its illustrations, most of which are reproductions from paintings. The "masters" dealt with are thirty-three in number, commencing with Shakespeare and ending with our own Mary Anderson and Modjeska. They get an illustration apiece and an average of perhaps a thousand words of text—mostly quoted. It is a well-made little volume, and skilfully compiled. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $1.20 *net.*

George Washington Jones, very little and very black, decided one Christmas morning, when he found himself quite alone in the world, that he would have for a "Christmas gif'" a beautiful young mistress. The only way he saw to secure this was just to go to one after another of the fine houses and offer himself as a Christmas gift to the first fair lady whom he could find. Ruth McEnery Stuart makes an entertaining story of how he did it and what followed. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

Lawyers and their clients occupy almost the whole of the stage in Frederick Trevor Hill's *The Web*, and, naturally, much of the action takes place in office and court-room. It is a thoroughly interesting story, and in a new vein. The author's intimate acquaintance with the legal fraternity and its methods is obvious. It is interesting to note that of the five practising attorneys who appear prominently in this novel, only one is really a "white man." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

In *The Whip Hand*, Samuel Merwin tells another of the "romances of business" which are meeting with much favor in these latter days. The core of this is the struggle between a "lumber combine" and an obstinate man who will be neither wheedled, threatened nor bribed into joining it. In his effort to give good money's worth, the author has overloaded the story with detail, but it remains interesting. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

John Hay's *Castilian Days* has lost neither crispness nor interest since its first appearance, a generation ago. The holiday edition, lately issued, more than makes up for the omission of a few of the less important chapters by the addition of some seventy illustrations, for which Joseph Pennell gathered material during a trip to Spain made for that special purpose. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $3.

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Wanderfolk in Wonderland is a book of animal fable stories, somewhat in the vein of the "Just So Stories." It is for the littler folk, who will doubtless follow the adventures of the Patient Walrus and the Discontented Prairie Dog with interest. The text is by Edith Guerrier; the illustrations —notably good for the purpose—by Edith Brown, and the book is well made and printed. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.20 *net;* postage 10 cents.

The Chasm, by Reginald W. Kauffman and Edward C. Carpenter is a novel of politics—more specifically a defense of "the Boss." "Reformers" appear as but vain and shifty negligeables alongside of the noble gentleman of lofty ideals who, by aid of the Machine, is giving the people as good government as they can stand. The story serves its purpose of entertainment well enough. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

The Captain's Daughter was originally written by Gwendolen Overton for serial publication in the *Youth's Companion*. It was admirably adapted for that admirable purpose. The story is of a young girl in a frontier garrison who is persuaded to give a criminal "one more chance." The result convinces her that justice is a better guide than sympathy in such cases. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

The Holladay Case is a rather light-weight "mystery story." The murder of a New York multi-millionaire, evidence pointing strongly to his daughter as the criminal, the clearing away of this suspicion, and the disappearance of the daughter soon afterward—and the labyrinth is complete. The rest of the story is devoted to finding a satisfactory way out. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25.

Three "Haverford Library Lectures," by Francis Greenwood Peabody, professor of Christian Morals in Harvard, appear under the title, *The Religion of an Educated Man*. Dr. Peabody preaches an entirely sane doctrine, finding the characteristic mark of the religious experience of an educated man to be the dedication of knowledge to service. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1 *net*.

The character of *Petronilla Heroven*, as drawn by Una L. Silberrad, is as unusual as her name. Both the study of character and the story are strong and ingenious, if not precisely probable. The novel is, on the whole, distinctly above the average, and contains, besides, evidence of better work to come. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. $1.50.

Aunt Jimmy's Will, by Mabel Osgood Wright, is a delightful story of a little country lass to whom "God had given the best gift that a girl, be she child or woman, can have—the gift of loving touch, of doing the right thing almost unconsciously for the weak or helpless;" of how she came to live in a New York flat; and of how she was returned to her own again. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Among the books which hardly anyone would think of buying for himself, but which are excellent for gifts to just the right person, is *Tobacco Leaves*, by John Bain, Jr. This contains a variety of prose and poetry concerning My Lady Nicotine. The copy sent me is bound in tobacco-colored ooze calf and put up in an imitation cigar-box. H. M. Caldwell & Co., Boston. $1.50.

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Qualified both by observation of the methods of such masters at the art of tearing the truth from reluctant witnesses as Ben Butler, Rufus Choate, Evarts, Tilden and Conkling, and by personal dealings with some fifteen thousand witnesses, Francis L. Wellman has written *The Art of Cross-Examination*. Mr. Wellman illuminates his argument with frequent anecdote and with specimens of the art in question as displayed in celebrated cases, the result being a very readable book. The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.50 *net*.

A Touch of Sun is the title-story of the four in Mary Hallock Foote's latest book. It has been a good many years since wine of this vintage was in any particular need of a bush. This most recent crushing has yielded a beverage as clear, as delicate and as fragrant as did the earlier ones. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.50.

The Spirit of the Service is from the pen of Edith Elmer Wood, daughter of one naval officer and wife of another. Its opening scene is at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and the Battle of Manila marks the climax of the story. It is brisk, readable and patriotic, and contains a judicious apportionment of love-making. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

In *Studies in German Literature in the Nineteenth Century*, Prof. John Firman Coar considers the poetry and drama of that nation and period as influenced by political, civic and social conditions. It is a scholarly book, which will appeal to a comparatively limited circle of students. The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.50 *net*.

The music to which Edward German has set verses from Kipling's "Just So" stories, is said, by the most competent musician of my personal acquaintance—himself a composer—to be "really fine." This makes the *Just So Song Book* a thing to be desired. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.20 *net*.

Their Child, by Robert Herrick (in the series of "Little Novels by Favorite Authors"), is of substance disproportionate to its size, being a study of heredity, of temptation, and of the final resolute taking up the burden of life. It is interesting, besides. The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents.

Bishop Spalding's latest volume, *Glimpses of Truth*, is as tolerant, as helpful, as fearlessly direct and as persuasive as the speech of a wise man should be. It is a book in which the simplest-minded or the most scholarly will find food. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 80 cents *net*.

Six school-girls who had a chance to keep house all for themselves through a March vacation are the *Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers* about whom Kate Douglas Wiggin writes. Their adventures make a jolly, pleasant tale. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

Under the title *Cuentos de California*, the College Settlement of Los Angeles publishes a collection of half a dozen short stories in varying keys. Proceeds of sales will be used in the settlement work. 50 cents.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

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Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

FOR two years and a half I have enjoyed the happy privilege of talking each month to OUT WEST'S wide circle of readers through this department. However unprofitable it may have been to the readers, it has been to me a glorious and enlightening experience. Mr. Lummis gave me a free rein from the start. "Make it as near literature as a busy man, dealing with material subjects, can make it," he said. That was his only suggestion, for he assured me that I might indulge the same independence of plain-spoken convictions which he claims for himself, and which gives to the Lion's Den its perennial interest and irresistible charm.

During the period of thirty months I have written of those things which seemed to me of most importance in the social and economic life of the West. I have put my heart into the work, and if, of all I have said and done since I became interested in western development many years ago, I were asked to name what should be stricken from the record, my contribution to five volumes of this magazine would not be first to go. I have written frankly, aggressively, sometimes with earnest criticism and dissent, but always from profound conviction, for, like Heine, I have felt that I was "a soldier in the war for humanity."

I do not know when all the things I have fought for shall come true; I do not know when the last vestige of water monopoly shall disappear, and, in its place, a system erected on foundations of everlasting justice shall arise to endure forever and bless the unborn millions who are to follow where we have led the way. I do not know when the hideous institution of monopoly in land shall perish and when God's green earth shall be divided among those who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces. I do not know when the pitiful strife of man against man shall give place to noble forms of coöperation, and when our producers, becoming as wise economically as the peasants of Ireland and Denmark and even of Austria-Hungary, shall march in companies, battalions, armies of peaceful industry upon those who now exploit them by means of their

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control of the agencies of manufacture, of distribution and of credit. But I know that these things *shall* come in the progress of civilization. And if what I have written for OUT WEST has hastened by a day or an hour the consummation of this logical and inevitable development of Western institutions I thank God it was given me to write it.

The "Twentieth Century West" department ended with the December number of the magazine, and these are words of farewell. By means of occasional articles I shall hope to speak to my friends on vital topics hereafter through these pages. To those who have followed my work sympathetically I express my gratitude, and to those who have shared my earnestness of conviction and purpose I say: Let us go forward bravely, persistently and with absolute confidence, doing "right as God gives us to see the right."

WM. E. SMYTHE.

MOUNT SAN BERNARDINO.

By LENA BROWN.

"He caused the waters to flow out of the rock for them."—Isaiah 48, 21.

I LIFT aloft my head, cold, stern and proud;
The crystal gems of winter frost my crown;
All neighbor peaks are bent beneath the frown
Of me, the King. A gray and gaping cloud
And shifting, shimmering, showering mists enshroud
My limbs. O'er sides firm, flint-ribbed, brown,
Through shadowy cañons, trickling, streaming down,
The melting snow, with sounds now faint, now loud,
Pours forth upon the healthy, sunburnt fields
Which drink their fill with grateful thirstiness.
Fair flowers, fragrant fruits, the glad ground yields;
The valley spreading west a bountecusness
Of happy, living, growing things reveals:
Thus doth the mountain saint his people bless.

San Bernardino, Cal.

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BASKETS MADE BY THE WARNER'S RANCH AND NEIGHBORING MISSION INDIANS. *Photo by C. F. L.*

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A Larch Forest in Washington.

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UNDER THE OAKS.

Photo by C. F. T.

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San Diego Mission (1769). *Photo about 1880.*

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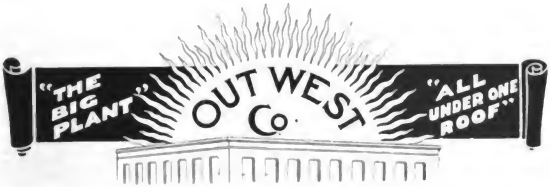

THE above titles are familiar to the friends and patrons of Out West Company in all of its various departments, but to the many with whom the house has had no business relations and who have no knowledge of the size or capacity of its plant a short descriptive article may not prove uninteresting reading. Since the establishment of this magazine, its mechanical and typographical departments have been in charge of Out West Company or its immediate predecessors, whose members form part of the present Company. The expression "A modern and thoroughly equipped establishment" has become somewhat trite, but we hope to show the reader, and by ocular demonstration the visitor, that Out West Company has now one of the most complete plants in the West. The work it has done and is now doing is eloquent testimony to the accuracy of this statement, and it has modern ideas with modern equip-

The Broadway Entrance.

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ment to carry them out. In the pride of its present achievements the Company may be pardoned a few reminiscences touching on the changes that have gradually led to the complete and efficient organization of the present time.

The printing department (originally organized as Kingsley & Barnes in 1889) was incorporated as the Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co. in 1894, and Mr. Neuner, who had built up an extensive bindery business since 1887, joined forces with the prosperous printing company.

The Union Photo-Engraving Co. was established in 1893, and was succeeded by the C. M. Davis Company in 1897. Under the latter title the Company operated and grew until taken into Out West Company in March, 1902.

The first number of *The Land of Sunshine* appeared in June, 1894, being

The Stationery Department

then published by the firm of F. A. Pattee & Co. In January, 1895, Chas. F. Lummis associated himself with this firm, becoming editor of the magazine. In June, 1895, The Land of Sunshine Publishing Co. was organized and the publication of the magazine was continued under this style until January, 1902. The mechanical work had been, from the first, done by the Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co., and soon after the change of name of the magazine to OUT WEST, all ownership interests were merged in Out West Company. In passing from general matter to more specific descriptions it might be well to state that many of Out West Company customers do very little planning in their better class of printing—merely giving their ideas and having them worked out. If such terms as "architects" and "builders" can be applied to the "art preservative of all arts," then that is what experts in Out West printing, engraving and binding departments could reasonably be called.

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Plate. Printing and Embossing.

Out West Company is comfortably located at 115 South Broadway, Los Angeles, or rather its stationery department and offices are at that number, with "the big plant" itself in the large separate building in the rear of the offices, at Nos. 113-115-117-119 South Broadway. The edifice is not pretentious from an architectural point of view, but in plan and arrangement is well adapted to the purposes in view at the time of its construction. A stranger could scarcely visit the various floors and view the scores of machines and workmen without becoming imbued with the idea that in such a place the best work should be produced. The accompanying photographs show (to a necessarily limited extent) prominent features of the establishment.

The Company's active officials are: C. M. Davis, President; L. H. Carpenter, Treasurer; M. C. Neuner, Secretary; F. W. Wood, General Manager. The Vice-President is Chas. F. Lummis, who is assisted in editing OUT WEST by Charles Amadon Moody.

The business management of the magazine was in the hands of Mr. Frank A. Pattee from its establishment until June, 1902, when other activities required his attention, though he retains an ownership interest. At this writing, Mr. G. P. Talbott is at the head of the subscription and

The General Offices.

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The President's Office.

advertising departments; Mr. John C. Perry (who allied himself with the magazine in its earliest days) attends the subscription accounts and lists; Mr. Wm. S. Dinsmore looks after the news stands, mailing, etc.; and, in the mechanical department, Mr. John H. Train has for some years set the advertising pages and handled the "make-up" of OUT WEST.

Starting at the stationery department, which is in charge of Mr. Irving J. Mitchell, the visitor will note much that has made this branch one of great popularity and rapid growth. In addition to a fresh and well-selected stock of office supplies and general stationery, the Company has the general Southern California agency for the well known Yawman & Erbe cabinets, files and fixtures, the leading line of its kind in the world. A large stock of these goods is always carried and conveniently displayed.

At the rear of the stationery department and adjoining the cashier's office are the plate printing and embossing presses, where high-grade professional and society stationery is produced.

In the offices everybody is busy, each individual taking a special interest in the work of his department, a factor that undoubtedly has much to do with the success of the entire establishment, and each one of the large corps of workers has been selected for his or her special fitness for the position occupied. The offices are well arranged and comfortably furnished, and here many successful plans for advertising by means of printed matter have been worked out for patrons. Desks for the accommodation of visitors, with all necessary conveniences, are provided. Just beyond and before entering the rear building are the offices of the OUT WEST magazine. Here are installed, easily accessible to all interested visitors, the desks of the associate editor, the advertising and subscription manager, the bookkeeper and the private office of the President of the Company.

The Magazine Offices.

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Below the stationery store and offices, the entire length of the front building, are the stock-rooms, cut-filing-rooms, carpenter and repair shop, and the general storage sections. A cutting-machine and operator are also always here to expedite the handling of small cutting and light stock.

On the ground floor of the large structure in the rear, and covering a space of nearly 4,000 square feet is the composing-room of this great plant. A flood of light from numerous windows throws a charm of cheerfulness over the scene, and the staccato of clicking type mingles with the low hum of machinery from the adjoining press-room. Here expert compositors, under the able foremanship of Mr. J. W. Nevatt, twist the types into most effective combinations and do their part toward placing the printed matter that comes from Out West Company in a class by itself. This big department is equipped with all modern appurtenances, including the newest

In the Stock Room.

type-faces, borders and ornaments; and clever designs are here conceived by bright minds and executed by skillful fingers.

At the north end of this great room is the shipping department; at its west corner the freight elevator to the upper floors, and the proof-room, where every line of matter for job or book work, or the magazine, passes through the hands and under the eyes of competent proof-readers.

On the southwest side of the building, and on this same floor, is the press-room. Six jobbers and four cylinders steadily turn out a great amount of excellent work, from a visiting card on the smallest "lightning jobber" to a thirty-two page form on the huge Optimus cylinder of latest pattern. This latter press, which is illustrated elsewhere, was installed with its directly-connected motor especially for the rapid and perfect printing of the illustrated pages of OUT WEST. With each machine is a pressman who has been placed there because he knows how to make a

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Filing Cuts in a Vault.

press do the best work it is capable of doing, and these machines are of such cost and such make as to be capable of the best. No operator of indifferent ability is permitted to run this machinery. The press-room is in charge of Mr. William Kirkland, who has been with the present concern and the firm which it succeeded for a good many years. His experience in the printing of fine half-tones, three-color and difficult plate work of all kinds, and artistic embossing, is probably greater than that of any pressman in the city.

Out West Company is not alone a printer of books and magazines and work of that nature, as a glance through its specimen-drawers ably demonstrates. It has many men constantly engaged upon smaller commercial printing, and here is found much effective work exemplifying modern ideas and the correct usuage of good material. The effort has constantly been to give its every-day commercial work a certain air of distinction; and the imprint of the concern usually stands for high-grade printing in its best sense.

Upon the second floor of this building, and reached by a stairway between the offices and the composing-room, is the book-binding and blank book manufacturing department, presided over by Mr. Henry Grassmee, who, like several of the other foremen, has remained with the establishment through its evolutions and steady growth of many years past.

Good book-binding and the skill and care necessary to keep up excellence in this line of work are never the result of spasmodic effort, but the outcome of long experience and judgment. The Out West bindery in pursuance of the honest efforts of its owners to keep not only abreast of the times locally but a step in advance, and to extend its already established reputation for prompt delivery of a superior product, has recently caused the addition of a late-style Dexter book-folding machine, which, running at high speed and with great accuracy, handles in small compass the work of quite a number of girls, if hand work were used instead.

From this department have been issued some notable bindings, among them a Register for the Chamber of Commerce, which was

Shipping Room.

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Book Composing Room.

Job Composing Room.

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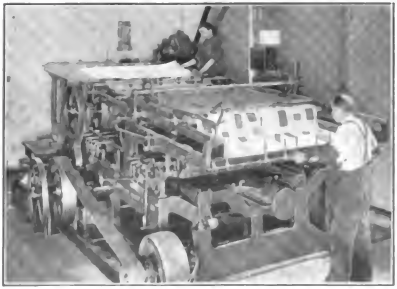
Job Press Room.

exhibited at the Midwinter Fair in 1893, and filled with names from cover to cover—the largest book, the Out West Company believes, that has ever been manufactured in the United States—and today it retains perfect shape and condition.

It has been said that good binding has not progressed, so far as labor-saving and product-improving machinery is concerned, so much as the other branches of the printing business, but a visit to the clean and light bindery of the Out West Company reveals a number of expensive and, to the uninitiated, complicated machines, several of these designed in and for this concern itself. There are special machines for ruling, cutting, perforating, punching, numbering, folding and many other items of detail that are involved in the manufacture of blank books and strong and artistic covers and bindings of all sorts. From this department issue the many patented time- and labor-saving devices of the Neuner Specialty Book Company, a corporation the principal members of which are directly interested in the Out West Company.



The Big Optimus Cylinder Press.

Up stairs again to what is termed by the employees "the roof garden." Here are the extensive rooms of the engraving department, built to command the very necessary elements of air, light and sunshine. The

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Paper Ruling Machines.

Gathering Sections in Bindery.

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Forwarding and Finishing Books.

motto of this department has been "perfect plates, day or night, rain or shine." The sun's rays are used where possible, but are not indispensable, high-power arc lights being substituted at night or on dark days. After the old Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co. business had progressed satisfactorily an engraving department was added, and this, under the name of the C. M. Davis Company, became famous for the quality of the work which it produced. In fact, quality has been a strong characteristic of this department, as well as the others, from the beginning. An "Out West plate" has always meant a good printing plate of excellent wearing quality, and has been synonymous with superior work. The result has naturally been, with the moderate scale of prices prevailing, that the concern numbers among its clients a great many of the prominent publishers, printers and advertisers of the Southwest. This rapidly growing business in half-tones and line etchings has necessitated the recent introduction of several machines. These are the best that can be had, and help to expedite work and maintain its high standard. Mr. Ralph Garnier is the capable foreman, to whom much of the proud distinction of this plant as the leading engraving house of the Southwest must be credited.

Paper Cutting Machines.

A book could be written about designing, this being an art that frequently makes an engraving house prominent. A first-class art room must be able to produce posters, covers, general illustrations, etc., and must be proficient in both the color and black-and-white effects. For reproduction, drawings must be prepared with thorough knowledge of what is required for half-tone, zinc-etching

The Dexter Folding Machine.

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Photographing in Engraving Department.

and three-color processes, and its director must be able to suggest ideas to customers and to improve on their ideas. Such a man Out West Company has in its art room in the person of Mr. Carl Junge, who, with his assistants, is always able to furnish a striking and original design, so much more effective than the indifferent efforts usually obtainable elsewhere, that several local engraving houses have wisely sought assistance in the direction of this art department.

In the Art Room.

Re-etching.

It is impossible, of course, within the limits of a short magazine article to touch fully upon all the machines, the men and the methods that have gone, and are continually going, to extend the prestige of this excellent and down-to-date concern, but since an impression has gained currency in and about the city that prices quoted by Out West Company are "high" we cannot better conclude than by quoting a

Engravers at Work.

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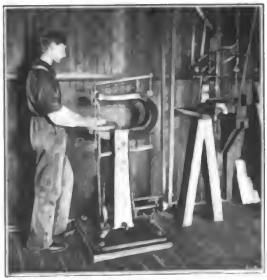
Photo Printing Frames.

paragraph or two from a recent booklet issued by a prominent Chicago printing firm.

"The lowest figure received on a catalogue or booklet may mean several things. It may mean that the party who gave it thought you were a 'cheap' man and wanted 'cheap' work, or it may mean that he is endeavoring to throw dust in your eyes and let you in in the expectation that he will land you for a good price before you finish. Now, honestly, there is nothing to be gained by fooling your time away upon 'cheap' people. They produce worry, disappointment and loss. Their efforts are all expended in explaining delays and fixing up excuses. Cheap printers and good printing do not travel together. The men who produce good work are always busy and do not find it necessary to cut established prices in order to get trade. All in all, the business world is afraid of the 'cheap' man. Competition is wide open in the printing business and keeps prices down. Those who produce good printing find it difficult to get a fair margin of profit, and are fully satisfied when they have that. Do not deceive yourselves. There are no fancy prices." Yet Out West Company produces certain specialties at very low prices.

Reveling and Routing Plates.



Drilling and Sawing Plates.

Proving and Tooling Plates.

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Pearline prolongs life of fabrics

S.158

MISS MAUD LEROY of Weber & Fields Co., In her Haynes-Apperson Runabout.

The

HAYNES - APPERSON

is the only powerful AUTOMOBILE simple enough for a lady to run EASILY and reliable enough for her to take far from home and count on getting back without trouble.

Our catalogue gives full information. Inquirers are urged to visit our factory, where every detail of HAYNES-APPERSON superiority can be seen and fully understood. Call and see our exhibits at New York and Chicago shows.

HAYNES-APPERSON CO., *Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.*
The Oldest Makers of Motor Cars in America

Members of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. Branch Store: 1420 Michigan Ave., Chicago. EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES: BROOKLYN AUTOMOBILE CO., 1239-41-43 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 65 W. 43rd St., New York; NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE & MFG. CO., Pacific Coast Agents, San Francisco.

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Inform Yourself About Los Angeles and Southern California

A section that is growing faster, is more prosperous and whose future outlook is more promising than any other part of the entire country.

The Southwest's foremost newspaper is the Los Angeles *Times*. Prints "All the News, All the Time," consisting of full Associated Press report, scores of special dispatches, and full details of all local news events; descriptive articles of the development of the southwest, its resources, productions, growth, business conditions and prospects.

"The *Times* stands for liberty and law, the equal right of all to safely live and free labor." Its articles and opinions on the labor question are exhaustive, drafted on independent lines, and noted the country over.

SIZE—Daily, 12 to 20 pages; Sunday, 60 to 72 pages, and a Sunday magazine of 32 pages, which is in itself a storehouse of facts and attractive up-to-date literature, with a peculiarly Californian and Southwestern "outdoor" flavor.

TERMS—Daily and Sunday, 75 cents per month, $2.25 per quarter, $9.00 per year.

Subscription price of the Sunday *Times*, with its 60 to 72 pages of interesting reading matter, illustrated sketches, including its 32-page picturesque magazine section, containing stories of the Southwest and numerous superb half-tone pictures, $2.50 per year; $1.25 for six months; 65 cents for three months; all postpaid.

JUST ISSUED—A handsome special MEXICAN EDITION of 64 pages, magnificently illustrated, and containing articles about Mexico, its mining and agricultural resources, its industries and its peoples. Inclosed in an illuminated cover. Price 10 cents per copy, 2 cents extra for postage.

MIDWINTER ANNUAL.—To be out Jan. 1, 1904. This special number is a regular first-of-the-year feature of the *Times*. Thousands of copies of this issue are sent abroad by residents of the Southwest to their friends. The number contains pertinent facts relative to the progress of the year in this section, what has been achieved in the city and county of Los Angeles, as well as in every town of the seven southern counties of California during the past twelve months, life in God's country, our homes, public buildings, half-tone reproductions of our prominent citizens, lawyers and bankers. The paper will be from 72 to 84 pages in size, and inclosed in an appropriate colored cover. Price 10 cents per copy, postage 3 cents extra.

The Times-Mirror Co.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS,
Editor and Manager.

LIBERAL COMBINATION OFFER

OUT WEST and CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD'S HISTORY OF LOS ANGELES. This history is pronounced as fascinating as a romance by competent critics. It is profusely illustrated and bound in art buckram binding. The regular price is $1.50, and it is now offered for the first time, in combination with OUT WEST for one year, for $2.50. New subscribers may thus obtain this accurate and interesting volume at 50c., and for the present we will accept subscriptions (including the book) from those now taking OUT WEST, dated ahead from expiration of present term of subscription. We must discontinue this offer as soon as present copies on hand are sold, so that orders, including proper remittance, should be sent in promptly. Address **Subscription Department,**

OUT WEST
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
and specify this offer.

Payot, Upham & Company, Publishers

A new book on Spain in 1903—NOW READY

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN," by Jerome Hart

A number of the recent letters written to *The Argonaut* from Southern Europe—principally from Spain—have been collected in a volume. The book makes nearly 300 pages, and is very handsomely printed on costly wove paper from new type. Over a score of illustrations accompany the text, from photographs taken by the Two Argonauts.

A rich rubricated title, in pseudo-Arabic, framed in a Moorish archway copied from the Alhambra, begins the book. A colored map of Spain will be found a very useful addition to these travel sketches.

Only a LIMITED EDITION will be printed. Mr. Hart's recent book of travel, "Argonaut Letters," also a limited edition, was out of print three months after publication.

Price $2 net; by mail, $2.18. Address

THE ARGONAUT COMPANY
246 Sutter St., San Francisco

We're glad to suggest something neat and novel in cuts, booklets, catalogs, etc.
OUT WEST CO.

Reliable help promptly furnished. Hummel Bros. & Co., Tel. Main 509.

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Office Supplies

We carry a full stock of the necessaries to equip the office with up-to-date methods. Time and labor-saving contrivances our specialty. ¶ We are agents for the popular YAWMAN-ERBE filing devices. This line is very superior.

Engraving

We give especial attention to steel-die and copper-plate work. Wedding Invitations, Announcements, At Home and Calling Cards—all executed by competent workmen, under our personal supervision. We wish to draw attention to our excellent facilities for handling commercial stationery of this class.

Fine Stationery

A choice line of goods by leading makers always in stock. We have but to mention Whiting's French Organdie Note Papers in all sizes and shades.

Souvenirs

We are producing a number of VIEW BOOKS which have won their way to great popularity: Carbontones of "Sunset Land," a portfolio of 15 views; "Mission Memories," bound in yucca and crash bristol; "Sunland Scenes" and "Snap Shots." We also show a unique line of Tally Cards.

Stationery Dept.

IRVING J. MITCHELL, MANAGER

Out West Co.

115 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

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Out West Company's

NEW SOUVENIR EDITIONS

Sent Prepaid on Receipt of Price

MISSION MEMORIES: Seventy-five exquisite half-tones of California Missions, with descriptive matter, on heavy plate paper. Bound in yucca, $1.00. In crash bristol, 75c. (Neatly boxed.)

SUNLAND SCENES: Over forty beautiful lithotone plates of Los Angeles and vicinity, with descriptive matter. Heavy plated paper. Silk parchment cover tied with silk cord. In box, 25c.

SNAP SHOTS: Sixty vignetted California views of mountain, valley and ocean, each an art gem. On round-cornered Ivorine cards. In leatherette, gold-stamped box. 50c.

LAND OF SUNSHINE ALBUM: An attractive little collection of choice vignette views in double-tone color, with yucca front cover. 20c.

PASADENA: Ninety-six pages of vignetted views of Pasadena's beautiful homes, etc. (size 8x11), including large reproduction in colors of Hotel Green. Cover in crash bristol, beautifully illuminated in gold and Pasadena colors. Tied with silk cord. Each packed in carton. 75c. (Edition limited).

CARBONTONES OF SUNSET LAND: Fifteen carbontone plates of Southern California—the Missions, etc.—each mounted separately on mats 9½x11. In portfolio-envelope, embossed in gold. 50c.

MISSION PADRES OF CALIFORNIA: Six plates, size 11x14, on bristol board, from original drawings by Julius Ludovici. Parchment cover with rope tie. 50c. (Edition limited.)

Also a new line of fancy California envelopes, tri-color souvenir postals, score and place cards, calendars, etc., from our original designs and plates.

OUT WEST MAGAZINE FOR 1904

SPECIAL We have prepared a beautiful portfolio, enclosing artists' proof-sheets of sixteen lithotone engravings (with facsimile autographs) of prominent Western writers. These superb plates have been made from recent photographs, are now published for the first time, and are shipped loose, so that they may be framed if desired. The price is $2.00 each for these sets, but the edition has been limited as nearly as possible to cover list of new subscribers, to whom they will be presented without charge. ¶We will mail a SAMPLE COPY, together with one of the plate-proofs above described (ready for framing—no advertising) for 20c.

OUT WEST CO. Offices: 115 S. Broadway LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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SOME .... BARGAINS IN MAGAZINES

WE had not intended to make any clubbing offers this year; but along comes Moore's List, and we find that without cutting the price of OUT WEST, we can make some tempting offers of other magazines with it. All subscriptions may be either New or Renewal, except that the **PORTFOLIO OF WESTERN AUTHORS** can be sent **only to NEW subscribers to OUT WEST.**

Art Interchange	$4	OUR PRICE $5.00
Success	1	
Cosmopolitan	1	
OUT WEST	2	
*Portfolio of Western Authors	2	
*Sent only to NEW subscribers to OUT WEST.	$10	

Instead of the *Art Interchange* in the above list, either *World's Work* (regular price $3), *Review of Reviews* ($2.50), *Outing* ($3), *Country Life in America* ($3), *Current Literature* ($3), *Lippincott's Magazine* ($2.50), or the *Independent* ($2), may be ordered. ¶ Instead of *Cosmopolitan: Frank Leslie's Monthly, Pearson's, Harper's Bazar, Woman's Home Companion*, or *Good Housekeeping*. ¶ *Everybody's* or *McClure's* may be added to any list for $1 additional—*or any other magazine at its published subscription price.* We make this offer for the convenience of our subscribers. ¶ The magazines may be sent to different addresses, if desired.

World's Work	$3	OUR PRICE $5.75
Country Life in America	3	
OUT WEST	2	
*Portfolio of Western Authors	2	
*Sent only to NEW subscribers to OUT WEST.	$10	

For either *World's Work* or *Country Life in America*, there may be substituted *Art Interchange* or any substitute for that magazine allowed in our $5 offer.

Art Interchange	$4	OUR PRICE $4.75
Cosmopolitan	1	
OUT WEST	2	
*Portfolio of Western Authors	2	
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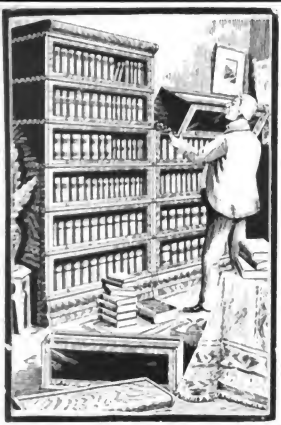

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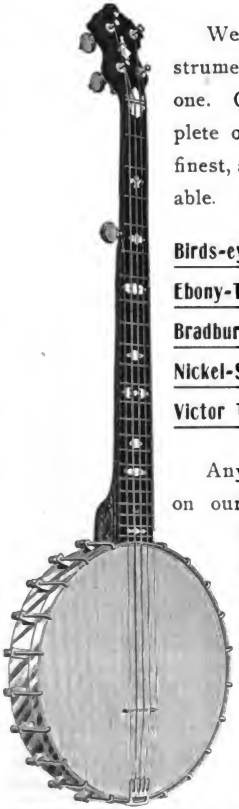

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WM. CORBIN, Sec. and Gen'l Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, No. 710 Market St.—For the half year ending December 31, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and twenty one-hundredths (3.20) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Sts.—For the six months ending December 31, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, Jan. 2, 1904. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after Jan. 1, 1904.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California St.—For the half year ending with December 31, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California St., corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1903, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after January 1, 1904. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1904.

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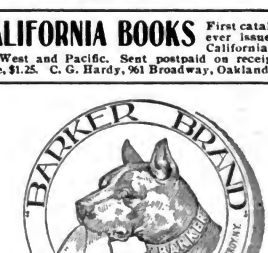

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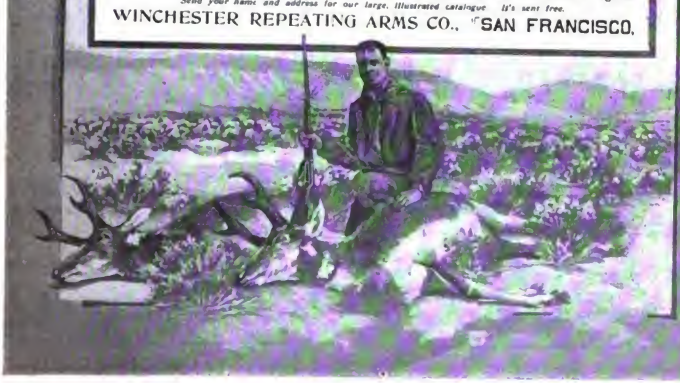

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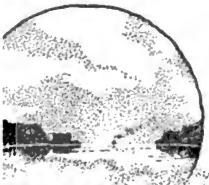

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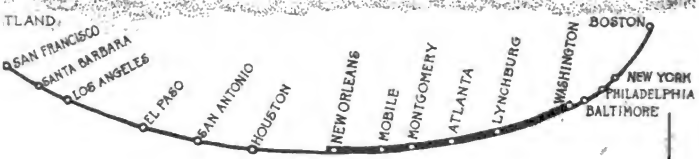

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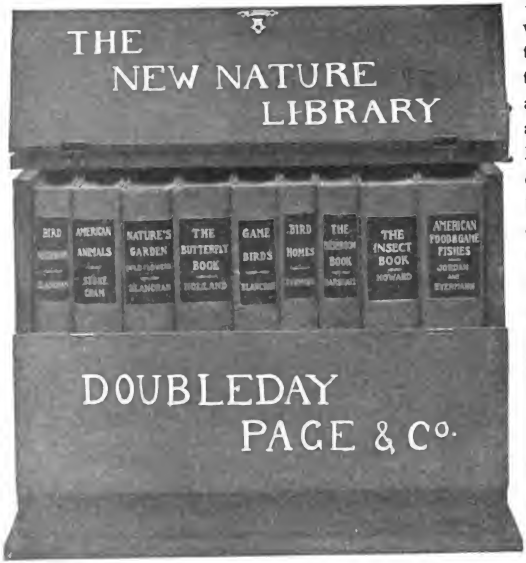

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Mr. Madison J. Cawein ("*Myths and Romance*") writes: "Whoever the author is, and I strongly suspect two—HENRY TYWELL and WILLIAM J. LAMPTON—he is certainly one of the best satirists our country has ever known. His knowledge of the writings of the different authors tried, as well as all their little ways and mannerisms, is simply wonderful. The book has already begun to make a sensation. It has been a long time since I enjoyed a clever piece of writing like this."

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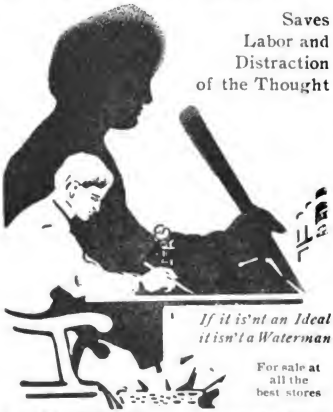

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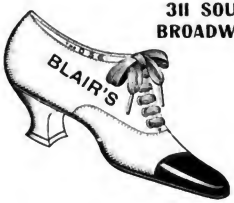

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Vol. XX, No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1904.

MINING 350 YEARS AGO.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

II.

STARTLING as it is to see how many and how complicated were the pumps in use to drain mines before 1550, as described and pictured by Agricola, the operation of stamp-mills at that remote day must of course seem even more remarkable ; and since the likeness of one of these machines was printed in these pages last month, it may be well to deal with this matter before turning back for a more consecutive sketch of that great book.

The first stamp-mills worked dry, and were simply to crush the ore—the subsequent processes being performed by hand with simple appliances. How long this machine had been in use, we are not told ; but Agricola treats it as already antiquated, though he describes and pictures four different sorts. Beginning on his 219th page, he carefully details the construction of each kind, giving the dimensions of every timber and other constituent ; telling how to make the lifters, the stamps, the trippets, the cams, and every other part. From his specifications, a good mechanic could today reconstruct the mill of the year 1500 in any of its variations—for Agricola duly notes the differences between the "patents" used by the Germans, the Bohemians, and others. And it is curious to note that already the mill-house (even before the wet battery was invented) had the familiar down-hill slope by which it is so well known today as far off as it can be seen. All these kinds of stamp-mills were run by an overshot water-wheel. The "lifters" were 9 feet

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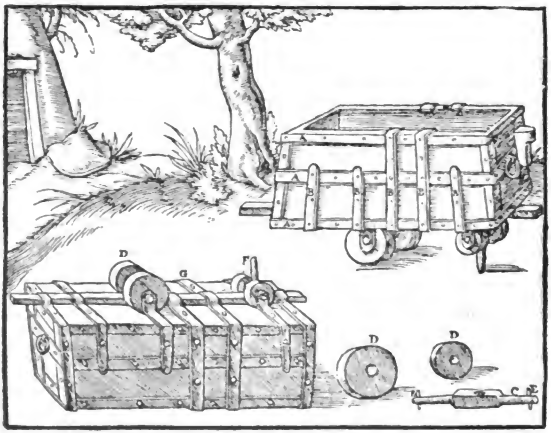
long and 6 inches square; the iron stamp-shoes were about 25 x 17 inches on the sides, and 15 inches high. (See illustration p. 113.)

The wet-battery stamp-mill was invented 392 years ago by a gentleman whose name, of course, it would be idle for us to hope to find in the encyclopedias which have the modesty to charge us $200 per set. The Britannica knows neither him nor his inventions—which is not surprising, in a "Greatest Reference Book in the World" that has no historical sketch of coal-mining or gold-mining or any other mining, to say nothing of the like vacuities in innumerable other matters. Doubtless every specialist knows by now how useless these pretentious text-books are to him.

"In the year 1512," says Agricola, "George, the illustrious Duke of Saxony, gave control of all the mines in Misena to that noble and prudent man, Sigismund Malthicius, father of John, Bishop of Misena. He, in Dippoldswald and Adelberg (in which places black stones are dug, from which white lead is prepared), invented a machine to pound ores wet, with iron-shod stamps." It was not much different from the machine for dry-crushing; but the stamps were one-half larger. The bed was from the trunk of an oak or beech, 3 feet long, 4 inches wide, 18 inches high; set on a level stone, which was fixed in the ground. The box was calked with moss and cloth, that the



ORE CARS PICTURED BY AGRICOLA.

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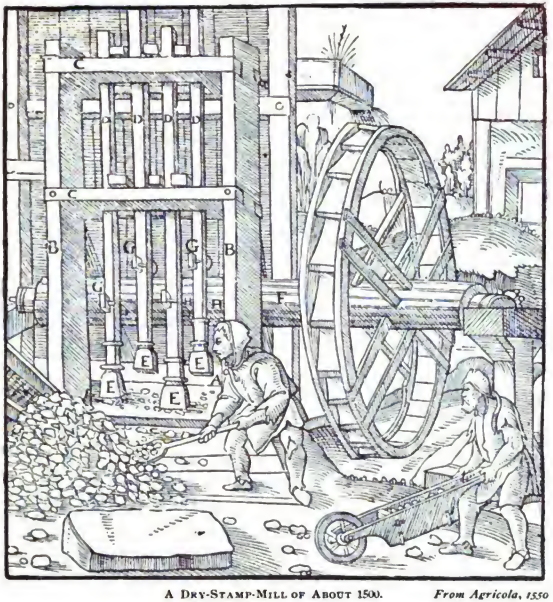

A Dry-Stamp-Mill of About 1500. *From Agricola, 1550*

joints might everywhere be tight. Inside it, at the bottom, was fitted an iron plate 8½ inches thick. At the open end of the box was set an iron plate full of holes. A small stream of water passing through the box carried out the crushed ore. Ores of lead, silver and gold were thus worked.

Agricola pictures and describes four different sorts of wet stamp-mills. That shown in last month's frontispiece—a fifteen-stamp mill, run by three 20-foot waterwheels—was the most advanced. We have today batteries of a good many times fifteen stamps, and run by better than overshot wheels; but it is also some time since 1512. We still use stamp-mills.

But to go back a bit in the book. We have set out with its most startling features; but all its features are remarkable enough. Let us follow the logical procedure of 1550, in the hop, skip and jump that is inevitable; "hitting the high places," but at least giving an idea of the fashion in which a book was so well written, more than 350 years ago, that to this day no other book so masterful has been written on the same topic.

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SECTIONS OF SHAFTS AND TUNNELS. *From Agricola, 1550*

The skeleton of the work by "books" has already been outlined here. Among the really ancient authors quoted are Ovid, Euripides, Timocles, Socrates, Anacreon, Propertius, Plautus, Pliny, Aristotle, Pindar, and many more. Agricola was not merely a "field man;" he was a scholar, who had read about all that had been printed in his specialty. And he had large ideas as to what a mining engineer ought to have for a train-

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ing. His discourse may be in medieval Latin—and it *is*, so that a classical education, and all the great Latin dictionaries put together, are but a stupid help—but it will not do a bit of harm to any mining engineer today.

VEINS. *From Agricola, 1550*

"Many," he says in his preface, "have held the opinion that the matter of mining was something fortuitous, and a sordid work—and so of every such business which indicates not so much art as labor. But to me, when I run over the divers parts of it in my mind, and thoughtfully, the thing seems far different. Every miner ought to be most expert in his art, that he first may know what mountain, what hill, what valleys, what plains to dig in, or to keep from digging in. Therefrom, the Veins, Threads and Seams of the rocks are clear to him. Soon he knows many and divers species of soils, gems, stones, marbles, rocks, ores and alloys. . . . For in one way he gets out gold and silver, in another copper, in another virgin silver, in another iron, in another lead. . . . Some are worked with salt, others with nitre, others with alum, others with sulphur, others with bitumen. A miner, besides, ought to be not ignorant of many arts—firstly, of Philosophy, that he may know the origin and causes of subterranean things, that he may come by the easiest way to dig out ores and get the best results from what is dug. Secondly, of Medicine, that he may safe-guard his miners against the natural diseases of mining. . . . Thirdly, of Astronomy, that he may understand the parts of the sky and from them judge the direction of the veins. Fourthly, of Surveying, that he may in digging deep make his shafts and tunnels meet. Then, of Architecture, that he may manage and direct the building above ground or the timbering below. Then, of Drawing, that he may be able to make models of the necessary machinery. And lastly, of Law, particularly of Mining Law, that he may not underhandedly take what is another's, and that he may justly maintain his own."

This is the spirit in which this medieval writer "tackles" his

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work always; and that is the reason why he is still worth while.

In Book 2, which describes the miners of 350 years ago and the methods of prospecting, he reminds us that—in times already ancient when he wrote—Sofias, the Thracian, had 1000 of his slaves mining silver. He deals with the use of the divining-rod ever since classical times—though he did not forecast that it would be in active operation in 1904—as it is. (See illustration p. 121.)

An Early Windlass.

Veins and mines in Agricola's day were named much as now—after their discoverers or owners, after animals (the Lion mine, the Bear mine, the Cow mine, etc.), or after inanimate things or "for fun"—like the Silver Basket, or the Gift of God, or the Fool-Eater. All this "sounds natural" still. And speaking of names, Agricola notes Pliny's remark (about the year of our Lord 77) that the Bebel mine in Spain still bore the same name that Hannibal gave it 200 years before Christ.

In Book 3, Agricola discourses of veins—surface veins, deep veins, blanket veins, pockets, and all their kind. He illustrates no less than twenty-eight sorts of veins; and he makes note of Calbus* and others who maintained that rivers flowing East and West have the coarsest gold—a theory which Agricola controverts.

Book 4 is a clear digest of mining law and mining custom 350 years ago. Mining was then, of course, much more organized under government than it is with us today. It was something comparable to our Department of Agriculture, for instance. Its "Secretary," was the Praefectus Metallicorum, the direct vicar of the king or prince in all matters relating to mines. "All men, of all classes, ages and orders, obey him." He had complete jurisdiction throughout the kingdom. Under him there was, in each district, a Magister Metallicorum, or Commissioner of Mines, who was tithe-gatherer, distributor, "purger of silver," master of moneys, etc. This Magister was, as it were, a combination of Register and Judge. He clapped "fraudulent, negligent or dissolute men" into prison, or fined them in goods or money. He arbitrated disputes as to boundaries of claims; could call a jury; received filings; issued patents to "claims," and measured and bounded them. There were stated days for these various functions of his. On Wednesdays, with a jury,

*Who died about 47 B.C.

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BRINGING IN ORE BY PACK-TRAINS, WAGONS, ETC. *From Agricola, 1550*
(The wagon-boss tallying loads on a notched stick.)

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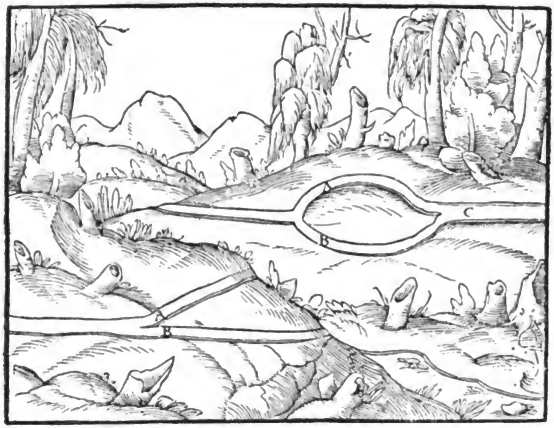

SOME OF THE 28 VEINS PICTURED BY AGRICOLA. *From Agricola, 1550*

he heard cases, confirmed patents and gave decisions. On Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays he rode about the mines, descending into them frequently and telling how they should be worked. On Saturdays, all mine-superintendents and foremen reported to him their expenditures in mining operations during the week.

A schedule of all mines, their owners, etc., was kept posted in a public place. The jurymen summoned by the Magister had to be men experienced in mining, and half of them from the Decemvirs' College. These jurors inspected all mines, and fixed the price of "development work," according as the ground or rock was hard or soft. All these matters were strictly recorded, and the records were kept under lock, the Scribe who recorded them having one key, and the Magister himself the only other key.

The twenty-four hours were divided into three working shifts of seven hours each; the other three hours being allowed for going and coming. The first shift began at 4 a.m., and ran till 11 a.m.; the second was from noon till 7 p.m.; the third, or night-shift, from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. But the Magister did not allow night-shifts except in case of urgent necessity. Then, "Whether pumping out the mine or digging ore," says Agricola, "the men solace their long and hard labors with continuous song, neither rude nor unmerry. They do not

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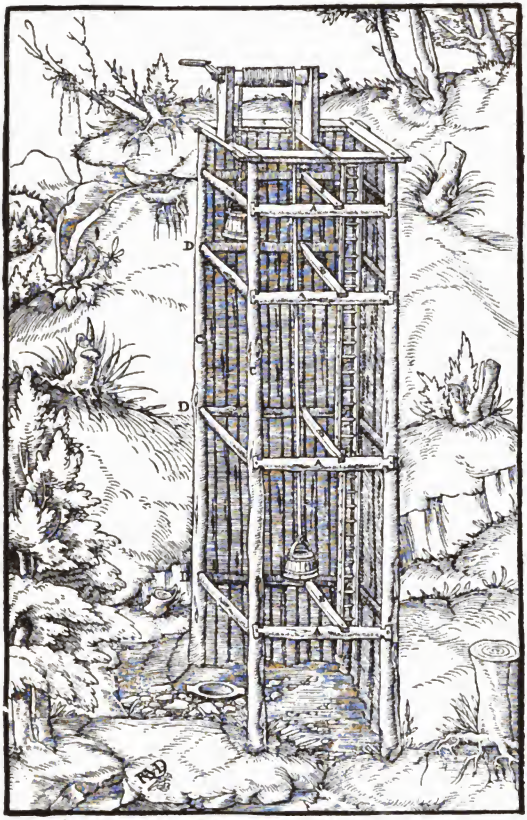

PLAN OF TIMBERING A SHAFT. *From Agricola, 1550*

work on Saturdays or Sundays or holidays. But they are all hardy, robust men, born and bred to arduous labors."

To locate a claim, the prospector went to the Magister Metallicorum and applied for the right to dig. It was "the proper office and muniment" of this Commissioner to adjudicate mining claims. He and the Tithe-Gatherer (Decumano) either went in person or sent at least two trust-

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MEANS OF DESCENDING INTO MINES. *From Agricola, 1550*

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PROSPECTING—AND THE DIVINING ROD. *From Agricola, 1550*

worthy deputies to examine the location. If they approved, a day was set; and at the fixed time the Commissioner went to the spot and asked the prospector: "Which is your vein?" The claimant, pointing his finger at the vein and cross-cut, showed them. Directly he was ordered to come to his windlass, put upon his head two fingers of his right hand, and make oath in a clear voice. The form of oath was: "I swear by God, and by all the Gods, and I am witness unto them, that this is my vein. And if it be not mine, may neither this my head nor this my hand henceforth perform its office."

Then the Commissioner, beginning at the middle of the windlass, measured off the claim with a cord. First he allotted to the owner of the mine a half "dimensum," and then three full ones; then a "dimensum" to the king, one to his wife, one to his Master of Knights, one to his cup-bearer, one to his valet de chambre, and one to himself the Commissioner. Then from the middle of the windlass he repeated the same operation in the opposite direction. Thus the claim was in fact divided into three equal parts, the miner having one-third, and the other two-thirds being apportioned between the king and his officials. The seven "dimensa" of the miner were 12,348 square feet,

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and the entire claim embraced 37,044 square feet. A "dimensum" was the universal standard of mining-claim measurements, and was seven "passus" square—the "passus" in use by miners being the Greek measure of six feet, and not the Roman "passus" of five feet. In other words, the "dimensum" was forty-two feet square, or 924 square feet. The size and proportions of a claim might vary, according to the nature of the ground and other circumstances; but it was always regulated by the passus in multiples of seven. Agricola gives diagrams of no less than ten different shapes and sizes of claims—oblong and square, but all built up from the magic number seven. The largest claim figured by him is the "area magna" of ninety-eight passus long by seven passus broad—or 588 x 42 feet; and another "area" 252 feet square.

A Curious Man-Whim *Agricola*, 1550
(Revolving treadmill platform; lifted ore 180 feet.

Over every deep working the operator was obliged by law (Book 5) to build a shaft-house (putealem casam) as well as a hoist (machinam tractoriam), that the rains might not fall in nor the men who work the hoist suffer from cold. Near this shaft-house must be built a bunk-house to shelter the mine-boss and laborers and to house the ore.

Among the minerals mentioned by Agricola are silver, gold, lead, iron, pyrites, silica, cadmium, antimony, natural cement, plumbago, calcite, copperas, nitre, etc. I fail to find serious mention of mercury (Latin "Hydrargeum") in Agricola—and for that matter, the Encyclopedia Britannica (350 years later) has none of its history. It is interesting to note that in 1550 silver ore was called "rich" when it carried "over three pounds of silver to the hundred pounds" or say 720 ounces to the ton. We certainly do glean a little closer nowadays.

Book 5 also gives instructions and diagrams for the timbering of shafts and tunnels; and shows graphically how to tap a shaft.

Book 6 describes and pictures the tools, devices and machineries used in mining—wedges, mauls, hammers, picks, mattocks, shovels, spades, drills, sledges, ore-buckets, ore-cars (see illustration p. 112), wheelbarrows, ore-sleds, "packing" ore on dogs and mules and horses, hauling with two and four-wheeled wagons, rolling ore down hillsides in pig-skins; windlasses of six kinds; whims and hoists; pumps of all sorts (see January number); and many kinds of hoists. From the simplest wind-

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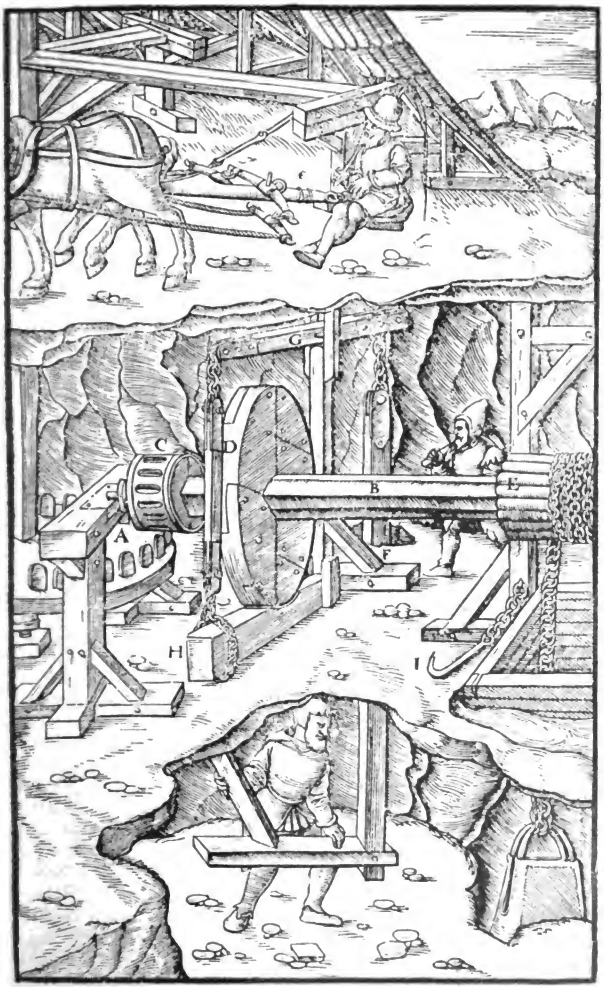

A Big Hoist, with Horse-Whim. (Lifted ore 240 feet.) *From Agricola, 1550*

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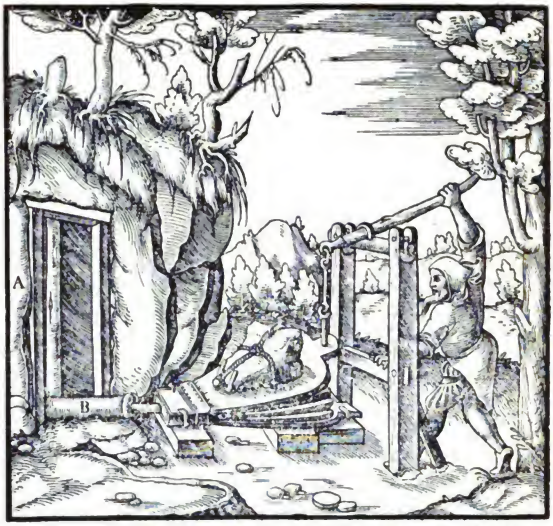

THE SIMPLEST VENTILATION BY BELLOWS. *From Agricola, 1550*

lass with one crank for one man; with a crank at each end, for two men; with fly-wheel, crank and handspikes, for three men; with a revolving treadmill platform turning a large wheel geared to the drum shaft (see illustration, p. 122; this lifted 180 feet)—Agricola proceeds successively to the more effective hoists. The first horse-whim lifted one and one-half times as much as a windlass. It had a drum on the perpendicular shaft of the whim, the ropes running through pulleys over the mine-mouth. The big and complicated hoist illustrated on p. 123 had a horse whim with a "walk" fifty feet in diameter. A large cogwheel under the platform engaged the pinioned shaft of the drum. This device lifted 240 feet. It had a brake, as can be seen in the illustration.

Naturally, long before mines had to be pumped from the 660-foot level (see p. 19, January number), the problem of mine-ventilation had become fully as acute. In fact, it was a condition precedent to anything beyond mere "gophering." The first devices for this were about equally primitive—the waving of a blanket by the miners down in their little shaft, and the setting of a plank obliquely at the shaft's mouth to turn down-

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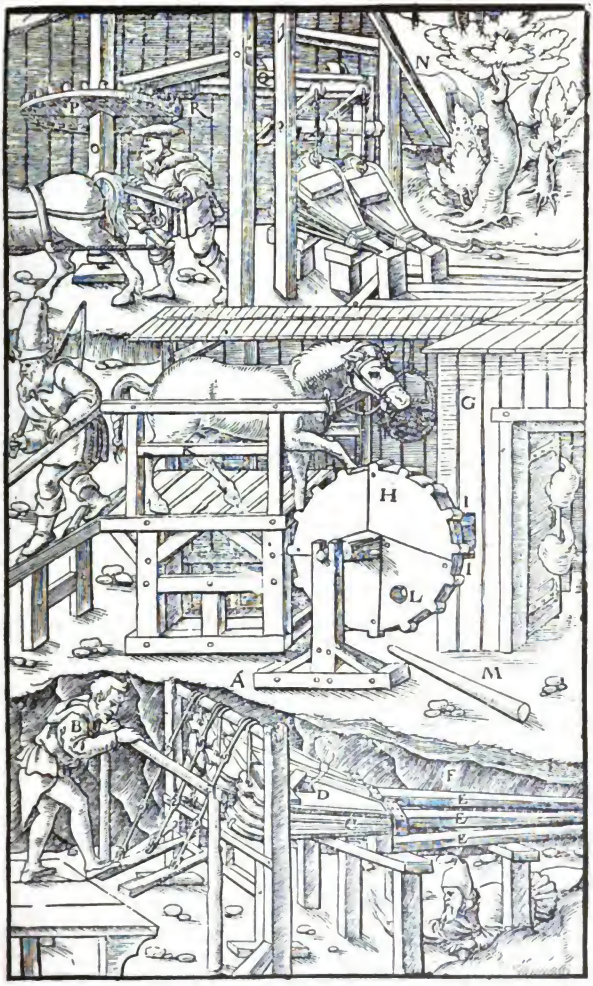

THREE DEVICES FOR MINE VENTILATION. *From Agricola, 1550*
Bellows run by whim and treadles, and fan-blower operated by treadmill.

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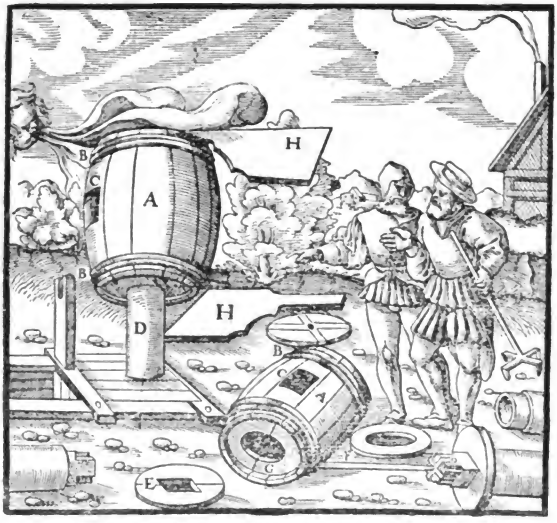

A Revolving Barrel-Ventilator and its Parts. *From Agricola, 1550*

ward some breath of the wind. Agricola pictures, and fully describes, no less than ten methods of ventilating underground workings. And if the earliest were trifling and antiquated enough, man had already invented the fan-blower long before any person that could speak English had ever built so much as a hovel in America.

From slanting board and shaken blanket, it was a tolerable step to the revolving barrel with a hole in one side, a windmill rudder to hold it to the wind, and a pipe down to the lower levels. It was another to the four-leaved, perpendicular, wind-turned blower—the very first embryo of our fan-blowers. Next in the evolution was a hollow drum, turned by a crank but with a real fan-blower inside, communicating downward into the mine by wooden pipes. Then the drum came to be run by windmills (see illustration p. 128); and last of all, in Agricola's time, the fan-blower was run by a waterwheel; its fans being wooden paddles with feather tips in a round drum.

As for mine ventilation by bellows, Agricola shows us clearly five different methods then in use—the single or compound bel-

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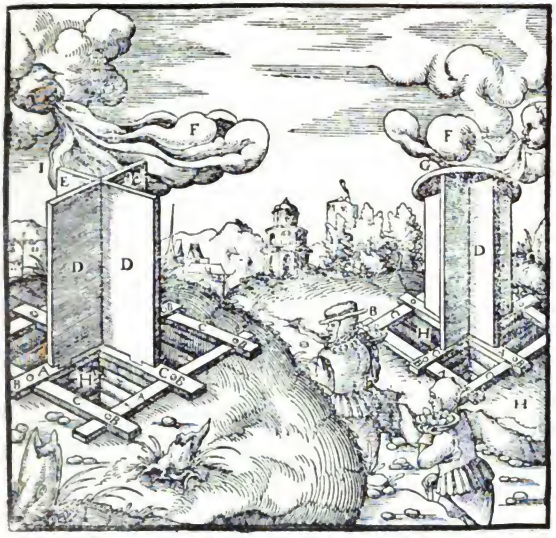

REVOLVING VENTILATORS. *From Agricola, 1550*

lows being worked by hand (crank), or by foot (treadle), by horse whim, by horse treadmill. (See the illustration p. 125.)

These bellows were arranged, some of them, to draw from below and expel outside; and some *vice versa*. The pipes ran to the end of the workings. Bellows were at first simple; but presently were made compound.

This same Book 6 treats of the diseases to which miners were most liable—affections of the lungs, eyes and joints. The cold water in the wet mines, the dust in the dry mines, alike provoked serious sickness. Asthma was a very common disease of miners. The black smoke of the smelters caused ulcers of the very bones. Cadmium ate the hands and feet of the miners, and injured their eyes. Mine gas was "a poisoned air, a subtle virus——" and killed then as now. Those who encountered it "lost all consciousness, and died without pain. Those who do not die are pallid, and look like dead men." "Cave-ins" were of course fruitful causes of mortality; and Agricola notes that when Ramesberg caved, about 400 women were widowed. A danger we no longer have, came from the "Solifuga, an animal

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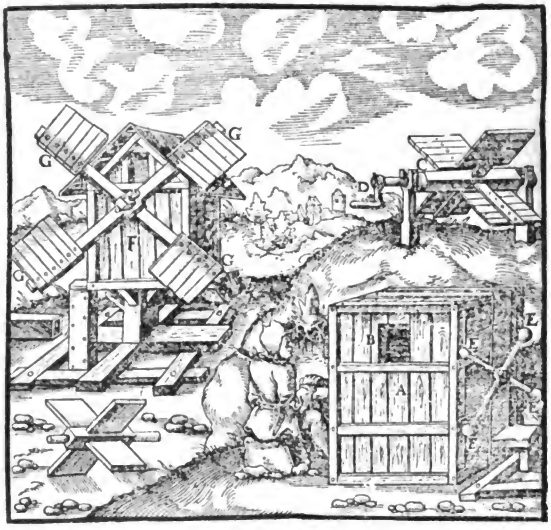

FAN-BLOWERS. *From Agricola, 1550*
(Operated by crank and windmill.)

shaped like a spider, which hides in silver veins and poisons those who sit down upon it. But the Hot Springs counteract its poison." Seven demons are also mentioned, which bedevil the honest delver. We must allow something for the time of Agricola, and let him have a few of the many devils then rife—and we can the better afford to, since to this day, mining men are just as superstitious as to "Luck" and other guess-sos.

At any rate, mining was not, even so long ago, an occupation on which a prudent insurance company would hasten to take risks. Indeed, Agricola quaintly sums up the case by remarking: "So that in the Carpathian mountains there are women who have had seven husbands." It is necessary to remind ourselves that in his day there were no divorce courts; and that the ladies whose experience leaves the Chicago of the modern humorist seem, as it were, a mere lapse of the map, honestly Earned their Husbands—by due demise of the incumbent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE PASSING OF OLD SANTA BARBARA.

By KATHERINE LYNCH.

EVEN in the heart of Southern California, "the Splendid Idle Forties" have merged into the traditions of the past. Santa Barbara was the epitome of the gay, careless life of California's golden springtime, and there its influence tarried longest. But the glamour is fading fast. Santa Barbara is waking, unwillingly but surely, from her slumber of some half century or more, and the soothing spirit of *mañana* is slipping from her, never to return.

Time was when the whole place took its key-note from the Mission. Drifting in on the steamer, in the early morning or the late afternoon, one's eyes were caught and irresistibly held by the red-roofed, grey old structure standing high on its foothills, brooding over the town; itself the incarnation of the spirit of peace—peace with nothing of the trivial about it, but rather tinged with the majesty of the ages—the indefinable sense of depth and repose, caught in the Old World and wonderfully expressed in all the handiwork of the Mission Fathers.

Today, a tourist hotel flares in the foreground. The Mission has somehow been forced aside by the aggressive personality of the newcomer. The first and most persistent impression is of a cheerful waterfront, bedecked with palms in orderly rows, and of a huge building, unmistakably wooden for all its outer coat of brownish plaster, and painfully new.

When the eyes are lifted and catch sight of the Mission, it seems smaller, older, shrinking into itself as with a sense of hurt dignity. An almost pathetic figure of the past—still in perfect harmony with the splendid hills at whose feet it stands, it is hopelessly out of touch with the aspect of cheerful modernness round about. It hurts to see it so. Almost might it better have moldered away with the old mission walls than to have endured for this.

This "civilizing," "modernizing" touch is fast proving the undoing of Santa Barbara—a comfortable, cheery Philistinism, to which the dreamy, languorous spirit of the past is inevitably yielding. It is expressed everywhere—in the hotel, teeming with modern conveniences from its most ungardenlike of roof gardens to the glittering green-and-gold community bar; on State street, where every day an old landmark falls to make way for neat pressed-brick and plate-glass windows; and, at its

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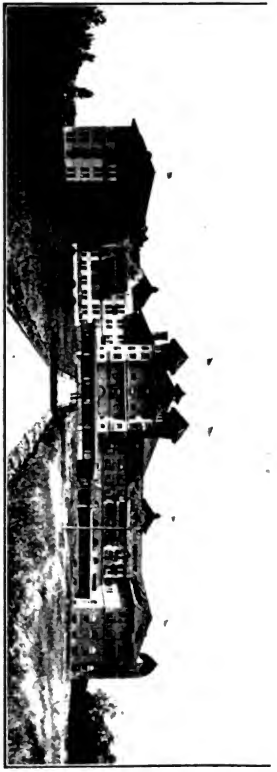
most unforgivable climax, in the Mission College which stands on the height just beyond the Mission and as far as possible overshadows it.

Shades of Junípero Serra! What were the good brothers thinking of when they built this atrocity? With the Mission before them, most beautiful and suitable of models, they yet erected, there against those wonderful purple hills, a thing in gray stone, with peaks and gables—the twin of one that even on Broadway, Oakland, offends the eye.



THE "POTTER."

Even the new hotel excites one's animosity less; in fact the common verdict on the "Potter" is, "It might have been worse"—and so it might. The Potter has points that lead one to hope. When the building gets weathered and loses its clean-shaven, newly-tubbed appearance, it may blend with the landscape to a certain extent. Just at present, it looks most like a stranded whale thrown up on the shore. The comparison is inelegant, I admit, but accurate. If you don't believe me, look for yourself.

This transformation of the most typical of the old Spanish towns is unmistakably due to the insistent influence of the thousands who yearly infest Southern California and who remorselessly *do* Santa Barbara, and are in return done by her gentle—but thrifty—inhabitants.

If one did not resent them so, one would feel sorry for these conscientious pleasure-seekers. They miss so much of the rare beauty of it all, despoiling year by year the very charms they have come so far to see. They bring with them a general air of up-to-date smartness, hopelessly out of touch with the spirit of the place. As for the collection of millionaires that Santa Barbara flaunted so ostentatiously during the last season, there was something positively indelicate in the spectacle. At New-

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port or Bar Harbor they would pass unnoticed; but here they were irritatingly in evidence. And the appearance in Santa Barbara of that inevitable modern accompaniment of millions, the automobile, is an offense hardly short of crime.

To make matters worse, the breed that appeared in Santa Barbara was a particularly offensive one. I have heard that there are autos and autos; but the unvarying characteristic of these was a peculiarly nerve-destroying, wind-broken wheeze, varied by explosive snorts, which kept the onlooker in constant

THE HOME OF THE DE LA GUERRAS.

terror, lest the whole thing should blow up and involve him in its ruin.

It must be admitted that the unregenerate of Santa Barbara were rather proud, in the main, of its crop of motors. Every new one was noted with interest, and word of its advent passed from mouth to mouth. People had their favorites, and compared points and achievements with an almost proprietary pride. Each had its special pet name founded on some striking characteristic.

The "Red Slayer," though most feared, was one of the most popular. When its wild slogan sounded on State street, the inhabitants rushed to doors and windows, or scuttled to the shelter of the sidewalk and there, lined up in safety, watched with admiring eyes the mad onrush of the favorite, and laid bets as to its probable catch for the day.

Once, however, an automobile, in defiance of all precedent,

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After an Eight-Hour Run.

Photo by Rainey

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attempted the Mountain Drive. Now, as all who have been there know, the Mountain Drive, in the eyes of a Barbareño, is a ceremony, to be performed with due observance, and by no means to be taken lightly.

If a newcomer asks what is the "properest" thing to do next, the question comes promptly, "Have you taken the Mountain Drive?" A negative answer is soon followed by conviction of the necessity of setting one's self right in the eyes of the world. At the same time it is made clear that the undertaking is by no means free from hazard. Whoever is blessed with sporting blood rises to the occasion and determines to take the Mountain Drive, at a leap if necessary, and to take it single-handed, unaided by guide or driver.

Setting out with courage strung to the point of dying game, if need be, it is somewhat of a relief to find that the Mountain Drive is over the most secure of grades. There is an unwritten law that every one must take the Drive in the same direction, beginning at the Mission and returning by way of Montecito; this because the road is not any too wide. The result is a most orderly procession of vehicles, of all shapes and sizes, which, seen from the trails above, smacks strongly of a funeral. This is as it should be.

But when an unregenerate "auto" took its noisy and laborious place in the usual Saturday afternoon promenade, Santa Barbara broke out in a storm of righteous indignation. The press even took the matter up and came out in rampant headlines denouncing the unrestful interloper. In fact so complete was the popular verdict that the auto-owners dropped their hitherto unbowed heads and promised never to do it again.

However, that single trip was a thing to remember. The auto—it was the same "Red Slayer" by the way—took the grade by the Mission pluckily. The driver affected the easy nonchalant air, as familiar as the eager motor-face on which it sits so incongruously. The other occupants of the car looked proudly self-conscious, but a bit apprehensive. As the grade increased, the auto grew conspicuously short of breath. Its pace flagged; it quite lost its jaunty air; and before long it was clearly a gamble whether it would make the riffle or not. The driver was good grit and handled his machine well. The auto also was a game beast and kept to its work manfully, though you could see that every turn of the wheel hurt. The people in the carriages ahead jeered. The drivers in those behind swore softly but feelingly. The inevitable crowd of small boys gathered mysteriously from out the atmosphere and gave much valuable advice.

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A Santa Barbara Landmark.

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The auto made it. 'Twas a hard fight, pluckily won; and when the crest of the grade was reached, the "Red Slayer" gave a snort of triumph and set out at a clipping pace. Whereupon the rear end of the procession scored.

This lasted till the next upgrade was reached, when the performance was repeated. The trip was made without casualty, but it was a painful one to all concerned—and the time never went on record. Probably on the whole, though, the auto had the best of it. Of the carriage people it is doubtful which suffered most—those behind, fearful of a retrograde movement on the part of the enemy, or those in front, liable to attack in the rear on a down grade.

There are a few choice spirits who cling to the memories of the past, and vainly try to maintain its traditions. The support that these meet with is, I frankly admit, disheartening.

When Joel Fithian flung out the reins over his six splendid bays and tooled one of the veritable old stage coaches up State street, heading for the San Marcos Pass, the bugler beside him making the echoes ring, and he himself on the box—a great splendid pink-cheeked cherub in his flapping sombrero, the heart of every Barbareño thrilled within him. If he had the wherewithal he speedily booked for a trip over the well known route, and counted his draught of nepenthe cheaply bought as he swung down the winding curves of the San Marcos grade—the Channel Islands and the magnificent sweep of the coast line before him, and the town a speck at his feet. Or, if the five dollars were lacking, he closed his eyes and dreamed of the day when he sat beside the unforgetable Jim Myers on the box of that self-same coach, and travel-worn, dust-begrimed as he was, held his breath in delight at the wonder and beauty of it.

But the Philistine—he of the shrieking auto and the plethoric pocket-book—looked at the dashing coach, the type of California's early days, with but slight interest, and passed on to drop his golden coin in a musty curio store, or to profane the sanctity of those majestic hills with the noisy snort of his motor car. And day by day the coach went on unfilled.

No, you chosen few who are striving to turn back—even in sleepy Santa Barbara—the noisy wheels of progress, we bless you, but your attempt is vain. Give it up and yield to the spirit of the hour.

As for you who love Santa Barbara and have felt the spell of the passing day, revisit it quickly before the charm that won you is a thing of memory only.

Lynch, Cal.

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THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

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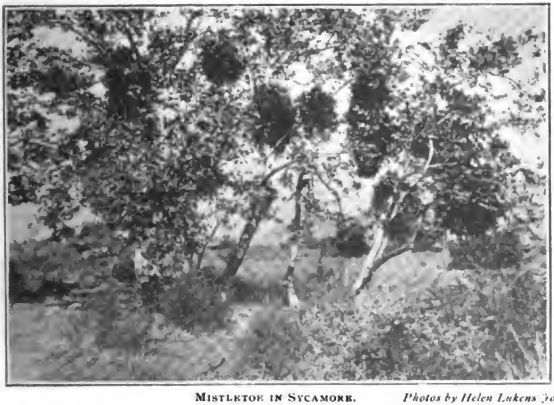
CALIFORNIA MISTLETOE.

By HELEN LUKENS JONES.

"UNDER THE MISTLETOE."

CALIFORNIA forests, though wrapped in perennial sunshine, and vocal with the song of streams and birds, are not exempt from the clinging impostor; and however hard the old trees may wag their heads, the uninvited guests will not be dislodged. They stick like leeches and drink the life of their involuntary hosts, until the latter become wan and unkempt with a struggle which ends only in the death of both.

The mistletoe is an incorrigible "sponge" in nature. It has apparently no object in life except to thrive off the earnings of others, and avoid individual effort. Yet, deplorable as are its ethics, it is so luxuriant and beautiful throughout the entire year, and it has been so intricately interwoven with legend, religion and romance for ages



MISTLETOE IN SYCAMORE. *Photos by Helen Lukens Jones*

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past, that it wins attention and admiration, if not respect. As it hangs among the bare branches of winter, notably those of the oak and sycamore, the mistletoe with its full rich foliage, its blossoms and its waxen berries, is so joyful, vigorous and comforting in the otherwise dormant forest, that we forget the questionable morals of this parasite, and welcome it into our homes at Christmas time as a most cherished decoration.

The family Loranthaceae is well represented throughout the forests of the State. It inhabits the woods of the Sierra Nevada, and has been found growing at elevations of 10,000 feet. But it is more frequently found between 2,000 and 6,000 feet. It shows partiality for certain localities.

In our Southern California mountains it is found in great abundance; perhaps most abundantly of all on the slopes of the San Jacinto range. Here stage-road and trails are walled by trees fairly laden with bunches that hang like huge birds'-nests. They are in reality oftentimes bird palaces; for the musical denizens of the woods love the deep shelter from wind and storm that the closely woven foliage affords; and often, as stages or horseback parties clatter past, they peek from their woodland towers, and twitter at the intrusion. There is something irresistible about the great green masses that hang so gracefully above the rumbling stage; and tourists invariably beg the driver to stop, that they may gather one of these green bunches of love and mystery. If the driver is especially good natured, the request is granted; otherwise he gives the horses an extra crack of the whip.

There are said to be 300 species of mistletoe in the world; but the habit of the plant is similar in different countries. It is very noticeable in our California woods that two kinds of mistletoe are never found on the same tree, though it may puzzle the botanist to tell why. Mistletoe is a true parasite. It has no roots, but anchors itself to tree trunks and branches by a sucker-like process. Its perpetuation in the forests is made possible by the birds. The little songsters are very fond of the berries, but in eating them the glutinous seeds often adhere to their bills or feet, and to rid themselves of the tantalizing burdens they rub them off on the branches and trunks of trees, where they stick and germinate. This is the beginning of an individual mistletoe life.

It sometimes takes months for the seeds to germinate after being stuck to the bark. During the process of germination the plant develops a regular attachment disc, from the center of which a sprout or sinker penetrates the bark to the wood, but does not pierce the latter. During the first year the complete

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MISTLETOE ON OAK (San Jacinto Mountains.) *Photo by Helen Lukens Jones*

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MISTLETOE IN CEDAR. (Strawberry Valley.) *Photo by Helen Lukens Jones*

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MISTLETOE IN THE SYCAMORE. *Photo by Helen Lukens Jones*

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energy of the plant is devoted to the formation of this one sinker, which may be called a sucker or modified rootlet. After pushing its way through the bark this sinker spreads out, and makes itself very much at home by feeding on the juices of the tree. The point attacked by the mistletoe usually becomes deformed because of this unnatural proceeding. The parasite not only absorbs the sap, but it appropriates much of the carbon dioxide in the air. As the wood of the tree expands, the mistletoe sinker becomes deeply imbedded, and its powers of absorbing vitality become greater. The sinker remains stationary. It does not grow. The wood grows over it. Plants long established have many sinkers which spread up and down the trees like the teeth of a comb. The plant is provident and grows no foliage until the sinker is well ensconced in the new quarters and has begun to absorb sap. Then the plant throws out leaves, growing enthusiastically or lazily according to the sap-devouring propensities of its sinker. The plants flower in January or February, and the fruit attains perfection about ten months later.

The species of mistletoe that thrives on the California sycamore has many bifurcated branches, thick, leathery leaves, and grows in huge clusters or balls that hang pendant from the branches. Their incongruous luxuriance of foliage is most effective in midwinter when the trees are otherwise devoid of life. It is indifferent as to its location on the tree, and clings contentedly to the topmost branches where it coquettes with the sunbeams, or hangs close to earth where it incites lovers to osculatory deeds.

The parasite that dominates the poplar, the willow and the cottonwood, is wide-leaved and similar in many ways to that which grows on the sycamore. They are all prolific growers, and raise havoc with the vitality of the trees on which they thrive. The oak mistletoe has slightly smaller leaves than the ones just mentioned, but is found in less abundance.

Most beautiful of all is the cedar mistletoe—especially during the winter months, when it is covered with delicately transparent pink berries. The foliage is spiked and fern-like, with hardly perceptible leaves, and hangs pendant from the branches, a mass of intertwining vines from two to three feet in length. It is a vigorous consumer of sap, and by ruining the organic combinations of the tree, the result is death and eventual decay for the helpless host. The cedar, with its rich, shaggy-red bark, its lacey foliage and imposing physique, is one of our most beautiful forest trees; and it is deplorable to find it groaning with the weight of mistletoe pests. About Strawberry Valley, in the San Jacinto Mountains, these cedars are numerous; and at one time there

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was a movement to harvest the mistletoe and save the trees. But when it was found that the mistletoe was immune to injury from knives and axes—that even though it lost its head, its sinkers kept on stealing the forest's vitality, the idea was abandoned as hopeless. The cedar mistletoe is brittle, and far less sturdy than that which grows on the oak and sycamore. In tramping through the Idyllwild forest after a wind storm I have found the ground beneath the trees carpeted with the fragile masses that had been torn from their moorings by the wind. With the exception of the cedar and pine, other species of mistletoe are usually sturdy and defiant, and have no fear of storms.

The pine mistletoe is disheveled and sickly, a despondent, unkempt waif of the forest. In texture it is soft, herbaceous and not woody. It is found clinging in small tufts to the tree trunks and larger branches. Its predatory habit is largely outwitted by the sturdy old pines, which send their sap upward through their trunks, and return it in a weakened condition through the bark. As the pine mistletoe cannot penetrate to the main trunk as other species do, it is deprived of the richer sap.

Pasadena, Cal.

TRAVELING IN TAHITI.*

By CHARLES KEELER.

II.

NEAR PAPARA.

WE had coffee and made an early start on our second day's drive, the road taking us on a long detour around the bay where the main island is connected with the peninsula. This was the roughest and most unfrequented portion of the road. Grass was growing where the road should have been, and we saw no evidence of its having been traversed. Through jungles of bamboo rising to a height of thirty or forty feet, through brakes of ferns dripping with rain, into rivers of uncertain depth, and over swampy levels our course lay. We skirted along the rocky shore, climbed up until the road wound around bold cliffs with the sea roaring below, and descended into rank morasses where the *hótu* tree, with symmetrical leaves a foot long, grows to noble proportions. There were splendid orange trees loaded with green fruit, and groves of banana and cocoanut palms. Now and then we saw, in the forest shade, vines of the vanilla orchid, which some lonely native family must have cared for. It is tedious work growing vanilla beans; for each

*Illustrated by Louise M. Keeler.

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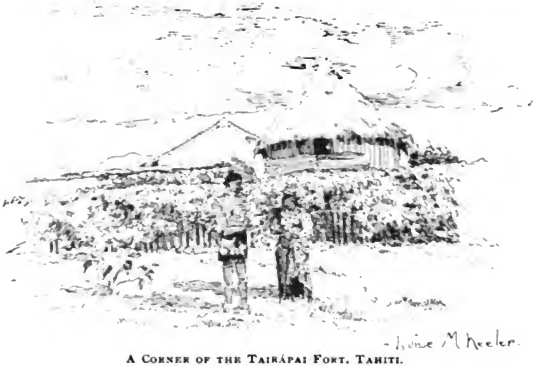
flower must be fertilized by hand, and the beans must be picked and dried with unceasing care. In the mountain pockets where rivers had cut down the wall of porous volcanic rock, we saw beautiful amphitheatres overgrown with vegetation and hemmed in by precipices over which vegetation hung and waterfalls spouted their shimmering streams.

In the course of the morning we reached the isthmus, and here the road turned sharply from the sea across the level plateau of the Taravóa district. Upon this neck of land is located a quaint old coral fort, a relic of the days when the French were at war with the natives. It is now deserted save



A Corner of the Tairápai Fort, Tahiti.

for two gendarmes and a native family, and its picturesque neglect makes it look more like a battlement of feudal Europe than an outpost upon an island of the South Seas. At this point the road turned toward the coast, skirting the peninsula which is called by the natives Tairápu. We soon reached a settlement close by a beach of coral sand where a stream empties into the sea, and here we camped for breakfast. Off shore was a round islet covered with cocoanut trees. The shoal water was opalescent green in hue, shading insensibly into the ultramarine of the deep, while the sky was banked with glorious masses of pallid cloud. Houses were scattered amid the cocoanut and pandanus trees, some of bamboo with thatched roofs, and others more temporary shelters made in a coarse weave of cocoanut leaves. A little girl brought us a handful of *áhias*, a fruit which, for want of a better name, is called by foreigners the native apple. It is bright red and waxy, with a white, sweet pulp of an in-

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definite flavor, but we found it refreshing, and were especially pleased with the kindly spirit of our host. The repast was barely concluded when a brisk shower commenced falling, so we

TAUTÍRA, FROM THE LAGOON.

made a hasty departure, wishing to cross as many rivers as possible before they were unduly swollen. The scenery of the peninsula did not differ materially from that of the mainland, save that the mountains were nearer the sea, and that a greater number of waterfalls streamed down their precipitous sides. The Tautíra River was deeper than any stream we had forded save the Papenóo, but we crossed without serious difficulty. Just beyond the ford, the river was broad and deep, and looking up stream we saw the great cleft in the mountains through which it descended, and, right in the midst of the valley, a sharp, conical peak rising high in air. With natives paddling upon the glassy stream, mountains imaged in the water and dense masses of vivid green foliage fringing the shore, it was a scene long to be remembered. Then to ride into the village of Tautíra beneath an arcade of stately trees, with thatched cottages nestling in the shade close to the sea-shore, and bright groups of women and children, and dark-skinned men dressed in their scarlet *páreus*, standing by the roadside with a word of welcome as we passed!

He who would see the native life of Tahiti at its best must go to Tautíra. It is the Arcadia of the island, where not a white man dwells to break the captivating spell of native atmosphere. There are rows of houses such as were built in the forgotten centuries, made of bamboo in oval form, with heavy roofs of thatch projecting in wide eaves. Upon the grassy plain which surrounds the homes the women sit and gossip and the children roll about unencumbered by clothes. Tall cocoanuts sway their plumed tops above them, and the lance-shaped leaves of the *raúti*, in gorgeous shades of red and pink, furnish a foreground of the brilliant color so dear to the native heart. In the background are lofty mountains, bold and precipitous, while the curving beach of the sea is but a stone's throw distant, end-

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ing in a lofty headland beyond the town. Upon the barrier reef stands one lonely cocoanut tree, with spray dashing all about it so that it seems to be growing in the midst of the ocean.

I would that my picture of Tautíra could end here, with the poetry of native life undefiled—the launching of the canoes on the coral beach, the dusky bathers, the two little boys facing each other astride of heavy sticks which projected over a great wooden bowl into which they were scraping cocoanut by rubbing the opened shells upon the noses of their hobby-horses, the woman braiding cocoanut fiber into rope and the old grandmother with wrinkled face and white hair, who walked with the aid of a bamboo staff, and who might have told such wondrous stories of the olden times if her thin lips could only have been unsealed! But truth compels me to go on, though reluctantly, and tell of the Chief's house of painted boards, with corrugated iron roof, of the other board houses and the big coral churches—one Catholic and one Protestant. The most absurdly incongruous sight was a naked savage of athletic figure, with a gay *páreu* about his waist, riding a bright new bicycle! He stopped at the river brink, took out his bicycle pump and inflated the tires like a veteran wheelman, and then, lifting the machine high above his head, walked breast-high into the rushing stream, and upon reaching the farther bank mounted with the greatest unconcern and pedaled on his way. It was at Tautíra, too, that we saw the little boys whose only articles of wearing apparel were straw hats and *páreus*, who, when greeted with the customary native salutation "*Iorána!*" lifted their hats with the grace of Parisians and brightly smiling replied, "*Bon jour, Monsieur!*"

Our evening at Tautíra was a great occasion. No sooner had we finished dinner than the singers assembled outside the door of our bamboo house to give a *himine* and dance in our honor. They formed in a semicircle about the door—men, women and children sitting upon the grass which had just been drenched by a tropical shower. About the singers was a crowd of spectators standing and sitting, the multitude increasing as the evening wore on. The singers were divided into two bands. On our right sat the resident chorus, while to our left was a band from the island of Raitáea. What a picture it was as we sat there in the dim light of the crescent moon which shone upon the scene through the graceful sprays of a clump of tall cocoanut trees! Two or three kerosene lamps served for footlights, much to my disappointment. Mothers squatted with sleeping babies in their laps, and children frisked and rolled on the green.

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Suddenly a loud, penetrating voice of a woman rose in rhythmic song, which was taken up by a chorus in a sort of round. Each verse ended in a sustained hum, while at the same time

A HOUSE AT TAUTÍRA, TAHITI.

five or six men in the back row gave a succession of hollow grunts, bending the body over with each sound as if forcing out the note. They took the part of the double-basses in an orchestra while the other instruments were holding a note in unison. No sooner was the song ended than the other band of singers commenced, and so the festival went on, each striving to outsing the other. The rhythms were always in stirring time, and the effect of some of the songs was really exciting, they were so swift, so tumultuous, so savage in their sequences. Our native driver interpreted a number for me, which added greatly to their interest. One was about the birds—the sandpiper that is always on the lookout, turning its head now this way and now that, and the little green pigeon with its mild eyes. In all of them there was much repetition. A very pretty one was about the Tahiti flowers. Then the Raitáea islanders sang of their queen. The women said she was living in one place and the men answered that she was not there but in some other part of the island. So the word was passed back and forth between them, and they ended in a hum and a succession of grunts, with nothing settled about the whereabouts of the queen. In answer to this song the residents of Tautíra sang about their king, and how they would crown him with different leaves and flowers. The men said they would weave him a crown of the bright *raúti* leaves, and the women said they would twine a wreath of the white *tiere* blossoms for his head. Then the Raitáeans sang of the war with the French and of how, when they heard the French guns, they fled to the mount-

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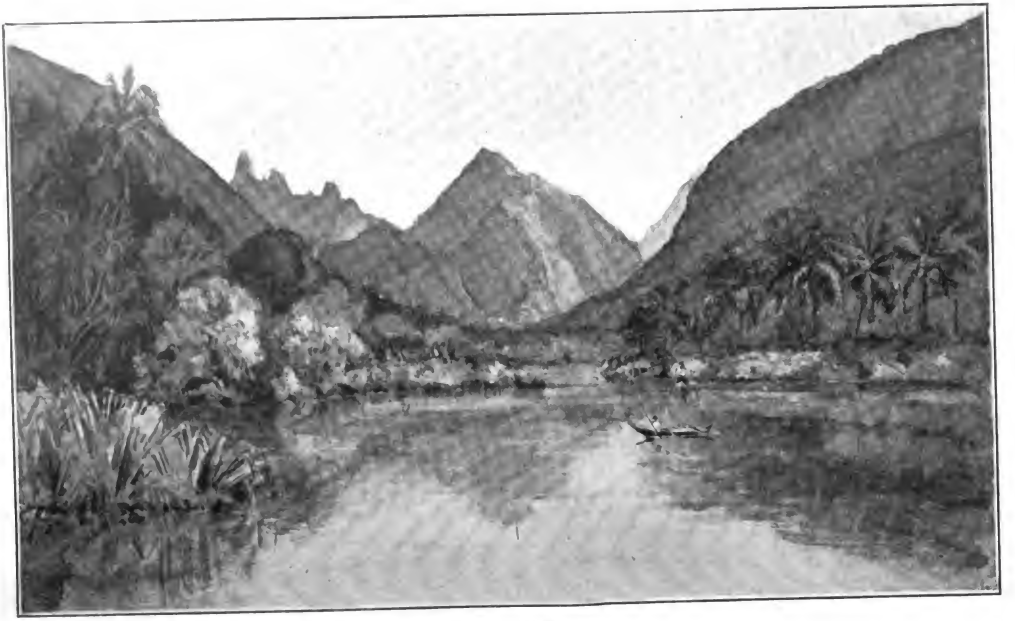

TAUTIRA RIVER.

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ains. During the performance the faces of the singers were as passive as if they were in a trance, the eyes half shut and the bodies in a perfect state of repose.

At length one of the young men stood up to dance. The music became even wilder, the time more rapid and the grunting more insistent. The dancer sang a solo, the company joining in the chorus. He was evidently a clever humorist, for he gestured expressively and set the whole company off into gales of laughter, the little children rolling and tumbling about in their glee. Then he went through a series of rhythmic jerks and contor-

An Old Woman of Tautira.

tions in time with the song, and concluded the dance by striking a sudden attitude as the music abruptly ended. In the course of time another man joined him in the dance, and finally a woman. At last two women entered the enchanted circle where all reserve is left behind, and were performing their wild evolutions when a heavy shower streamed down in such floods that spectators and singers fled to shelter in every direction. A few of the more excited continued to sing and dance a little longer, but the squall was too much for them. The village was soon dark and still, the patter of the rain upon the thatched roof and the roar of the surf on the reef being the only sounds to break the silence of the night.

In the morning we had coffee with our good host Ori-a-Ori,

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who told how Robert Louis Stevenson had visited him some years ago. He was greatly interested to receive tidings of his old friend's family. Presently we bade our entertainers a part-

A Typical Old House, Tahiti.

ing *Iorána* and directed our course homeward. As there is no road around the extremity of the peninsula, we had to retrace our steps to the isthmus and then take the road around the other side of the island. When we reached the Tautíra River we found it greatly swollen by the night's rain, but the natives took our effects across by hand, and in we plunged, the water rising quite to the seats. We passed in safety and reached the dilapidated fort on the isthmus without further incident. Here we turned off on the road going out on the south side of the peninsula, and camped for breakfast on the shore of the Titirápa Bay, making our fire in the shelter of a thick pandanus grove. A native who chanced to pass climbed a cocoanut tree and threw down to us a number of delicious green cocoanuts. Not content with this token, he presented us with a basket of delicious bananas. Truly this is a land where the stranger is made welcome.

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The meal over, we returned toward the mainland and took the road around the southern and western shore. This proved to be an excellent thoroughfare, traversed by a daily stage, and with bridges across nearly all the rivers and streams. The road winds around the shore of a beautiful landlocked bay at the isthmus, sheltered both by the convolution of the land and the barrier reef without. Back of it stretches the fertile level plateau of Taraváo. In every respect it is an ideal site for a

BREAD FRUIT.

seaport, although without a settlement upon its shores. We drove through the most wonderful fernery encountered on the trip. Some of the fronds of the great *náhe* were twenty feet in length, and the whole mountain-side was covered with ferns, representing many beautiful species. In this part of the island the *mápe* tree grows to the greatest perfection. It thrives in swampy jungles—a tall, graceful foliage tree with lance-shaped leaves, and distinguished by the curious wings or buttresses upon its trunk, in the form of thin plates of bark, sometimes rolled or folded, sometimes extending out straight from the trunk, reaching from the roots up the side of the tree to the

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branches. The nut of the *mápe* is cooked and eaten by the natives. Some charming vistas opened down little streams where these curious trees grew, to the beach, beyond which the bright blue water sparkled in the sunshine, and the white surf glistened upon the barrier reef.

Presently the road approached a more cultivated country, where vanilla beans twined about poles in the shade of great guava bushes, and where some attempt had been made to raise sugar-cane. Sudden showers fell now and then, and, while crossing one brawling stream in a downpour, we looked back and saw a perfect rainbow spanning the water, with dark blue mountains back of it and broad-leaved foliage of brilliant green on either bank. Settlements were more numerous along this part of the coast, and our attention was directed to the famous Atimaóno plantation, where, during the American Civil War, an attempt was made to grow cotton on a vast scale. In one or two places by the roadside were cattle-pens, containing herds which had been brought down from the grazing land in the mountains. In fact, on every hand there were evidences of civilization, curiously mingled with native life. Painted cottages were in evidence, with all the filagree work about the porches which the guileless savage has been taught to admire by his European and American teachers. The trouble is that where vanilla beans are extensively raised the natives are rich and ways of spending money are very hard to find. They accordingly think that a European house will serve the double purpose of establishing their importance in the community and disposing of their surplus wealth.

We passed the night in the Pápara district at the home of a native who was an example of existing conditions. This man's yield of vanilla will probably net him five or six thousand dollars for the current year. He has built a most elaborate cottage with six bedrooms furnished in black walnut, with marble-topped tables and bureaus and other costly paraphernalia of civilization. It is a marvel of neatness and is the pride of his heart, but he has the good taste not to mar its pristine glory with too much use. Back of this splendid mansion is a beautiful little bamboo house with thatched roof, and close at hand is an open shed where a fire is made on the stones to bake *taro* root and *féis* and breadfruit. This is home! Here he may sit on the floor in his *páreu* with his family about him, and enjoy life. The other structure is simply an elaborate front parlor, to be opened when entertaining some such chance party as ours.

Pápara is charmingly situated, with a background of cliffs

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rising in unusual grandeur, their sober tones relieved by the glimmer of a series of threads of falling water. We enjoyed a plunge here in the warm seawater, although bathing in these

ON THE SHORE OF THE LAGOON, TAHITI.

tropical lagoons, despite its allurements, is not without risk. Rope shoes are absolutely indispensable to the white man as a protection against coral, a cut from which is apt to result in serious complications. There is also danger of stepping upon sea urchins, and carrying off some of their spines as souvenirs of a swim. Even when the feet are safely encased, one may be swimming along happily enough when his knee suddenly strikes an obtrusive knob of coral. Then, too, there is the possibility at any time of coming upon a shark, ready to snap off an arm or leg; but despite these menacing dangers, accidents are of rare occurrence. To swim in the warm, buoyant water, looking out at the dazzling boundary of spray and in at the shore-line with its cocoanut palms, to float with nothing but the azure dome in sight, encircled with fleecy cloud-wreaths—is it not worth some little risk?

After a sumptuous native dinner at Pápara, with the inevitable roast sucking pig and *mite* (cocoanut sauce), we retired for the night, and on the following morning made an early start upon our fourth, and last, day's ride. We had grown so accustomed to the graceful shore-lines, with the sheltering reef, the tropical foliage, the bold cloud-hung mountains, the little rivers rippling down the valleys, and the thatched houses nestling in the shaded groves, that there was less of novelty and surprise as we neared the journey's end. We inspected the only really well-kept vanilla plantation encountered, and were more than

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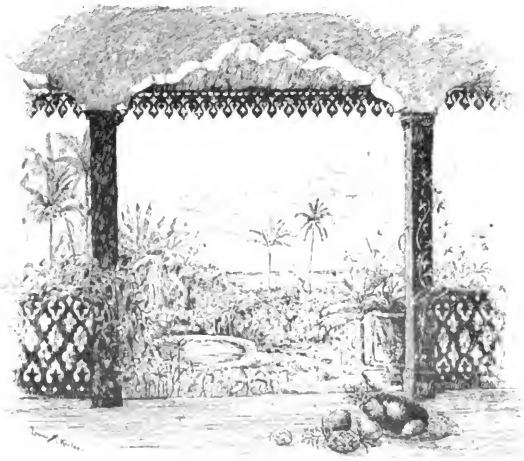
ever impressed with the possibilities for development which it revealed. Despite the large crops of vanilla and the abundance of tropical fruits, Tahiti is still practically an uncultivated waste.

We stopped at a French inn at Páea for breakfast, and rested while it was being cooked. It was finally served in grand style by an old drunken native who was in a state of riotous good nature. He entertained us between courses by dancing a hornpipe, and on inquiry we learned that he had been a sailor years ago. He sang snatches of the Marsellaise in French, and ended with a sudden volley of oaths in most excellent English, directed at a barking dog that had interrupted the song. We were surprised at this show of talent from a native who professed to understand only Tahitian, and when one of our party addressed him in Spanish we were still more astonished to hear him reply in that tongue. As he bounded across the room with a dish in his hand some one said that he must have descended from a Belgian hare. He caught the joke, and putting down the platter rushed over to the gentleman who had made the remark, patting him on the back and exclaiming :

"*Oui Monsieur*, a Belgian hare ! That's me !"

When a dirty cup was returned to him to wash he put it on



At the End of the Drive (Tahiti).

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the floor and stamped upon it with his bare foot, breaking it into fragments. Then he went off, dancing a jig on the way.

Such was our entertainment at Páea inn, and I know not how it would have ended had not the French innkeeper appeared with a scowl on his face and a choice assortment of French compliments more forcible than elegant, which quite subdued the spirits of our entertaining waiter—until his master's back was turned. We left him still dancing and singing, and proceeded on our way towards Papéete.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when a turn in the road brought Papéete harbor in view below us, with its shipping, its church spire, and roofs nestling amid the foliage, with Mooréa off to the seaward and the mountains to landward. We drove through its irregular, narrow streets and out of town to the hospitable roof I had come to regard as home. The drive around Tahiti was ended, but the experience was one to be long cherished in memory, for where else, indeed, could one find such a happy combination of lofty mountains and opalescent sea, of tropical vegetation crowding down to the waters of the still lagoon, of waterfalls and rivers full of glad surprise, and of gentle dusky people to greet us on our way ?

Berkeley, Cal.

ONE DAY.

By NORA MAY FRENCH.

THE levels where the trail began
Were sown with silver gray.
We bruised the leaves with hurrying feet
To wafts of strong and tarry sweet,
A moment's pleasure as we ran,
Forgotten on our way.

Above, along the farthest crest,
In every brief and breathless rest
The spice of sage was ours;
Crushed from the dull and slender leaves,
The tiny yellow flowers,
When day was done
No more remembered than the wind and sun.

Los Angeles.

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A PRAIRIE TRAIL.

By JUNE E. DOWNEY.

THE prairie's billowy rolling led me. 'Ware
Of its wild trail I wandered on my way,
The happy vagrant of a sunny day.
Lost in the open freedom I could dare
Sing freely, proudly ; it was mine to share
Its inspirations ; I could laugh aloud
Because 'tis bowed,
My song, to earthward. "Even so," I sing,
"Is bowed to earthward the wide curving sky."
And so my joy grew still for marvelling.

The western sky ! It hushed me all. Upflashed
Its blue, a radiancy so full of shine
That over me where wind-fires intertwine
It gleamed behind the billowy clouds updashed ;
The very air a brilliancy that splashed
In sudden silver dashes on the earth,
With rippling mirth
Of humming insects, restless-winged and slow.
Oh, sense and scent of flowing warmth and sun !
Oh, long, sweet-hearted, healthy, happy glow !

The shaggy earth, it drew me as a child.
Its brown and laughing strength brought me the flush
Of sunburnt courage, while the thick sage-brush
Breathed me a tonic fragrance, warm and wild.
I wandered on. I caught the music mild
Of crisping grass ; and saw the thistles thrive,
Their balls alive
With small bright tenants. Oh, I smiled to see
That sound of rustling skirt can startle so
Some busy gopher or some robber bee.

It was surpassing wild and beautiful.
The freedom of the Self it preached to me.
The prickly cactus and the bravery
Of sturdy white-eyed daisies, bountiful,
Far, far from all that cringes dutiful,
Flashed unto me the secret of all strength;
I knew at length,
As they smiled upward from the thirsty soil,
The wise forgetting, knew the deep content,
And the long, quiet blessing of brown toil.

Laramie, Wyo.

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AFTER THE CARNIVAL.

By P. H. NEWMAN.

THE Carnival of the Great Southwest in Tucson was over. The cowboys from two territories who had furnished that feature of the entertainment most enlightening to the sojourner from the East—the "roping and tying"—were devoting a last day to "rounding up the town" for their own entertainment. Each sought diversion after his kind, the younger element for the most part contenting itself with riding furiously about, startling the bystanders with impromptu feats of horsemanship, and being promiscuously and noisily "on deck." But such an amateurish wind-up of a trip to town was not to be considered by such old-timers as Jake Miller and George Robin, of the Triangle S outfit. Accordingly, after absorbing an adequate supply of liquid fortification, they "went against the bank," after the best tradition of the elder day.

Fortune perched promptly upon the banner of Jacob. The first "pull out of the box" "whipsawed the dealer" and convinced the adventurer that this was "his deal." As a proper sportsman should under such circumstances, he "played 'em up to the limit," and was rewarded by being able to "cash in" at the end of the deal with a comfortable "bunch of velvet." To the dealer's taunt about the sudden drop in the temperature of his feet, Jake vouchsafed no further response than a solemn wink, as he departed to celebrate his luck with sundry kindred spirits.

George, on the contrary, "got off wrong," a "stand-off" seeming to be "the best he could get," while "splits" and "whipsaws" fell to his lot with distressing frequency. To the dealer's jesting inquiry whether he "had been living right,' he gave no answer but an ominous tightening of the lips. He resorted to every "system" which the expert at faro has devised to "break the run of the cards;" but "single-out" or "double-out," "odd" or "even," "alternating colors," "waiting for the cases" or "playing them from the top down," all were alike in vain.

Meantime Jake and his comrades were "sure making things howl." The fun soon became so boisterous that the proprietor felt obliged to protest against making a playground of his resort. But as he declined the wrathful challenge of the cowboy to "bring on your officer or hunt your gun if you think you can establish any fact over me," the offended Jake proceeded to show his scorn for the rules of the place by "having some fun with the dealer." Despite that dignified individual's vehement protest, he threw his arms around his neck and kissed his cheek

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with mock warmth, saying tauntingly, "I put it all over you, didn't I, little Whiskers?"

George—loser and impatient for the game to continue—was as vexed at the interruption as the ruffled dealer himself. "Go away, Jake," he said; "you bother the game."

"Gimme some money to play, then."

"You got plenty of your own."

"You're a liar," laughed Jake, as he jingled the coin in his pocket, before he departed gleefully for fresh pastures of delight.

George now bent every energy to the game again and to the restoration of his sadly dwindled "stake," but to even worse purpose than before. The call of the turn on the very next deal swept his last dollar from the board, and nothing was left but to go away, beaten, impotent, furious. The liquor with which he had been freely plied did not make him less dangerous, and the dealer avoided his eye as he rose from the table, nor did anyone speak to him as he passed to the door, till Jake, who had just lined up with his friends for a farewell drink, caught sight of him.

"Come and have a good-bye drink, George," he called.

George remembered the friendly insult which had been tossed at him a few minutes before. Here was a chance to vent his wrath on somebody, though that somebody was his best and oldest friend. "I'll not drink with you; you're no friend of mine," he growled.

Jake saw vaguely that George was not himself, and turned back to his companions without reply, while Benny Reddick—the "kid" of the Triangle S outfit—left his liquor untouched and led the angry man from the bar.

It was nearly midnight when the eastbound "Overland" pulled into Tucson. This was the season of heavy tourist travel westward and the returning trains were almost empty. The cowboys found the "smoker" of this one deserted, save for a solitary passenger. As they distributed themselves about the car, Jake dropped into a seat opposite Benny and his luckless and humilated companion.

"I want you to keep away from me, Jake," said George, in a tone of deadly menace. "You are no man, and I won't have you around me."

"*Why* am I no man? And *why* do I have to keep away from you?" asked Jake. Absence of fresh stimulant was telling on the temper of both, now. What was the matter with George, anyway, thought Jake. He had no right to abuse a man that way.

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"Go away, Jake," pleaded Benny, the peacemaker. "You know he's been drinking, and he's sore about getting stuck at faro. Go 'way, and let him alone."

Jake offered his hand. "George, if I've done anything to hurt your feelings, I'm sorry for it."

George ignored the apology. Balancing himself against the motion of the train, he arose and stood over his adversary. "I'm a truthful man," he exclaimed. "No man above ground ever called me a liar, and you're not man enough ——"

Benny pulled George back, held him forcibly in his seat, and brushed his hand downward over his face with rough playfulness. "You just don't know how to take that boy, George," he explained. "He's the best friend you've got. You know he didn't mean anything by his fooling." Then, spying a neatly folded newspaper in the pocket of the aggressor, he made a bold attempt to steal it to divert his attention from the quarrel.

George rescued his paper, and returned it to his pocket. "You don't get that," said he gravely. "That paper's got the President's speech at Arlington in it. I paid five cents for it. When we get to camp it will be worth five dollars, and ten years from now it will be worth fifty. It's got a lot of things in it a man ought to know." And he enlarged at length upon the wisdom of his purchase.

Benny cudgelled his wits to prevent a renewal of the quarrel. Drawing a mouth-organ from his pocket—a recent purchase—he essayed a tune, but soon realized that his music was not of the precise quality to soothe the savage breast. Sitting directly across the aisle was the stranger—a fresh-colored young man in a faded blue uniform. To Benny, his appearance had a degree of refinement that suggested musical ability. "Give us a tune," said he, crossing over, and offering the mouth-organ with sheepish good humor.

The stranger shook his head, smiling at the boy's simplicity: "I'm not a performer."

"I thought maybe you could play," said Benny, idly holding his useless instrument, "It would kind o' quiet the boys down," he went on in explanation. "I pumps a little wind through this when the cattle get restless, but my music's no good here."

The stranger had overheard the quarrel. A Salvation Army officer, he was accustomed to blatant rowdyism, and had not been alarmed for these cool-spoken men. "What's the trouble?" he asked with indifferent interest.

"Just no trouble at all," answered Benny. "They are all right good friends—it's only the whiskey dying in them. But many a good man's been killed in just such a row. The tall

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one, George, is as white and square as they make 'em, when he's at himself, but he's terrible overbearing when he's drinking; he'll never quit as long as he thinks he's right. The other one, Jake, is a wicked man with a gun, and he goes all to pieces when he's had enough."

The quarrel broke out angrily anew, and Benny hastily turned to his task as peace-maker. With face dark and swollen with rising anger, Jake folded his arms, and looked squarely in the eye the man who continued to heap threatening abuse upon him. The stranger saw and understood. He hastily arose and left the car.

The quarrel reached its climax. With murder in his heart, Jake swept aside the despairing Benny, and answered with mortal insult. Jake relied upon superior quickness. He faced his enemy, and, according to his code, awaited his first overt act to draw and kill him. The car door opened. "For God's sake, boys, stop!" cried Benny, springing between them. "There's a woman!"

And such a woman! To at least one of them, the sweet, serious face in the comely bonnet was a living presence for many a hard day afterward. Not a man of them could have committed an act of violence in her presence. The car grew suddenly silent. The stranger led her to his seat, opposite the quarreling men. "Captain Goodrich will sing for you," said he to Benny.

In Oakland the Captain was known as the "Warbler of the Corps." A mere girl, she had been given her rank because of the power of her song over rough men. Striking a few opening notes upon her guitar she sang:

> There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay
> In the shelter of the fold,
> But one was out on the hills away,
> Far off from the Father's fold. . . . .

It was a slow, heart-swelling melody, breaking into a pæan of gladness:

> I've found my sheep!

Under the spell of the song the rude mantle of the commonplace fell from them. Many a rough cowboy looked out on the moonlit desert, on whose far boundary massive, reposeful mountains rose majestically from the plain, and felt a new strength, and a new dignity. The harmony soothed the distracted spirit of the quarrelsome one. His nervous tension relaxed, and soon he slumbered heavily, lulled by the flight of the train. With quick revulsion of feeling, Jake watched the great, iron-gray head, fallen forward on his breast. This, his only surviving

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comrade of a storm of adventurous years, but for this singer, would have been lying there now——

His gratitude inspired a show of gallantry. The song finished, he arose. "Little sister in the bonnet," said he, "you are sure all right. If you're one of the outfit that's out for the strays, you've got a call for my money. I reckon it's up to me to pass the hat. Considering that I'm flush, I ante pretty heavy.

The cowboys had been touched aright. The Captain was astonished at the mass of gold and silver that was piled in her lap, and thought with delight of the report she would make of this unique service.

Benny was "broke." He thought with shame that he had not a cent to give this singer who had so gloriously answered his sore need. He accompanied the Captain to the car door, assured her that everything was right now, and stammered his regret that he had not been able to "chip in." This girl, with the wonderfully-lighted brown eyes, had wrought in Benny a regeneration of heart not exactly religious. She saw something in the shrewd, kindly eyes of the frank-faced lad that made her glad he had not given her anything. The debt was personal —and on a later day it was blissfully paid.

Los Angeles.

CATALINA FOG.

By BLANCHE TRASK.

'ROUND about the highest peak,
A mighty fog is furled—
He leans to look into the sea,
And shuts out all the world.

And I, who walk this mountain trail,
Have doubts of heaven above,
And listen to the hidden sea
Like voice of one I love.

E'en while I list, this mighty fog
Has torn himself in two,
To show me still that *endlessness*
Which 'bideth i' the blue!

Avalon, Cal.

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A VISION OF MOTHERHOOD.

By SAMUEL BARCLAY.

IN the Café des Pyrennes, Cammozi's place, the air was thickened by many fishermen as they sat at their tables and drank their wine, ere the grim light of another dawn should find them forging westward through the bleak-winded waters of the Golden Gate. And Madeline, Cammozi's daughter, deftly rolling cigarettes behind her table near the door, took their money, meeting jest and lewd suggestion with eyes schooled to the even stare of indifference.

Tilting back her chair, she rested her head against the gaudy papered wall, and wove fair dreams of another life into the smoke that came from her lips. Children, her own children, lay in her arms and drank their life with tender fingers on her breast. Children they were with soft blonde hair, yellow, like the glow of the lamp through the smoke.

"Madeline's pretty little figure will have to pay the next bills. Cammozi's tight in Boaz's clutches all right." A man at the table between her and the bar raised his voice and leered about in her direction. "And she's the last thing he has to sell."

The words fell sickeningly upon her dreams, but she affected not to hear, as her glance rested without emotion on the man and traveled indifferently until it fell upon the barkeeper. There it paused, lingered an instant upon his soft blonde hair, yellow, like the glow of the lamp through the smoke, and then she turned with delicate attention to the ash of her cigarette.

He looked up suddenly at the name of Boaz. "Madeline loves the Kid," he said, "but she's afraid to say so for fear Boaz 'll have him knived some fine night." Leaning across the bar, he laughed with the others as they turned about to stare at Antonio Laviosa, "the Kid," who sat apart from them, fingering his glass with nervous fingers.

From his dark eyes he sent a quick glance to Madeline, but she was gazing again at the barkeeper, who, drumming on the bar with elaborate carelessness, pretended not to see her.

"I guess," continued the barkeeper slowly, "both Madeline an' the Kid wish Boaz was dead." He wrinkled his forehead and looked from under his brows at the Kid, who gazed uneasily around the room.

"I bet they ain't the only ones as wish him dead," said a man, hiccoughing until his earrings shook. "Boaz," and he crossed himself devoutly, "is the Devil. They say there's a society in Italy has a price on his head."

Others joined in the condemnation of the man Boaz. Men

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spat upon the floor that they might speak more clearly. They told of plots formed to kill him. With fearful glances over their shoulders, they recalled the fate of those who opposed him. With lowered voices, and faces averted from Madeline, they conjectured the depth of the debt that her father owed him. The barkeeper came from behind the bar to serve an occasional drink. At such times he paused beside a table and skillfully directed the talk, watching slyly the effect upon Madeline and the Kid. With her head against the wall, a picture of profound indifference, Madeline grasped for every word that was spoken.

Finally the men began to go. The younger ones tightened their sashes about their waists and swore that they knew no fear of Boaz or of any other man, but they dropped the subject when they had gone without and the room had ceased to limit the range of their voices.

From his corner Laviosa, with the others, made for the door. His heavy glance trailed from under the low-pulled brim of his hat, always to rest on Madeline. As he approached, the barkeeper, who watched him through the mirror, turned swiftly.

"Have a drink with me, Lavy," he said; then, under his breath, "wait till the others go!"

Laviosa's glass remained untasted. In the mirror behind the bar he could see the reflection of Madeline, by the door, against the opposite wall, her black hair hanging heavy over her forehead and her full lips quick with the hot blood of youth. The barkeeper saw the look and knew its direction.

"Tonight!" he whispered. "The men leave early. You must do it tonight." His restless eyes steadied themselves and he leaned over with his face very close to the face of the Kid.

"You can't have Madeline while Boaz is alive," he said.

The youth turned his gloomy eyes upon him. "Give me some whiskey," he muttered, and slipped back to his seat.

When the first of them had gone, Madeline sauntered over, and, rolling another cigarette, leaned across the bar with a curious relaxation of her muscles.

"I'm sick of this damned place," began the barkeeper. "We"—he laid a stress upon the word, glancing at her swiftly—"we've got to get out of it, and quick, too."

Madeline moistened the paper of her cigarette with the tip of her tongue. Her hand trembled, and he caught the full blaze of the look she turned upon him.

For certain reasons, it was his design to have Boaz murdered. Ever since he had realized the attraction he possessed for Madeline, he had made love to her with coolly calculated purpose. The ease with which he could make her his tool in this plot to

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murder fascinated him, and he followed it up with greater gusto since he had found her unyielding to his other purpose. Once he had spoken to her with ill-concealed suggestion. Even now, as he leaned across the bar, the memory of that scene daunted him, and all the more since he could not comprehend it. The purity of the emotion from which sprang the force that moved her towards him lay far beyond the limits of his grosser vision. He perceived only that he could deceive her, as he had deceived other women when he had played for a different prize.

"Boaz is the only thing that hinders us and he'll be fixed tonight." He spoke glibly enough, but he measured her carefully with his eyes. "All you have to do is to keep him until the others go, and give the word to the Kid. He thinks you're dead gone on *him*," he added with a touch of satisfaction.

"I said I wouldn't do it. I told you so before." Madeline had broken in two the burning cigarette and her glance was veiled.

"You fool!" Rage choked back the words unheard into his throat. "Do you want to marry that damned old toad? I—No man would dare to marry you after you've been promised to Boaz. You heard what they say. They're all afraid of him. But there's no danger to us. The Kid'll do it quick, and skip. And then—" There was a change in his voice. He stretched out his hand and touched hers. "We'll go away and be married." Madeline's breast rose and fell and there was a fluttering in her throat, but she did not look up, and there was no sign of yielding. The barkeeper's hand tightened and his words fled from his breath as it came hissing after them.

"I tell you Boaz must be kept until——" Suddenly he stood erect. His agitated fingers knocked a glass smashing upon the floor and his breath caught behind his teeth.

"Sh-h-h," he said. "Boaz!"

Madeline turned slowly and walked toward her seat. A curious rigidity of muscle cloaked her movements.

"Well," demanded Boaz in a flat, flesh-choked voice, "where's Cammozi? Where's your father, girl?" She held her arms close against her sides and did not look up.

"He's gone," she said. The fat, squat figure filled the room with a choking presence that smothered her vitality. She thought only to be rid of it. "Gone for the night," she continued. Even as she spoke she was aware that the barkeeper shuffled his feet noisily.

"No," he interrupted. "Don't you remember? Your father said he'd be back on the last train. Late, y' know."

His last words, "Boaz must be kept——," shot through her mind, and she leaned heavily upon her table.

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"Well, well, is he coming back, or——"

"Of course, of course he is," repeated the barkeeper. Madeline felt that Boaz moved towards her.

"You little fool," he said. "Have you lost your tongue?" Out of the corner of her eye she could see the roll of moist flesh hanging between his chin and his collar, as he lowered his head and wagged it like a bull.

"I bet when I marry you I'll make——"

Madeline turned swiftly. Her hand went suddenly to her throat as though she were choking.

"Yes," she said hoarsely, "yes, he will be back tonight," and she slid into her chair.

Boaz moved to the seat facing her at the table between her and the bar. The men began to go, and when they had all left save Boaz and the Kid she leaned her head against the wall and watched the three men through the veil of her lashes with fascinated eyes.

"How long before Cammozi'll get here?" asked Boaz.

"Oh, not long," answered the barkeeper. "You'd better have a game of cards, though. Come on, Lavy." He turned with a quick gesture. Boaz looked up at the Kid.

"Humph," he said, "what can you play?"

"Oh, he's all right," interrupted the barkeeper, bringing on two glasses of wine. He leaned his elbows sociably on the table and watched the game. After the first hand had been played he moved away, gathering up glasses and straightening chairs about the room while he conversed with Boaz in much apparent gaiety. Suddenly Boaz swore.

"You young fool," he said. "Don't you know your cards?" Laviosa flushed and replaced a deuce with a king; and his glance sought again the mirror behind the bar. Madeline, looking up as Boaz spoke, caught the Kid's eye and turned quickly away. A minute later she left her seat and began gathering up glasses with quick, jerky movements.

"Have you everything you want?" asked the barkeeper on one of his trips to the bar. As he spoke his glance rested on the Kid, whose hand traveled stealthily to his hip pocket in answer.

"Sure," said Boaz. "What th' hell d' you mean?" The barkeeper laughed.

"I bet you *haven't* everything you want," and he glanced significantly at Madeline who was approaching them. Boaz' dull eyes flamed a little and he looked at her with covert lust from under the puffs that marked them, toad-like.

"But I soon will have," he said under his breath. He lurched

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suddenly toward Madeline, who tried to slip past him; but he reached out his free hand and caught her wrist.

"Kiss me," he demanded, making a moist puff out of his mouth and drawing her down to it. "Kiss me."

The red of Madeline's lips vanished in the pallor that spread over her face. She set her heels against the floor and flung her body back. With the long, strong fingers of her left hand she attacked the fingers that Boaz held around her wrist. One by one she loosened them, and, when her hand dropped free, she staggered into her seat. For a full minute she sat motionless with her clenched fists held on the table before her as though she would have driven it through the floor.

Her wrist stung where Boaz' fat fingers had twisted about it and hate swelled up within her, opening wide her eyes. With savage meaning she let them rest on the Kid and he arose suddenly.

She saw him lean forward on his left hand and bring his right on a level with his chin. She saw his thumb travel up the black butt of the pistol and pull back the hammer. She heard the click. She saw Boaz sway back and forth in a stupid, futile effort to push back the chair that pinned him to the table. She stifled a shriek and the Kid fled past her into the street. Her eyes were held, fixed before her. Boaz' head hung forward with staring eyes and lips in wide distortion, and from a hole in his forehead there gushed a slow, thick stream.

When the barkeeper, coming from behind the bar, shuffled his feet, she stood erect and swept back the black hair that hung over her face. She stumbled over the chair that was before her and moved towards him. All the color came into her face as she clung to him, her head on his breast. He clasped his hand around the arm she had flung about his neck. Then he started, holding himself rigid and listening. Madeline caught his attitude and, listening, heard the distant cry of a child. The child's cry, the light touch of the man's hand on her arm while he listened, thrilled through her blood, and she knew a moment of happiness.

Suddenly the fingers tightened cruelly about her arm and the barkeeper wrenched it from around his neck.

"Let loose, you fool," he said. "The cops'll be comin'," and he pushed her from him.

She fell on her hands and knees, and splinters from the floor unheeded, pierced far into her palms. A terrible force gripped her heart and sent the blood surging through her veins like a blanket over her senses. She crouched and gazed through the hair that fell over her face.

Dimly she saw him bend over the figure at the table and take something from its pockets. The door slammed. About her things flickered, swirled and were blotted out.

San Rafael, Cal.

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THE FUGITIVE.

By GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE.

MY cabin lies far, with the sod on its rafter.
To its door, spent and cold, the pursuers close after,
He crept, crying, "Help me! A horse, or the shield
of your roof!"

I give you my hearth for to warm you, young stranger;
I give you my horse for to bear you from danger;
And I give you my heart for to follow the thud of the hoof.

My hearth shall rekindle its ashes when bidden;
My horse shall return, by another bestridden—
But what of the heart that lay under the galloping hoof?

THE SHERIFF OF SILVER BAR.

By JOHN LILLIS LYONS.

THE bleached skeletons scattered along the waste were at all times horribly suggestive, but on this Sunday afternoon Fate had lent a human actor to the tragedy. He occupied the foreground of the stage—a shadow that two days before had been a man.

The scene was an incarnation of thirst. The sun had laid its burning hand on Skull Valley, and in its blistering grasp that vast Dead Sea of lava ash, dry bones, and mesquite bushes quivered and writhed. Up to the merciless blue sky the desert turned its white face in a mute appeal for moisture—another Dives begging for a drop of water, and receiving the same pitiless answer.

The image of misery was indelibly stamped upon the place, but the man crumpled up in the burning ashes, his face and hair white with dust, his eyes closed, his swollen tongue protruding between his cracked and blackened lips, made the tragedy of inanimate nature shrink to insignificance.

He was the sport of Fate in more ways than one. A sheriff in quest of a fugitive criminal, he had taken a short cut into the Valley, only to find that the spring where he had counted on getting water was effectually guarded by a coyote—a dead coyote, whose puffed carcass showed that he had slaked his last thirst with poisonous water. The fugitive, who had taken a more roundabout and safer route, was twenty miles behind the Sheriff, traveling in the same westerly direction.

The Sheriff had lain there for many hours when the horseman

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from the East stopped beside the prostrate heap of humanity. Lazily dismounting, he surveyed the unconscious man-hunter's face.

"Humph!" he commented aloud. "He didn't lose much time about getting here."

Back into the saddle he swung and spurred his sweating horse. Half a mile further he halted irresolutely. His head drooped in thought.

"I'd like to—for her sake." He spoke aloud. "But it's either him or me; that's all there is to it." He repeated this last twice or thrice, as if to pluck decision from repetition, shook his head slowly from side to side and urged his horse forward. But he had not gone a score of paces when he again drew rein. His teeth came together with a click; his lips tightened to a straight line.

"I'll do it," he soliloquized. "I'm a fool and I know it, but I've got to do it." And he turned back.

When the Sheriff opened his eyes, the curse of day had fled from the desert, and the calm moon smiled her benediction. The raging thirst that had made his last waking hours but a a foretaste of hell was almost forgotten; his tongue was not nearly so swollen, and a ministering hand had even washed the dust from his eyes.

The odor of boiling coffee caused him to turn his head. Not far away he saw a small brush fire. Raising himself on one elbow, he beheld a man approaching with an armful of brushwood. The Sheriff stared; the man carelessly whistled something probably meant for a tune.

"All right again, hey?" he inquired.

No, it was no delusion. The man was Kit Cook, outlaw—*the* outlaw whom the Sheriff had followed. A childish wrath seized the officer and shook him like an aspen. To be an officer of the law captive to an outlaw was the most exasperating situation he had ever known. Politeness alone kept him silent, this being one of the few occasions in his life when nothing but bad language would have met all the requirements.

This silence did not add to the comfort of Cook, who was embarrassed and constrained. In the rôle of life-saver he felt unaccustomed, ill at ease. Still, there was a strange new feeling in his breast, the consciousness of a good deed done, a sentiment which he made desperate efforts to conceal.

And thus this strangely assorted pair sat silent under the desert moon. The Sheriff accepted a cup of coffee, and both drank. The moon rose higher; a faint breeze brought its balm from the mountains; a few coyotes came out and gave a dismal

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greeting from a respectful distance. The Sheriff sank back on his blankets, the other wrapped himself in an old army coat; and, side by side, they slept.

The western moon was fading, faint and pale, when Cook touched the Sheriff's shoulder. "Come on," he said, "before the sun is up." The Sheriff rose, slowly and painfully, staggering as he regained his feet.

"Go on," said he. "I cannot."

"I'll take you," proffered Cook.

"Take nothing," said the Sheriff. "If I can't take you, I don't want to go."

"That's all right," rejoined the other. "I'm going, and you're going, too."

"See here," blurted the Sheriff, with asperity, "I'm down here to get you, and I warn you that if you take me to a settlement, I'll take you back to Silver Bar."

"Forewarned is forearmed," answered his captor. "And now, up with you." And he boosted the officer into the saddle.

On foot himself, he led the weary animal, and so they toiled painfully through the long, hot morning. At ten o'clock they stopped and rested until the sun's rays forgot their fierceness. And by all the way and through all the day no word was said.

When the moon's silver disk again beheld them, the desert was passed, but they were still plodding along. On the brow of a hill, whence Cook saw a twinkle dearer to him than light of moon or star, they stopped for a moment.

"At last!" muttered he, and pressed on with feverish eagerness.

They came to a corral, then to a hut, behind which, faintly outlined, stood a little group of ramshackle houses. The flare of a lamp looked red-eyed through the one window of the hut, on the door of which Cook hammered with vigor. It opened, to reveal the somewhat forbidding visage of a rough, unkempt tenant.

"I've a sick man here," explained Cook, "and I want a bed for him and supper for us both."

"All right," rumbled a formidable bass. "Come in."

A rudely furnished interior greeted the intruders. Two bunks, one above the other, occupied the further side of the room, and on the upper one Cook and their host shelved the Sheriff. A three-legged stool served Cook, while the master of the house prepared a haphazard repast of bacon, bread and coffee.

The rude meal found the Sheriff apparently asleep, and when Cook aroused him he declined to eat. The outlaw ate for two,

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however, and then, with small ceremony, prepared to depart. The Sheriff rose to his elbow and pointed at Cook.

"Stop that man," he cried. "He is a murderer."

Cook indicated, with a gesture, the Sheriff's flushed face and glittering eye, and touched his own forehead significantly.

"Fever," he said, sententiously. "He's raving." And flinging himself upon his horse, he was gone.

The man of the house laid his hand on the Sheriff's brow. It was burning.

"Easy, old man," said he, "and I'll take off your clothes." And, proceeding to do so, he presently came upon a gold shield fastened to the Sheriff's waistcoat, on which he deciphered the inscription, "T. F. Bonestell, Sheriff." He whistled softly to himself, and springing to his doorstep, he roared an alarm. "Dick, Harry, come quick!"

Two hours later, Kit Cook, bound hand and foot, lay in the corral.

It was a battle of days between the Sheriff and the fever, but his iron constitution won, and he rode out of the station with his prisoner. The journey home would take five days. During the first day the Sheriff and his charge maintained the silence that had so sharply marked their previous intercourse, but that evening Bonestell spoke.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry you didn't let me die down yonder," jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

Cook pondered. "Well," he drawled, "I don't just know. Sometimes I ain't; sometimes I am. . . . They'll hang me, I guess," he added, not altogether irrelevantly.

"As high as Haman," said the Sheriff, cheerfully. "Cook, that was an awful thing you did. God! I can see them yet—Paddock there on the ground a-dying and his kids weeping! And the crowd!" he added with a shudder. "They'd have burned you alive that minute if they had you. What made you do it?"

"Don't know," answered Cook, gloomily. "Booze, I guess. I was crazy—lost all my money at the Chink's faro bank, kept a-drinking China gin, tried to make them give me my coin back, and when the marshal came, I just shot him—that's all. I never knew what happened till it was all over. I'd a-given the world then if I was in the dead man's boots, but there's no use crying over spilt milk." With a sigh, he relapsed into dejection.

The next morning, as they left the village where they had reposed overnight, the Sheriff resumed.

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"Why did you save me, Kit?"

"Oh, I dunno," answered Kit, uneasily. "Soft, I guess."

The Sheriff ignored the confession of softness. "Come, now," he persisted; "there was a reason; there must have been."

"Well," confessed his prisoner shamefacedly, "it's just this. When my poor old mother died up there at Silver Bar, I was away, sick, in the mountains. There wasn't no money in the house—not a white splitter. Who was it buried her—paid the undertaker, the liveryman, and the gravedigger out of his own pocket? It was done on the quiet, sure enough, but I found out. And now," turning on the Sheriff in sudden wrath, "now we're quits, and don't you ask no more questions."

"But we're not quits," answered the Sheriff, quietly. It was a favorite dictum of his that a man who cared for his mother was never altogether lost, and this oracular saying of his, many times repeated in his social moments at Silver Bar, recurred to him now as he rode along.

When they retired that night, the Sheriff neglected to shackle his prisoner's limbs. He failed, also, to place his bed across the threshold. Still, when he awoke in the morning, Cook was there, awake.

They arose and had breakfast. They rode out of town, the shackles ostentatiously displayed on the prisoner's wrists, his feet tied together beneath his horse's belly. Once out of sight of the town, the Sheriff dismounted and unbound the man.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "Go!"

"And what about you?" asked Cook.

"Me? Oh, I'll just tell 'em you escaped. Good-bye," and he put out his hand. Cook grasped it with all his might, and wrung it fiercely. He choked and stammered as he tried to speak—to apologize for accepting the Sheriff's clemency.

"Good-bye, Sheriff. Life is sweet, or—I'm a changed man—you understand." It came brokenly.

"Good-bye, good-bye," answered Bonestell, himself not a little affected. "Yes, I understand. Be a good man. For God's sake, go."

And, with a final handclasp, they parted there forever.

The rain was falling when, three nights later, the Sheriff drew rein on the hilltop that overlooks Silver Bar. Through the gentle April drizzle, he could see the lights along the main street. He could fancy the crowd—his crowd—playing seven-up and pedro at Foley's and offering wagers on the date of his return—with his man, of course. For in his twenty years of service, Bonestell had never failed.

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Twenty years! It had been a long time, yet he had hoped to continue sheriff until his death—to serve those people who loved and trusted him, and whom, childless and a widower, as he was, he loved in return as if they were his children—to die in harness.

Alone in the night and rain in that hour, he drank to the dregs the bitter cup of renunciation. It was hard, it was cruel hard! But he felt, as he thought of the man spurring away to the southland, to a new life, to liberty and better days, that he could not have done otherwise.

Yet, as he turned away from Silver Bar, never to set eyes upon it again, he felt the splash of one hot drop upon his cheek—something that, unlike the rain, scalded and was bitter.

Carson, Nevada.

THE SIERRA REPUBLIC.

By BAILEY MILLARD.

THIS is my country, these brave heights,
And that green fir bough is my flag
In whose bright gleam mine eye delights.
How wild it waves above the crag!

Here is a rude republic, ruled
By no gold god nor Prince of Hire,
In sodden Trade's mean wisdom schooled,
But only by the Heart's Desire.

No mastered men, nor desk-doomed, haunt
These free-aired wilds to slave and sigh;
Here strait Convention makes no vaunt
And liberty is not a lie.

No constitution of man's choice,
But one that willing Nature signs,
Framed by the wind that lifts its voice
In yonder parliament of pines.

My church, how broad, how grandly broad!
The alpenglow her altar fire,
Her organings the winds of God
And that white peak her splendid spire.

Over my airy skyland home
The Vision floats within the reach,
And star-born thoughts are free to come—
Thoughts never to be meshed in speech.

Come, hearts that sicken, here is health,
Here shall the wearing, wasting cease;
Come to this cloud-blest commonwealth;
The peaks invite you to their peace.

Larkspur, Cal.

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"VIRUM MONUMENTA PRIORUM."

THE Archæological Institute of America stands well at the head of the scientific institutions of this country. It founded, and directs, the classical schools in Athens, Rome and Jerusalem; it was the fortunate enabler of Bandelier's monumental work in the Southwest—the most far-reaching documentary and field research ever conducted in North America. Bandelier's exhaustive monographs, the corner stone of our study of ethnology in the Southwest and in Mexico, are publications of the Institute and were among its first activities. Under the leadership of such men as Charles Eliot Norton, Seth Low, John Williams White, and their associates, the Institute has taken rank among the most critical and ponderable scientific bodies in the world. Its membership of 1200 is divided among Affiliated Societies as follows, with the dates of their founding: The Boston Society (1879), the New York Society (1884), the Baltimore Society (1884), the Pennsylvania Society (1889), the Chicago Society (1889), the Detroit Society (1889), the Wisconsin Society (1889), the Cleveland Society (1895), the Connecticut Society (1898), the Missouri Society (1900), the Washington Society (1902), the Iowa Society (1902), the Pittsburg Society (1903), the San Francisco Society (1903), and the Southwest Society—with headquarters in Los Angeles—(1903).

The two new California Societies were established in November and December last by Prof. Francis W. Kelsey of Ann Arbor, Michigan, national secretary of the Institute. The San Francisco Society has the following officers: President, Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst; Vice-presidents, Horace Davis, David Starr Jordan, Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford, Benjamin Ide Wheeler; Secretary, F. R. King; Treasurer, F. M. Kellogg; Executive Committee, Profs. Edward Bull Clapp, F. W. Putnam, Murray Fairfax, H. Wheland, Frank R. Symmes, Dr. Louis Lisser.

The officers of the Southwest Society (headquarters in Los Angeles) are:

PRESIDENT, J. S. Slauson.

VICE-PRESIDENTS,

Gen. Harrison Gray Otis — Dr. Norman Bridge
Fredk. H. Rindge — Prest. Geo. F. Bovard

SECRETARY (to be filled)

TREASURER, W. C. Patterson

RECORDER AND CURATOR, Dr. F. M. Palmer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Theodore B. Comstock, chairman — Rev. C. J. K. Jones
Prest. Geo. F. Bovard — Dr. F. M. Palmer
Prof. J. A. Foshay — Chas. F. Lummis

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Classical archæology is a noble study and a fascinating one—how fascinating, was partly guessed by a large audience in Los Angeles, which enjoyed Prof. Kelsey's admirable illustrated lecture on "Recent Discoveries at Pompeii." In a community of this intelligence, there cannot fail to be a certain interest in this remote scholarship. But in the Southwestern portion of the United States, as many of us are aware, there is an enormous field for scientific research—and an infinitely rich one. The antiquities of Greece and Rome have "kept" well for some millenniums, and are in no immediate danger to disappear before the most leisurely scholar of posterity shall have had a chance to exhume them. And the antiquities are all that is left in these classical lands. On the other hand, in California, Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico there is an almost incomparable treasure-house for the archæologist—with the enormous advantage that, side by side, we can study the antiquities and the almost exact ethnologic conditions under which they were produced. That is, we have here the human, as well as the antiquarian, documents. But both are disappearing with a rapidity that is astounding and literally alarming.

It has been relatively easy to get generous funds for classical study in the Mediterranean countries; but our own far less hackneyed and equally rich field has been shamefully neglected by our scholars, and atrociously looted by others. The living Indians of the Southwest, whose ancestors made the artifects and built the wonderful communal structures that are the admiration of science, were, even ten years ago, almost the same ethnologically as in the days of antiquity; but today their customs, their social and religious organization, their folk-lore and folk-songs are becoming so fast sophisticated that it is already difficult for the student to deal with them. In ten years more, we shall have lost this tremendous advantage which American archæology has had over the classical—namely, the possession of contemporary ethnology. If this shall pass away unrecorded, it will be an eternal and indelible disgrace to American scholarship.

The Southwest Society of the Institute is founded with particular reference to these things which so imminently need doing. Its specific intention is to uphold the highest standards of scientific work, but to relate them intelligently and vitally to real life. Actually, Science is nothing but the Upper Stories of Common Sense; and if a great many mighty decent people, who ought to go upstairs—and who would be more than glad to go, if they only knew what is really up there—now pucker their noses involuntarily at the word "Scientific"—the fault is

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quite as much with the Scientists who Haven't any Ground-Floor, as with the too contented dwellers in the basement. If we had to wait for spontaneous combustion to light our morning fire, it would be a long time till breakfast. If we have no blaze to warm us withal, whether is to blame—the not unwilling wood, or the man with a match he will not strike? As a matter of fact, there is hardly an American, of reasonable intelligence, who would not kindle to the Study of the Works of Men Before Us (which is just what Archæology is) the very moment anyone struck a light for him or her. One does not have to be born Exact, but merely Alive—for while Science *is* exact, it is also human; and its birthmark is as necessary to it as its acquired—its slowly and painfully acquired—habit. The aim of the Society will be to keep both; to do, in a scientific way, the scientific thing which can be of direct service to people who are *not* dead. And that is perfectly simple. In this very instance, work of serious and lasting value to Science the world over can be done in such a way as to be not only of common interest, but one of the most "practical" and "profitable" utilities the people of this region ever undertook. All this will develop logically; and actual, systematic work has already begun.

For one thing, we want a Museum in Los Angeles—not an Old Curiosity Shop of jumbles from God-knows-where, but a Museum which can compare with any in the world in everything but bulk.

Los Angeles is justly proud of its Public Library—not because so many tourists and schoolgirls besiege it for a novel or an encyclopedia, but because in its selection and its management it commands the respect of those who Know Libraries. Our Museum, when we shall have one—and that must be before long—calls for no less. It will have a proper function to amuse the leisure of the tourist, but it will do this none the worse if it can furnish a good hour for the expert who knows the best museums of the world and still finds this one worth lingering over. Perhaps the foremost scientific body in America is just about the auspices under which this museum should be planned.

For another thing, this affiliated Society has the extraordinary good fortune (shared, so far as is known, by no other branch of the Institute) that it has within its own local, immediate and characteristic field a "vein of free-milling ore" that is at once precious to scholars all over the world, and interesting to every intelligent layman. The romance of Spanish California appeals to everyone; and the folk-songs of the Southwest not only charm all who hear them—they are of lasting

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scientific value. This Society expects within the first year of its life to have ready for publication a large volume of these songs—and the Institute expects to publish that volume internationally. That will be a record no other affiliated Society of the Institute has ever made—and the Southwest Society soberly hopes to establish several new records. There would be no real advantage in California, if we had learned nothing by Coming.

The Spanish folk-songs of California are disappearing like snow before a California sun. The Old-Timers are nearly all dead. Of the present generation of Spanish-Californians, not one in a thousand remembers. It is only now and then the "old-fashioned" individual who can still sing the songs that all California sang when you and I were young. Half the persons of forty and worse who read these lines heard "Nellie Bly" in childhood; how many can recall that old American song? But "Nelly Bly" is recorded—and the Spanish folk-songs are not. They survive only in the precarious heads of a few mindful but mortal people. If one woman were to die tomorrow, half the songs that were sung in Los Angeles half a century ago could never again be sung.

Now, a function of the Society will be to save every one of these songs that can still be saved—and every fragment of those that cannot be saved whole. Musically, it is all valuable—for all of it was made before music was ground out for the market—as it now is, half "Rag-time" and half slop-sentiment, but all *to sell.* These folk-songs are all from the old-fashioned time when people sang because they Felt Like it. Some sang better than others; but there were never folk-songs that were not worth hearing, nor any that that are not worth saving. The Society has purchased a first-class phonograph, and is already recording these folk-songs. In a few months a leading American expert will come to Los Angeles to transcribe these songs and arrange them (musically) for publication.

As to Southwestern archæology, that is being gophered by everyone except Southwesterners, and in every way except scientifically. Specimens go East and abroad by the literal carload. It is about time that some of these collections were saved to the section where they really Belong. A function of the Society will be to map out local archæological explorations, to be prosecuted under the authority of the Institute. The work will be so much to the good for Science everywhere; the collections will be for the Southwest Society—part of its share in the noble Museum that a reasonable affiliation of the right interests shall build in Los Angeles before we are lamentably older.

The constitution of the Society follows:

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CONSTITUTION.

1. The object of the Southwest Society of the Archæological Institute of America shall be in general to forward the aims of the Institute; and in particular to stimulate and prosecute study and exploration of the American Southwest; to assemble and preserve the fruits of such research; and to conduct this study of "The Works of Men Before Us," not only as an academic interest but as a science truly and directly related to the very needs and utilities of Men Today.

In pursuance of this generic aim, this Society shall have power to conduct excavations; to gather, acquire and have charge of, archæological, ethnological and other collections; to record folk-lore, folk-songs, vocabularies and the like; to purchase, hold, sell, and otherwise control, real and personal property in fact as in equity; to raise special funds, and to administer them, for said purposes; and to exercise all other rights and privileges that may logically and legally be involved in the prosecution of its organic plan.

2. Its officers shall be a President, four Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Recorder and Curator; and an Executive Committee of seven. These officers, with additional Councillors (to be appointed by the Executive Committee) shall constitute an Advisory Council of twenty-five, whose duty shall be to advise with the Executive Committee when requested to do so. The direct management of the Society shall vest in the Executive Committee.

3. The officers shall be elected by a majority vote of members present at the annual meeting; except the Secretary, who shall be appointed by the Executive Committee. The Executive Committee shall be elected by the Council, and shall have power to fill vacancies in its own number. Terms of office shall be for one year or until the election of a successor.

4. The specific field of this Society is Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico; but any reputable person, wherever resident, may become a member by subscribing to this constitution and paying the annual dues.

5. Fees for membership shall be $10 per annum in advance and shall become due on the first day of December of each year, and delinquent on the first day of March following. The fee for life membership shall be $100.*

6. Meetings shall be at the call of the President or of the Executive Committee. The annual meeting shall be held in November, at call.

7. This constitution may be amended by a four-fifths vote of the Council; but only upon written notice of at least one month.

*These fees also include membership in the Institute itself and entitle the member to receive, *free*, the Institute's illustrated quarterly, *The American Journal of Archæology*, of which the subscription price is $5.

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AN OLD SONG OF THE RAIL.

PROBABLY everyone who has ever looked into the matter of popular songs has been startled and puzzled by the fact that while every other nation in the world—whether civilized or barbarous—has its folk-songs, many and beautiful, the United States has none. That is, practically none. "Old Resin, the Beau" and "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" were hardly folk-songs, though they were nearer to it than the whole country has ever since come—if we except the real war-time songs of '61 to '63. It is not wholly strange; for all other peoples in human history have Had Time—and we haven't. But it is lamentable. The songs of the soil are the best songs. They last longer. "Little Annie Rooney" fortunately died at the age of one year; fancy anyone trying to resurrect her now! But today, if you can sing "Tenting tonight on the old Camp-ground" or "Nellie Gray," you will not only interest the people who have not heard for forty years these old spontaneous songs; even the "modern" musician, of any decent training, rejoices in them professionally. For they are Real. People sang them because they Had to Sing—not because they could get six dollars for inventing some new variation of malpractice on the keys.

"No American folk-songs" is hardly fair, for we have had at least a dozen—where other and inferior lands count them by the hundred or the thousand. The greatest nation on earth is worst off for national songs. "Yankee Doodle"—let some foreign critic tell what it is; I won't. "America"—stolen as to music from "God Save the King," and filled out with Chautauqua words—what is *that* for a "National Anthem?" "The Star-spangled Banner" is a good, impossible song for a trained tenor. If you think it is a national song, just try to sing it alone to your family. And then sing "Lillie Dale," or "Long Ago." That is perhaps the only way we can still find out the difference.

The West has, indeed, produced a few of what we may reasonably call folk-songs—as it might reasonably be expected to. In the early 'Sixties the wonderful Overland Stage traffic had a classic of its own—"The High Salary Driver on the Denver City Line." The cowboys have had a few—like "They Buried Him on the Prairie." And the building of the transcontinental lines was relatively prolific—for reasons we need not insist upon in detail, since the daytime spurt and the evening leisure give enough explanation without searching further.

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Nor should it be forgotten that our older railroads were largely built by those natural troubadours, the Irish. No one who knows Tom Moore's "Irish Melodies" can make strange that in the adopted land these minstrels whose harp is never dead, even on the "section," should have made new folk-songs.

In 1884, when I "walked on foot" something over 3,500 miles across the continent, and slept in more section houses than hotels—there being more, then, on that route—I learned "Jerry, Go and Ile that Car." That is, the air and a few verses. Ever since that somewhat hurried time—with the snow knee-deep today, and a rather important billet for tomorrow—I have been trying to assemble that song. But there are no more of the old section gangs that lent me their dubious but kindly blankets. The man from Limerick is replaced with a Mexican peon or an Indian—both just as good, and human, and tuneful, and even more given to the making of songs—but the songs now are of altogether a different sort. The Larries that were section bosses when I believed in everybody—why, either they are dead, or they are Division Superintendents who are so busy with modern railroading that they have forgotten the old songs. In this search—which has covered nearly half the lifetime of a man of middle age, I have had the help of the best men in the West—the men who have grown up with it and made it. And only within a few weeks have we measurably succeeded.

"Jerry" was written, I am reasonably sure, in the year 1881; and was a product of the Santa Fé route. I know that it was written by a roving Connaught man who has no other name of record than "Riley, the Bum." He was a happy-go-lucky, hard-working, quick-fighting, section laborer. But he was also a minstrel. Both as music and as literature, the song he composed stands easily first of the "Come all ye's" that have ever been made as railroad songs. It is the mother tincture of the Track as it existed twenty years ago, and can by no human possibility exist again. It is the Real Thing. Arthur G. Wells, General Manager of the Santa Fé lines from New Mexico westward, has materially aided me in reassembling the scattered words. The transcription of the music is by that splendid young American, Arthur Farwell, who is doing so much and so well to establish a really American music. The words are here, and the air; but Mr. Farwell's "Wawan Press," Newton Center, Mass., will presently publish "Jerry" in sheet form, with all the words and the variation of notes, as a contribution to American Songs of the Soil.

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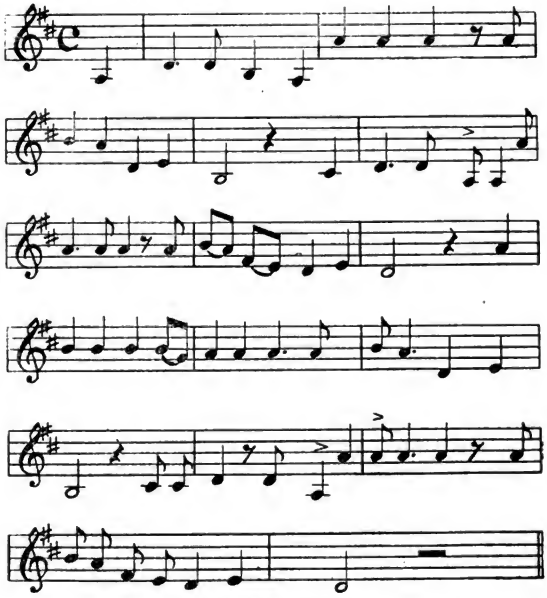
The words of "Jerry" here printed are pretty nearly conclusive; but any one who can round them out will do a service to history.

"Jerry, Go An' Ile That Car-r!"

[An Old Irish Melody.] *Words by* "RILEY, THE BUM."

Transcribed by ARTHUR FARWELL. *Recorded by* CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Come all ye railroad section men,
An' listen to my song,
It is of Larry O'Sullivan,
Who now is dead and gone.
For twinty years a section boss,
He niver hired a tar—
Oh, it's "j'int ahead and cinter back,
An' Jerry, go an' ile that car-r-r!"

CHORUS.—For twinty years a section boss,
He niver hired a tar,
But it's "j'int ahead, and cinter back,
An' Jerry, go an' ile that car-r-r!"

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For twinty years a section boss
  He worked upon the track,
And be it to his cred-i-it,
  He niver had a wrack.
For he kept every j'int right up to the p'int
  Wid the tap of the tampin'-bar-r ;
And while the byes was a-shimmin' up the ties,
  It's "Jerry, wud yez ile that car-r-r !"—CHO.

God rest ye, Larry O'Sullivan,
  To me ye were kind an' good ;
Ye always made the section men
  Go out and chop me wood ;
An' fetch me wather from the well,
  An' cut the kindlin' fine ;
And anny man that wudn't lind a han'
  'Twas Larry'd give him his Time.—CHO.

And ivery Sunday marni-i-ing
  Unto the gang he'd say :
"Me byes, prepare—yez be aware
  The ould lady goes to church the day.
Now I want ivery man to pump the best that he can,
  For the distance it is far-r-r ;
An' we have to get in ahead of Number 10—
  So, Jerry, go an' ile that car-r-r !"— CHO.

'Twas in November, in the winter time,
  An' the ground all covered wid snow,
"Come, putt the hand-car-r on the track,
  An' over the section go !"
Wid his big sojer coat buttoned up to his t'roat,
  All weathers he wud dare—
An' it's "Paddy Mack, will yez walk the track,
  An' Jerry, go an' ile that car-r-r !"—CHO.

"Give my rispicts to the Roadmas-thér,"
  Poor Larry he did cry,
"And lave me up, that I may see
  The ould hand-car-r before I die.
And let it be said, on my death bed,
  He niver hired a tar !
Come, jint ahead, and cinter back,
  And Jerry, go and ile that car-r-r !"

CHO.—Then lay the spike-maul upon his chist,
  The gauge an' the ould claw-bar-r,
And while the byes do be fillin' up the grave,
  Oh, Jerry, go and ile that car-r-r !"

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And while we are about it—there was one more railroad song of the last generation, only second to "Jerry." That was "The State of Arkansaw." I sang it a few times, twenty years ago; but all I can now remember is:

"His bread was nothing but corn-dodger,
His beef you couldn't chaw——
But he charged us fifty cints a meal
In the State of Arkansaw."

Who is the unforgetful patriot who will supply the missing words for this record?

EARLY CALIFORNIA REMINISCENCES.

By GEN. JOHN BIDWELL.

[To Mr. O. B. Parkinson, of Stockton, is due the full credit for recording and preserving these valuable memoirs. Mr. Parkinson was born near Chico, lived for eighteen years within a stone's throw of General Bidwell's private grounds, was a member of his "Young Men's Class" in Sunday School, and, at various times, in his employ and guest at his home. This personal acquaintance made it possible to secure General Bidwell's assent to prolonged and repeated interviews, during which these memoirs were dictated in practically their present form. This acknowledgment would have been made in commencing their publication last month had we then been in possession of the facts.—ED.]

II.

ON January 1, 1842, we arrived at Sutter's Fort—that is, at the station. There was no fort yet, but merely a station for the convenience of the hunters and fur-traders. Agriculture was in an embryo state, for no crop had been raised yet. Some of the settlers had sown grain, but owing to the unprecedented dry season, the crop was a total failure. There was no such thing as bread, so we must eat beef, varying it with occasional game dinners consisting of elk, deer, antelope, or geese and ducks. Our Christmas dinner was entirely of ducks. The valley abounded in elk, deer, antelope, geese and ducks, cranes, beaver and otter. Grizzly bear were almost an hourly sight. In the vicinity of the streams, it was not uncommon to see from thirty to forty in a day.

Speaking of bear, I will relate one short incident. Becoming tired of beef, James John, one of the first overland party, said he was going to have some bear meat. An old Rocky Mountain hunter, named Bill Burrows, offered to go with him to get bear meat. It was only a question of one, two or three miles to shoot them, so they started and soon came in sight of one, a monster in size, feeding in the tall grass not far from the river timber, on the west side of the river, opposite the place where the city of Sacramento now is. A man who is acquainted with the habits and disposition of grizzly bears is cautious. Old hunters always keep to the leeward of a bear so as to take an advantage and secure a dead shot, but a raw hunter is often careless, till experience is sure to make him cautious. James John went out to within fifty yards of the bear and fired at him. The old hunter was screaming at him, "You fool, don't go there, come back," but Johnny, as we used to call him, was one of those strange beings you may see once in a lifetime, who seem never to know what fear is.

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When the bear heard the shot, he broke into the thicket along the river bank, it being one of those dense thickets of grapevine and willows, but John followed right in after the bear, and was gone a quarter of an hour or more. He came out greatly disappointed because he had not succeeded in killing the bear, saying that he had had bad luck, for he got within six feet of the bear, thinking he was wounded. When the bear opened his mouth he tried to get the gun into it so as to make a sure shot; but before he could do this the bear broke and ran farther into the thicket.

A dozen or more of our party reached Sutter's in 1841 in December. Robert Livermore had charge of the stock, cattle and horses, of which Sutter had about 2,000 head. This same Livermore had a farm in Livermore Valley, to which valley he gave his name. He was a runaway English sailor boy who had grown up in the country and understood the Spanish laws, and knew the customs almost as well as the natives themselves.

Without imputing dishonesty to the natives, cattle and horses were so abundant that the distinctions of the civil courts were not strictly observed by them. The boundaries between ranches were, in many instances imaginary. Stock roamed at will and herds became mixed. If one happened to kill the bullock of another it was hardly worth noticing, for it would be strange if at some time or other that neighbor had not killed a bullock belonging to him. Competition between Livermore and his neighbors was sharp, and a friend, thinking he was doing Livermore a great favor, told him that a neighbor had just killed one of his bullocks, and that if he would hurry he would find him in the act of skinning it. Livermore said "No, I'm too busy taking the skin off one of *his* bullocks."

There were some sailors, much mixed as to nationality—German, English, Scotch, French, etc. Generally the sailors left their vessels off coast, though there were some that had come over the Rocky Mountains, some from Oregon, and some by way of New Mexico. There were also a few Canadian-French, who had found their way to California in some manner. Sutter had six Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, also native Californians, and Spanish, and a great many pure natives, Indians, who had collected around to work and hunt, together forming a great mixture of all classes. The language was principally Spanish, and most of the people had learned it or begun to do so.

It was about this time that Sutter had come into possession of the Russian property on the sea at Fort Ross and at Bodega. He purchased all the property which they were unable to remove when they retired from the country. I allude to the Russian settlement, which was but a branch of the Russian Fur Company of which the Czar of Russia was the president, and which had a charter from old Spain, authorizing the company to establish a branch for the purpose of taking furs along the coast at Fort Ross. The charter had nearly expired, so they sold nearly everything to Sutter, including a schooner of about twenty tons, and forty pieces of cannon, together with some old muskets, some or most of which were of those lost by Napoleon in the disastrous campaign to Moscow. These muskets kicked pretty hard. The purchase included also about 2,000 head of cattle, about 500 horses, and all the buildings at the settlement. On our arrival most of the cattle and horses had been removed from the Russian settlement, having been driven by way of Sonoma, and through what is now the counties of Solano and Yolo, to and across the Sacramento River in the vicinity of Sutter's settlement. At that time there was no settlement east of the farm of Salvador Vallejo, where Napa City now is, except an Indian village at Suisun, and the country was entirely without roads or

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paths, except those made by wild game, principally elk, antelope and grizzly bear.

Sutter had begun also to remove some of the cannon before mentioned. This probably was because of the jealousy or fear the native authorities had of Sutter. Another cause, however, might be named, to wit, Sutter's settlement was becoming a rendezvous for foreigners, and especially for Americans, who were becoming very odious both on account of the war in Texas, and because of rumors that the Americans might rise, and, with Texas, take California. When Sutter heard threats against him, coming from the native Californians, he felt insecure, not knowing what might be the result; so he hastened to remove all the arms and cannon from the Russian settlement.

When by chance one of our men, lost from our company in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, reached Sutter's Fort in the Sacramento Valley and announced our coming across the plains (being about thirty men of us), he supposed that we would all come immediately to his settlement, and in fact sent men to find us and bring us there. Sutter took courage with reinforcements and sent word to the Governor of California that he did not wish to have any more threats made against his settlement, for he was not only able to defend himself, but amply able to chastise him. That letter was sent to Mexico, and the Mexican Government sent 500 troops to break up Sutter's settlement; but they moved slowly, and it was two years or more before the Governor and his troops got there, and then Sutter was equal to any emergency. He took time by the forelock and sent couriers to the Governor at San Diego as soon as he had landed, with letters of congratulation and welcome, and submitting wholly to his authority. Then he made of the Governor a fast friend, and, through Sutter, a friend to the Americans who clustered around him.

Vallejo was the commander-in-chief of the military forces. The Commandante General had a hundred soldiers, and could by proclamation raise from two to three or even five hundred more.

In the winter of 1841-42 was one of the most remarkable floods, the oldest inhabitants having seen nothing like it, following, as it did, one of the dryest years in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

My first occupation in California was at Bodega and Fort Ross, taking charge with Robert T. Ridley, who preceded me there, of the Russian property still remaining at those points, and removing the same as fast as practicable to Sutter's settlement at Sacramento, whither everything was eventually transferred. (All the Indians on the coast at that time in the vicinity of the Fort, spoke the Russian language, the Spanish gradually superseding it). There I remained about fourteen months. During that time my occupation consisted in demolishing the houses at Fort Ross, and shipping the lumber up the Sacramento River, and sending also everything in the shape of personal property. Russian plows, yokes, carts, house furniture, and everything transportable that could be made useful at Sacramento were sent. The Russians had carried on farming and gardening to a limited extent, sowing some wheat, corn, potatoes, melons, and other things. There was an orchard and small vineyard belonging to a Russian nobleman called here "Don Jorge."

Sutter also had lumber sawed by hand in the redwoods near Bodega, and sent by sea in his schooner and up to Sacramento.

When all the cattle (wild cattle I mean, for all the cattle were considered wild, except a few which had been broken in to milk or to work as oxen) had been removed to Sacramento, there still remained from 150 to 200 head

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so wild that they seldom could be seen in the day time. Late in the evening, when it was almost dark, they would emerge from their impenetrable hiding places to eat grass. They were wilder than any deer, buffalo, elk or antelope, possessing the keenest vision and hearing. It was almost impossible to kill them, the country being so hilly and brushy. They were so wild that for a year I never killed one because the deer, antelope, etc., would get between me and the game, and if I scared a deer, they knew that meant danger, and ran. I thought I had seen wild animals, but I confess they were the wildest I had ever seen.

Even the native Californians could not believe they were so wild, and readily undertook to catch and kill them for one-half of the hides. They were all expert horsemen and expert lazoderos and they followed the cattle into their haunts in the thickets to drive them out. After an effort of two weeks, they succeeded in killing about a dozen; but during that time lassoed any number of grizzly bears, elk, antelope, and even deer. They killed also one black bear, and one big stag, in the center of the liver of which was an arrowhead.

All these cattle had been brought here from Mexico. Of horses, there were thousands in the San Joaquin Valley. I have seen herds twenty miles long on the west side. The men at Sutter's were very orderly, showing that when men are beyond law and the customs of civilization, there springs up a common law among themselves. There was no law by which to regularly govern the men, yet there was no trouble, except with a degraded set of mountaineers hovering about the Indian rancheria, trading beads and whisky, and sleeping in the Indian rancheria. There was no such thing as murder till as late as 1845. Sutter had a distillery in 1845.

The property being all removed from the Russian settlement on the coast, I made a trip on horseback in February, 1843, to Sutter's Fort, accomplishing the journey in four days. The first day I traveled sixty miles and arrived at the place now known as Vacaville. The country in that region was one vast field of wild oats fully headed out. Manuel Vaca had built a house at my stopping-place; that is to say, he had begun a settlement by putting willow poles into the ground, and making a thatch roof of tule, and had built a corral. He was from New Mexico. A corral was the first and most necessary improvement for a new settlement.

I had with me an Indian. We had each two horses, and a pack horse to carry provisions and blankets. That night I lost all four of the riding horses. They were the best in California, and I suspected that they had been stolen. Being unable to find them, I was obliged to borrow from Vaca the only animals he could spare; to wit, an old mule for myself to ride, and a wretchedly poor horse for the Indian.

No one then knew the way to Sutter's Fort, there being no road. Using our own judgment, we struck off in a northeasterly direction which, could I have continued, would have brought me to my desired destination, Sutter's Fort at Sacramento; but a seemingly impassable stream intervened, and I was obliged to follow it down into the tule marsh, where night overtook us, and the water grew deeper and deeper, rendering it impossible to proceed. Obliged to retrace my steps, I endeavored to cross the stream in many places, and at last succeeded not only in getting into the stream during the night, but in getting out on the other side. I stayed on the plains about seven or eight miles north of the stream, without fire, without timber, without anything.

As I followed down that stream the night previous the number of grizzly bears that sprang out and ran into the timber was very large. All the paths

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seemed to be paths of grizzly bears, judging from the tracks, but they invariably ran from us.

I mention the fact of crossing the stream (which is known as Putah Creek) because of the impossibility of crossing it even in the dry season, both banks being so steep and the sands soft. I never afterward in the daytime found a crossing. You can ride a Mexican horse anywhere if you spur him.

We struck north, and the next morning found a stream and a house which had been built only a month or two previously by Wm. Gordon (commonly called Billy Gordon) on Cache Creek. It was a most welcome sight under the circumstances, and here we breakfasted, principally on a fat young grizzly bear, the only bear meat I ever liked. Mr. Gordon was an American, but had lived in New Mexico, and his wife was a Mexican. He was a Mexican citizen and withal was a hospitable and kind man.

The rest of our route lay down Cache Creek to a place now known as Knight's Landing, afterwards settled by Wm. Knight, father-in-law of the Hon. Chas. F. Reid. At that time, from a point opposite the Feather River to the present town of Washington opposite Sacramento City, the banks of the river were such that the horses could not reach the water to drink, being so steep and so covered with thickets. At the site of Washington the grass was good, and there I tied the animals which I had borrowed, and crossed the river in a canoe which was kept there for that purpose, and walked to Sutter's Fort, which had at that time been partly constructed.

During my stay there of a week, it was necessary to send my Indian vaquero to change and water the animals staked out over the river. Two of these, the two which I had borrowed, during that time disappeared, and of course had been stolen, because animals fastened as they were by hemp ropes could not of themselves get away. It was very difficult to account for this. Indians did not ride horses. Others were always supposed to have plenty. Taking a relay of new animals from Sutter's I hastened to Vaca's ranch on my way to Bodega, hoping to find that the animals had returned home, but they had not. My own however had been found and were awaiting me. Of course I had to settle for the animals, and was surprised to learn that the mule was a very valuable animal, valued at $50, and the horse, too, noble steed, was worth $25.

These figures seemed amazing, for, in fact, the best horses sold for from $5 to $10, and the best mules from $10 to $15. I could not entertain the idea of paying the vast sum of $75. It would take three months to earn it at the salary I was getting, so I sent word to Sutter to send a man to take my place, which he did, a Mr. Wm. Benitz; and I set out to scour the Sacramento Valley especially to find those wonderful animals. I could not hear of them, but I heard of something which led to their discovery, viz., that a company had started for Oregon. I was advised to overtake it. The leaving of a company was, I was advised, an event of sufficient importance to make people look out carefully for horses. Sutter furnished an Indian to go with me. The company had been gone about a week.

Peter Lassen, whose name now attaches to Lassen Peak and Lassen County, happened at Sutter's Fort in search of a place to locate a ranch. He joined me to come up the valley for that purpose. At Hock Farm, on the Feather River, forty miles above the fort, we took fresh horses, traveling as rapidly as possible. At a place on the Feather River, now known as Nicholas, a German, by name Joe Bruhiem, also joined us. We were on no trail and simply steered through the center of the Sacramento Valley.

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Approaching Butte Creek, where we camped for the first time after leaving Hock Farm, we had an episode among the grizzly bears. In the spring of the year they lived principally on the clover which grew luxuriantly on the plains, and especially in the little depressions on the plains. The first we saw made for the timber two or three miles distant, soon another, and another and more, all bounding away toward the creek. At one time there were sixteen in the drove. Of course we chased them, but had no desire to overtake them; they were too many. As they advanced, one of the largest diverged to the left, and I pursued him alone. He was the largest I had ever seen, and his hair was long and shaggy, and I had the keenest desire to shoot him. I rode almost on to him, but every time I raised the gun the horse would commence bucking. My desire to shoot the bear became so great that it overcame my prudence, and I charged as near as I dared and dismounted, intending to get a shot and mount again before he could get me. But the moment I was on the ground it was all I could do to hold the horse, which jumped and plunged and sawed my hands with the rope. When I could look toward the bear, I found he had stopped, reared and was looking toward me and the horse. My hair, I think, stood straight up, and I was delighted when the bear turned and ran from me. I soon mounted the horse, and saw him plunge into the timber and make off.

The Indian had killed a large one, the flesh, however, of which was all fat; still it was very useful in frying bread in place of lard.

Horses and mules are always frightened at the sight and smell of grizzly bears. It was difficult to keep our horses, as they snorted and tried to get away all night.

The next morning we were early in the saddle and on our way, and in a few miles' ride took further lessons in the pastime of chasing grizzly bears. I pursued a large one and a very swift one. When following, you must run by the side and not immediately behind him, for he can more easily catch you if you do.

I was chasing too directly behind him, and before I could turn, so close was I, that when he stopped and struck, his claws touched the tail of my horse, and for a hundred yards at every jump he struck my horse's tail. Coming to better ground we soon left the bear in the distance, and as soon as he turned I turned after him. I heard him plunge into a stream and swim across it. Stationing myself where I could see him when he came out, as he stood on his hind feet, I shot. The blood spurted out of his nostrils two or three feet high, and he bounded off about one hundred yards and died. These scenes were common—of daily and almost hourly occurrence.

Hastening on up the valley we struck the trail of the Oregon company on what is now known as Chico Creek, Rancho Chico, and to me one of the loveliest of places. The plains were covered with scattered groves of spreading oaks; there were wild grasses and clover, two, three and four feet high, and most luxuriant. The fertility of the soil was beyond question, and the waters of Chico Creek were clear, cold and sparkling; the mountains were lovely and flower-covered, a beautiful scene. In a word, this chase was the means of locating me for life. I never was permanently located till I located here, which was early in March, 1843.

It is not easy to conceive and understand the change in the condition of the country caused by the extensive pasture of horses and cattle on these plains. We seldom or never were out of sight of game, deer, elk, antelope, and grizzly bear. The snow-capped mountains on each side of the valley seen through the clear atmosphere of spring, the plains brilliant with

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flowers, the luxuriant herbage, all truly combined to lend enchantment to the view. In fact this valley, with two or three unimportant exceptions, was as new as when Columbus discovered America.

We were now on the trail of the Oregon company, which lay on the east bank of the Sacramento River. The streams flowing into it, with the exception of Butte Creek, had not at that time been named. Seeing some of the Sabine pine on a stream where we camped, we named it Pine Creek.

The next stream we came to was beautiful and clear, and came swiftly from the mountains with considerable volume. On its banks appeared deer in great numbers; they seemed to be droves; and so we named it Deer Creek.

The next flowing stream some ten or twelve miles beyond, having still more fall where we crossed it, suggested its value as fine water power, so we named it Mill Creek.

The next fine stream presented not only its well timbered borders, but also fertile grass-covered plain, over which roamed innumerable antelope, so the creek received that name.

Crossing Antelope Creek, and following the trail of the Oregon party, we came to the Sacramento river opposite the present site of Red Bluff. Here the company had crossed the river and were encamped on the opposite bank. They had no wagons, simply pack animals. The stream at that time was considerably swollen, deep, swift, and cold. With simply a small hatchet, scarcely larger than a tomahawk, I set about making a raft to cross, which was no easy task to construct of a dry willow brush and such dead sticks as we could secure with our means.

At last it was completed, being sufficient merely to hold me up above water; however, to secure a dry passage if possible, a second story was built on it, consisting of dry, fine brush, tied securely. In size it resembled somewhat a small load of hay. Fearing I could not manage it alone, I persuaded a wild Indian to get on with me. He consented to go with great reluctance, but a few beads and a cotton handkerchief were so tempting that he could not resist. The only things we could get to propel the raft were willow poles, and none of them long enough to touch the bottom when we got into the stream; so we had to use them as paddles. We were high and dry when we started, but the displacement of the water by the brush was so little, and the material became so quickly waterlogged, that the raft was soon under water. The swift current carried us so rapidly down that it was with difficulty we got over at all, but we finally got across one-and-a-half or two miles below. The most of the time we were up to our arms in the cold water, and only knew by the brush under our feet that we were on the raft at all. If men ever labored for their lives we did.

Safely on land, however, I soon made my way to the camp of the Oregon company. Peter Lassen and others had remained on the left bank of the river. Several of the party which had come across the plains, were in the Oregon company, notably Ben Kelsey, Andrew Kelsey, and Dawson, generally called "Bear" Dawson, from a circumstance which occurred in the Rocky Mountains. I at once made known my object which was to find the mule and the horse, which I had lost at Sacramento.

These men at once declared that if the animals were there, and I could identify them, I could have them, but nearly all protested that there were no such animals there, and they all agreed to drive up all the horses and mules they had for my inspection. As a result I soon found my animals and demanded their surrender. There was some opposition, but Ben Kelsey, a very resolute man, and on this occasion a very useful one to me, declared that I should have them. Then all opposition being withdrawn, the animals were driven to the river and made to swim across.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS
AND OTHER HISTORIC
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OFFICERS.

President, Chas. F. Lummis.
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NOW that an organic and responsible movement is on foot to attempt the rehabilitation of the Camino Real, the historic "King's Highway" from Mission to Mission, there is double encouragement and double need for active prosecution of the work of repairing and safe-guarding the Missions themselves. The Landmarks Club has thus far succeeded in two things—first, in arousing public interest in the Missions and their connecting highway, and second, in saving enough of the buildings so that it is today possible to think of rebuilding the road that connects them. Now that the Road itself is taken up as an enterprise, it needs no argument that protective work on the Missions should be pushed with redoubled vigor.

All work costs money. The money for the Landmarks Club's work comes from memberships and contributions. Every person who has once paid annual dues to the Club, and has not paid such dues within the last ten weeks, is now in arrears. The prompt payment of these annual dues, and the interest of members to secure new members and new life members will enable the Club to carry on its operations, not only parallel with, but a little in advance of, the work of restoring the Camino Real.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, $6,961.75.

New contributions—Remy J. Vesque, Terre Haute, Ind., $25 (life membership.)

$1 each—Miss Elizabeth W. Johnson, Pasadena, Cal.; Geo. D. Hurst, publisher, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York; Theodore B. Comstock, Los Angeles; Edmund G. Hamersley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Agnes Lewis, Miss Evelyn Hamburger, Miss A. Amelia Smead, Mrs. E. I. Smead, Mrs. Jennie S. Price, Walter J. Trask, W. D. Woolwine, Mrs. John Ellis, Percy W. Hough, Mrs. Nellie C. Merselean, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. F. A. Johnson, Long Beach, Cal.; A. C. Vroman, Mrs. Frank Wells Parker, Pasadena.

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THE days of the Puritans are about twice as long ago in standards as in years. Even hoop-skirts seem to us hardly so antique. Our iron ancestors were soft inside. They had Consciences which Hurt them—and their neighbors. Whereas our outer armor is of nerves, and our interior is electrotyped. With us the organ has become something like the vermiform appendix—we hardly know we have one until we have to have an operation upon it.

Amid all the sympathy and all the moralizing to which the country has been stopped and stirred by the Chicago theater horror, two things are perhaps most noticeable. One is, that, busy and dulled as we are, we still are able really to Feel Sorry —if it is Multitudinous enough. If you can slaughter 600 noncombatants at a swoop, even this pre-occupied nation is jolted back to a momentary humanity and thrill of compassion. The other noticeable thing is, how easily responsibility nowadays runs off our back—as it were water upon a mallard. This is certainly an advantage we have beyond our forebears; for they got wet and shivery when the rains of heaven struck upon their naked souls.

It is no doubt encouraging that someone is really thought to be rather at fault when 600 men, women and children are immolated in a pleasure house in the second greatest city in the smartest nation on earth. The same feelings, precisely, which have brought about the callousness already referred to have given no small vogue to a certain "letting it go" as the Will of God. No doubt if God did not will that there should be fools and incompetents, there would not be any; but it is a bad habit to lay it all off on the Old Man. He also wills that upon occasion we shall take the aforesaid incompetents and idiots by the scruff of their official or individual necks and shake them out of their unworthy boots. It is perfectly true that the Mayor of Chicago, the Common Council of Chicago, the Building Inspectors, the theater managers and so on, have the blood of these victims upon their heads; but it is a very smug conscience that can let it go at that. Every man and woman in Chicago is to blame—ay, the American people is to blame, all and several. You and I are to blame.

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For these afflictions do not come without accomplices. Who elects mayors and councils? Who tolerates their appointees? Who, by self-denial enough to waste sixteen minutes in going to the polls to pay the first debt that every American owes—a bill which is preferred before that of the grocer or the landlord—thinks he has done his citizenship for a year, and proceeds to the more important business of making money?

In a republic, he is not a good citizen who thinks he has finished his duty when he has voted for a man whom he thinks he can trust—not to mention for a moment the voter who ballots for whatever name the ward-boss may see fit to permit him to consider.

But this has become the American way. We lay off responsibility as glibly as we doff our hats. Somebody always has to pay for this. Every time, in a republic, that a citizen skulks, even though unconsciously, from his civic obligations, somebody has to pay. We do not notice much when the other fellow walks the floor; but when our own are killed by our contributory neglect, perhaps some of us can take home some blame. The Chicago holocaust scored a reeking sacrifice of practically 600 victims. But in the year 1903, American railroads killed more than eleven times as many! And who stirs? The exact figures are that 6,973 persons were killed by railroads in the United States in the calendar year lately ended. Who is to blame? The engineer? Yes. The train dispatcher? Yes. The division superintendent? Yes. The general manager? Yes. But there are Others. All this slaughter—the deaths, the endless deaths, by fire, by collision and by many another Vision of Sudden Doom—is chargeable to more than those "also present." The American Spirit is to blame. And you and I are to blame precisely in the proportion that we permit—not to say encourage—the outer hysteria and inner apathy which is at present so pathologically a symptom in very nearly all of our national life. Railroad presidents and brakemen and engineers, theater managers, mayors, councilmen, inspectors—if they fail to do their duty, the reason is not half so much that they are bad, as it is that they are as careless as we permit them to be, and encourage them by our own example.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

In a recent number of *The Outlook*, Pauline R. Bird gives us to know that:

"To Edwin Deakin, 'the artist historian,' is directly due the inspiration" . . . for "the opening and restoring El Camino Real, the King's Highway in California."

And that:

"Edwin Deakin has opened the eyes of Californians to the urgency of preserving these landmarks [the Missions]."

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This is important if true ; and it is never to late to learn, even for Californians. Perhaps we should have remained in perpetual kittenhood but for the surgical opening of our little lids by Mr. Deakin and Miss Bird and a Business-Religious weekly of New York. For certainly we wot not, heretofore, that Mr. Deakin was either "historian," "inspirer," inventor or even prophet of the Camino Real.

This is in the kindest spirit towards Mr. Deakin, who is a good man and an artist of great literal skill ; but like many others he has reason to pray to be delivered from amateur friends. Ford painted and etched and wrote about all the Missions long before Deakin did, though with nothing like the precision. Keith, the undisputed Master, painted every Mission in 1880—again preceding Mr. Deakin. A great many artists—and a great many more who think they are—have painted the Missions, or painted at them ; and every one of these has done something to increase popular knowledge and interest in these superb monuments of antiquity. Certainly, Ford, Keith, Jorgenson and some other of the more important painters have done quite as much to "open the eyes of Californians" as Mr. Deakin has done. Let us give their fair meed of credit to all.

As for arousing people to the necessity of preserving the Missions, the Landmarks Club has been at work nearly a decade in actual preserving of them ; and this is the first time it has heard of Mr. Deakin as an arouser. He is one of the people to whom those who have heard of him feel grateful for his sincere interest and his faithful reproductions ; but to speak of him as *The Outlook* does is absurd.

As for the Camino Real, the precedence given him is more than absurd—it is particularly cruel ingratitude. The one person of whom such things have any right to be said in this connection is Miss Anna B. Picher, who took up this branch of the work as her share in the Landmarks movement ten years ago.

The Outlook article is as amateur in history as in appraisement. The lady holds that there were "Jesuit Missions in Southern California." She understands that the Franciscan Fathers taught the Californian Indians the art of basket making —an art which was old in California before Columbus was born, and which every Franciscan chronicler noted with wonder at his entrance to this country.

It may not be out of place to remark here that the Landmarks Club has in a decade expended more money and made more repairs for the preservation of the Missions than all other agencies put together in the last fifty years. It would be glad to welcome Mr. Deakin and Miss Bird to membership, which costs one dollar per year.

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BIG TREES AND LITTLE MEN.

The campaign to keep the Calaveras grove of Big Trees from being wiped off the slate by philistine "owners"—whom we do better not to blame too much, so long as there is enough philistine spirit in the American people, all and several, to Permit them—is no new thing. Speaker Henderson ante-natally smothered the excellent bill which would have saved to the future this magnificent heritage—not of California, but of the United States and of the world. The Sequoias do not vote; and it is not easy to get an appropriation for them. But they last longer than several hundred generations of voters; and somehow the sturdy fist of Uncle Sam should be able to get down into his plethoric pocket to save them from annihilation. The Outdoor Art League of California has been making a fine invasion of politicians in this behalf, and now the Outdoor President of the United States, who knows a Big Tree when he sees it—and *has* seen it—has shown his good round fist in a special message to Congress. This is the most hopeful phase yet. Everything seems to center in the willingness of Speaker Cannon to let the House say whether the very greatest thing that the United States has (that is liable to be lost), shall be saved. It is time for Californians—and for Americans everywhere—to Bear On with whatever efficacy they can, upon senators, congressmen, and other public men, to insure a fair hearing for this matter.

As for the claim of Millionaire Whiteside, of Minneapolis, who "owns" the grove, that he will not sell for $2,000,000—the gentleman probably does not realize what a figure he cuts. In the first place, not many years ago I believe it is of record that he was willing to sell for the tithe of this figure. In the second place, he knows that this grove is not worth one-twentieth of two million dollars, for the circular-saw value by which he reckons. The Redwood is a precious timber commercially, and enhances in value enormously; but the Big Tree is *not* commercial lumber; it makes grape-vine stakes, and that sort of thing. Its value is not in proportion to its size. The smaller trees of almost any sort fetch more per thousand feet. What it *is* worth, is as the biggest living thing on the face of God's footstool—and that is something that Mr. Whiteside can as little put in his pocket as God took pains to put it in his head.

We have too many laws; of which some are bad. There should be a law by which such universal property of every man, woman and child now extant, could be absolutely confiscated from the commercial clutch of the man who would knock down the Washington Monument and sell the stones, if he could find someone to sell them to. But in default of such a law, we can

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at least call for proceedings in condemnation, and buy Mr. Whiteside's grove at what business men are pleased to term a "fair compensation."

This is little, but it is the least we can do; and no American of any station can feel quite guiltless who shall have failed to do his utmost to secure, in the best way that we practically can, this result.

SPADES AND SPADES.

Down stairs, there are all sorts; but up in the Den, every book is worth reading—even the Dictionaries. "Interesting?" Why, Capt. John Stevens's Spanish-English Dictionary of 1706 is alive with the proverbial humor of both tongues; and Pineda is as rich. The first edition of Dr. Johnson's monumental work—the first *real* English dictionary—in its two huge folios of 149 years ago, is not only a course in English literature, but full of the human touch. For the Great Bear of English Letters knew what he thought, and why he thought so; and he made no bones of telling. His historic definitions of "Oats" and "Pension" are here, and many another frankness. It is a pity that he did not invent his other famous political definition in time for this first edition—indeed, it was twenty years before he gave Boswell the characteristic entry: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Even in 1755 and 1775 there were gentlemen willing to Serve their Country for What's In It.

Patriot Dietrich, U. S. Senator from Nebraska, is found not guilty—by a judge of his peers—because, if he did procure a postmaster to bribe him, he had not yet been sworn in as a Senator. He had been elected; he used his election to blackmail a minor office-seeker; but he escapes because he had not yet taken formal oath not to be a thief and scrub during the certain fixed time in which the law could cinch him if he Dietriched. He escapes the law, and the contempt of as many as are of his sort.

Ex-Congressman Driggs—and Dickens himself could not have hit better the name for the character—is less lucky. He was ten or fifteen minutes—or some equally important period—too late to share Dietrich's "vindication." He *had* been sworn in.

The Statute of Limitations saves the unabashed Perry S. Heath, Secretary of a national Committee, from danger of playing checkers with his nose; and he is not only Secure but Saucy. He evidently is unaware that while the police can't take him, We can. The Hannas just dote on him; but there are still some Americans. He is too petty a grafter to be remembered long, even by History—which has the longest memory allowed to humanity. But so long as Mr. Heath's name does mean anything, it will mean disgrace.

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As for the miserable Machen and the poor Postmaster-General —whom his name grossly flatters, since a Pain is something positive, while he is merely a sort of Gone Feeling in the Department—and all the other fish caught in the net, we shall never make a sillier mistake than to charge them up to Profit and Loss. They are not an incident but a type. They are not freaks but warnings. We may confidently expect their sort so long as we are accomplices. And we cannot expect always a president who holds that ethics are bigger than party, and that rascals should be run down even in the family.

The Lion is no partisan. He was born a Republican, and he still does business at the old stand—except when he has to shut up shop for a few days to avoid compounding a felony. But while there is room in America for several parties, there is room for only one America in any party; and that is Our America—a decent, manful and sober nation, kept clean by our insistence that public business must be held to the same standards of honesty and morals that we exact of the individual. It is time to break up what Calhoun called "the cohesive power of public plunder;" and the sticky persons above named are good to begin on.

THE RAG-BABY REPUBLIC.

No reasonable person needed the President's vigorous message as an assurance that he did not personally procure or foment the Panama "revolution," or "set up the game." His integrity, his scrupulous honor, his clean-handedness and sincerity are above suspicion. But the undisputable fact remains that the baker's dozen of conspiring promoters who scrambled a one-egg "republic" in their hat, like a stage magician (but with the important difference that their little fake was done behind the scenes); these rat-hole patriots who began their "republic" by bribing a traitor to sell out his country—these gentlemen never would have lifted a finger, if they had not been secure in advance that Uncle Sam would back them up. Why, the cholo police on the plaza would have "run in" their whole "republic," if our warships had not been on hand. The President is not easily fooled. He has the frontier eye and an alert nose. But he is not immune; and this time, the Lion feels that he has been buncoed "the limit."

More than two months ago we Recognized the Republic of Panama. The European nations (which are not Ogres, but human enough to like to see their pious neighbor with a drop too much), have generally lost no time in helping to shut behind us the door of our departure from republicanism. We have walked into their parlor, without even waiting to be invited. Who are they, that they should shoo us out? And after all this artificial inducement of respiration, the rag-doll republic shows some token of coming to life—at least, so much life as may be coddled along in the Protectorate incubator. The Republic has as yet no constitution, no president, no congress, no army, no navy—no nothing. But it can doubtless in time at-

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tract enough adventurers to fill the offices, anyhow—and that is about all that is needed. If there were People, besides, they would only be in the way.

Nothing more delicious can be conceived than the conviction of many of our statesmen that Colombia is a thief and a robber, who has tyrannized over poor little Panama. Thus folk-lore survives. Don't all Frenchmen Eat Frogs? Isn't John Bull well known across the Channel as a Bloody Beef-eater? Isn't every stranger Worse than We? "All the world's daft but me and thee, Ruth; and sometimes I think *thee's* a little queer." This is about the only blind side the Lion has ever been able to find in the man he loves and reveres; and it is the most dangerous fault of the American people. Why do we burn Niggers? Because they are black. Why do we rob and cheat Indians, mob Chinese, revile Mexicans, rabbit-hunt Filipinos, and look a little down on all other peoples, in direct ratio to our unfamiliarity with them? It is because, smart and learned and progressive and well-meaning as we are in most things, in this thing we are still as ignorant, as provincial, as superstitious and as brutal as the witch-burners of Salem or Senegambia.

The politics of Colombia are pretty bad. But the politics of Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, San Francisco, are just as corrupt, and just as oppressive. A man who travels with his eyes open finds that human nature is the same the world over; the superficial differences (which are all that superficial minds can see) are products of time and environment. The plea that we have intervened to save the bribe-givers of Panama from being misgoverned by the bribe-takers of Bogotá may fill the careless ear; but History will not even deign to smile its pity.

It is admitted, now, that the action of Recognizing Panama's Girdle, and making her Expectancy a voter before it was born, has no precedent in the history of nations. The Lion so stated two months ago; the President virtually admits as much now.

That arbitrary action was demanded by the "Interests of Civilization" is all the plea the conqueror or usurper would ever need; and historically, it has generally *been* his plea. But no pompous bubble of words was ever more effectively and conclusively pricked than Colombia officially pricked this. The gist of Colombia's reply is: "The interests of Civilization may require a canal across the Isthmus; but Civilization itself depends upon the observance of treaty obligations—the keeping of honor as between Nation and Nation." If "Civilization" is nothing but increased opportunity for the trader to Make Money, for the strong to take from the weak, then perhaps the first day on which the canal could be opened would be the chief question. But if Civilization has some little meaning to enable people to Live Better by practicing the rules of honor that obtain between man and man; if it means Right, not Might; if it means that every man and every nation, big or little, rich or poor, shall have justice—if Civilization means these things, the Panama business is a serious set-back. The "interests" of any decent Civilization can never be advanced by violating its principles.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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Not only is John Morley's *Life of Gladstone* unmatched among biographies so far written—it seems improbable that material, artisan and circumstance will again so perfectly combine. For, before the discriminating eye of a master in his craft there was spread without reserve the full record, public and private—reaching on the one side to the inmost arcana of "State Papers," and on the other to the most intimate personal diaries and correspondence—of a life devoted through sixty years and more to splendid service of the State—serving through a large part of the time as its foremost leader. This wealth of material, sufficient for a hundred volumes instead of three, lay at the disposal of a historian of rare power and grasp, himself a statesman of the larger mould and familiar with much of the ground to be traversed as none could be for whom it had not been the daily highway. Add the sympathetic insight resulting from years of close personal and political relation during which the younger man proudly followed the standard of his leader and so upheld his hands as to bring to the aged champion's diary this entry, "J. Morley . . . is on the whole . . . about the best stay I have"—and surely few critics have license to praise or dispraise the authoritative utterance which must follow. Yet, springing from that Methodist stock which is early trained to "bear testimony" for the sake of one's own spiritual welfare rather than because the truth needs confirmation, I may be forgiven for naming these volumes as the masterly handling of a noble subject. If Mr. Morley should erect no other *monumentum aere perennius*, this will suffice.

The three portly volumes avowedly form a political biography. They deal for the most part, that is to say, with Mr. Gladstone's share in making the law of the nation, in directing the finances of the nation, in shaping the policies of the nation and in piloting the opinion of the nation. In them are touched but lightly those activities as churchman, theologian and literary student and workman which were so dear to the many-sided statesman himself; and still more swiftly and briefly his personal relations with friends and family. None the less they fall not a whit short of displaying the whole man as he lived and walked and thought and spoke, in the days before "the world lost its greatest citizen." There has been no attempt to gloss his mistakes—the man who could write of a deliberate offer of his own, "I have difficulty at this date in conceiving by what obliquity of view I could have come to imagine that this was a rational or in any way excusable proposal," would have desired no less frankness from his biographer. Contemporaries are never drawn small in order that the hero of the tale may loom larger; nor are his life-long opponents, or those who found cause to part their ways from his after fighting under the same standard, depicted in lurid colors. This is as the knightly gentleman would have wished who urged upon himself the "studious desire to interpret the adversary in the best sense his words will fairly bear; to avoid whatever widens the breach; and to make the most of whatever tends to narrow it;" and upon others, "What is not needful, and is commonly

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wrong, is to pass a judgment on our fellow creatures. Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single man of which other men can have such a knowledge, in its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment upon it.'! If each painter of signboards upon the paths of the past would but abstain so carefully as has Mr. Morley from protesting that all other stars save those which beckon him are no better than deceptive marsh-lights, wayfarers upon historic trails would find less occasion for bewilderment.

There are a hundred passages which I should like to quote—such as the one (from a letter to Mrs. Gladstone) commencing " . . . man should beware of letting his religion spoil his morality;" or Spurgeon's letter to Gladstone ending with the sentence which many of us apply to a younger statesman of this latter day, "We believe in no man's infallibity, but *it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity*;" or the detail of the "great imperial occasion," when, while Hartington and Chamberlain were wavering, the undismayed veteran, past seventy-six and in the harness for more than half a century, was "prepared to go forward without anybody;" or the introductory phrases concerning the "great Christian" who "sedulously strove to apply the noblest moralities . . . to the affairs both of his own nation and of the commonwealth of nations." But I must rest content with a single paragraph from Mr. Morley's final judgment of his long-time leader:

> The more you make of his errors, the more is the need to explain his vast renown, the long reign of his authority, the substance and reality of his powers. We call men great for many reasons apart from service wrought or eminence of intellect or even from force and depth of character. To have taken a leading part in transactions of decisive moment; to have proved himself able to meet demands on which high issues hung; to combine intellectual qualities, though moderate yet adequate and sufficient, with the moral qualities needed for the given circumstance—with daring, circumspection, energy, intrepid initiative; to have fallen in with one of those occasions in the world that impart their own greatness even to a mediocre actor, and surround his name with a halo not radiating from within but shed upon him from without—in all these and many other ways men come to be counted great. Mr. Gladstone belongs to the rarer class who acquired authority and fame by transcendent qualities of genius within, in half independence of any occasions beyond those they create for themselves.

The Macmillan Co., New York. 3 volumes. $10.50 *net*.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

Probably there are forms of activity for which Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, sometime President of Brown University and now Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, is entirely competent; but the writing of history is not one of them. *The History of the United States in Our Own Time*, bearing his name on the title-page, is reasonably conclusive on that point. This is a large-octavo volume of more than 900 pages, and is offered as a minute and full history of this country from 1870 to 1903. It is recommended especially to "the world of readers," but "the student and the specialist" are assured that they will find it of great value as a work of reference. Now if collecting a great variety of facts of more or less consequence and stringing them together in reasonable order makes a history, this book is properly named. But it doesn't. At the very least there must be, in addition to accuracy in statement (for which Dr. Andrews must be given full credit), some sense of relative values—in which he appears to be singularly deficient. In other words he has not even the judgment to select discriminatingly, to say nothing of the higher faculty of digestion. He ignores wholly some subjects of the first importance; others he treats slightly and incompletely; while matters that interest him personally—such as the details of political conventions—are allowed to sprawl at full length over his pages. Now for the evidence.

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On the commercial and industrial side (to which particular attention is called by the publishers) I find no mention of the sugar-beet; nor of the oil-fields in Texas and California; nor of Cripple Creek—though its steady and enormous output of gold has been one of the decisive factors in settling that "silver question" which once pressed the thorny wreath of martyrdom upon Dr. Andrews' brow. There is nothing about copper-mining; nor about the spring-wheat of Minnesota and the Dakotas; nor about the oranges, the prunes and the raisins of California. Yet in each of these cases, the developments since 1870 have shifted the world's center of supply.

The National Irrigation Law is barely named, but not another line is given to irrigation, even when the growth of Mormonism is under consideration. Neither the Forest Reservations, nor the establishment of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone National Parks are named at all; no more is the Hague Conference, nor the part which this nation took in setting up the Hague Tribunal. Even stranger is the fact that while Cleveland's Venezuelan Message is dwelt upon at some length, not a word tells of the reference of the disputed question to arbitration nor of the final result.

It must be assumed that Dr. Andrews' mind is not an absolute blank as to educational progress, save as to the State institutions aided by government land grants—but the pages of his book are. Possibly some compensation may be found for its innocence as to Stanford, Johns Hopkins or the University of Chicago in the fine illustration on page 801, entitled "Superintendent of Schools Giving an Address, Washington's Birthday, 1902, Vigan, Ilocos." It is perhaps in accordance with the same law of compensation that there is not even a mention of the Congressional Library, or the Boston Public Library, but a soul-satisfying picture of "The House in Washington where the Pan-American Conference Held its Meetings." Likewise may the three lines given to the Apache campaigns be set off against four pages of discussion whether or not a disobedience of orders on General Custer's part was responsible for the Little Big Horn massacre

My notes show about three times as much more evidence of the same kind, but that already presented ought to convict. It is possible that I may have slipped, in some of my charges of omission. If so, the Index—about as poor a piece of work as I have ever seen held up for special admiration—is also at fault. Three specimens of Dr. Andrews' remarkable prose style may fitly close this comment.

"Night whelmed the city in Cimmerian darkness."

"Not only had Governor Hayes nothing to do with the origination of this embassage, but when it was in function. . . ."

"The fire demon subsided among the ruins, leaving ashes, heaps of *débris*, tortured iron work, and here and there an arch to tell of his orgy."

A fluent Sophomore in the University of Nebraska might be pardoned—with warning—for writing after this fashion. What shall one say of the taste and scholarship of the mature Chancellor who prefers so to express himself? Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5 *net*.

THE LIVES OF OUR LESSER KIN-FOLK.

"Magnificent" is the adjective which I should choose to apply to *The New Nature Library*, if limited to a single descriptive word. Considered as a whole, there is simply nothing else with which to compare it; taken volume by volume, I know of no other book which could replace any of these nine to the betterment of the series. In the mass, the variety and the accuracy of their information they are cyclopædic, and they are exhaustive even beyond the needs of any but special students. Due attention has been given, besides, to making them readable; and the illustrations, which include 250 colored plates, 400 reproductions of photographs from life, and 1,200 more, are quite beyond

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praise. If it were possible to criticise these books here in detail, it would be entirely unprofitable, since each is by an expert in its own field. Three of the series are by Neltje Blanchan—*Bird Neighbors*, *Nature's Garden*, and *Game Birds*—and it will interest some of those who mourn over the great sales of trashy novels to know that one of these sound and useful works is now in its fourteenth edition and its fifty-second thousand. The other titles and authors are as follows: *American Food and Game Fishes*, by David Starr Jordan and Barton Warren Evermann; *The Insect Book*, by Leland O. Howard; *Bird Homes*, by A. Radclyffe Dugmore; *American Animals*, by Witmer Stone and William Everett Cram; *The Mushroom Book*, by Nina L. Marshall; and *The Butterfly Book* (perhaps the most splendidly illustrated of them all) by W. J. Holland. For the benefit of any who think that scientific books are necessarily dull, I am tempted to quote the lamentable tale of the cockroach who acquired the tobacco habit, but must refer the curious to page 331 of *The Insect Book*.

Costly? On the other hand remarkably cheap by comparison with their value. Thirty dollars buys the entire series in good cloth binding, with a year's subscription to *Country Life in America* thrown in. *The Moth Book*, by Dr. Holland, will soon be added to the library, and the price will be raised to $36. To match the large word of praise introducing this brief comment, it may well end with another equally justified; for any public library, any school library, any private library which is intended to be generally useful and entertaining, this series is indispensable. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

PRYING INTO ANCESTRAL WARDROBES.

Another of those fascinating excursions upon unexpected byways of history to which Alice Morse Earle has accustomed us is now announced under the title, *Two Centuries of Costume in America*. Carlyle would have delighted in this book, and might very well have drawn upon it, had it been available, in the making of *Sartor Resartus*. Indeed, no one who truly is historically-minded can fail to appreciate the careful and scholarly research evidenced in these two beautiful volumes and to enjoy and profit by its results. Mrs. Earle has shown in previous books rather remarkable skill in enlivening and enriching her subject with matters brought from far afield, yet strictly pertinent. Hence it is not surprising to find that while she is primarily considering how people dressed and looked between 1620 and 1820, she is also throwing cunning and interpreting sidelights on their thought and character and action. By such slight touches she often succeeds in making the reader realize with a start how very much alive these men and women really were who have been so very dead for so very long. Here is a brief quotation to that point:

> On the Fourth of July, 1776, the day whereon Thomas Jefferson signed that great creation in the formation of which his brain had such a part—the Declaration of Independence; on that ever-to-be-remembered day of days of his whole life, his sole entry in his day-book and in his own "Signer's" hand is this item: "For Seven pair of Women's Gloves, 20 shillings."
>
> Thus does a woman's glove lie lightly, yet close to the tremendous document which changed the fate of nations, yes—of the whole world.

I should like to quote the whole of the dedication, itself quoted from words written almost three centuries ago, but must be content with the opening sentence. It is addressed to, and has been well earned by, George P. Brett, the head of the company which publishes these volumes.

> *An honest Stationer (or Publisher) is he, that exerciseth his Mystery (vvhether it be in printing, bynding or selling of Bookes) vvith more respect to the glory of God & the publike aduantage than to his ovvne Commodity & is both an ornament & a profitable member in a ciuill Common-vvealth.*

The illustrations are profuse and of rare interest, being largely from

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portraits. The choicest of them all, to my personal taste, is that of William Penn in his youth—a sunny-faced, clear-eyed, handsome lad he was, to be sure. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 *net.*

PROMOTED BEFORE IT WAS READY.

The matter in Katherine Chandler's *Habits of California Plants* originally appeared as a series of articles upon the Children's Page of the Sunday *Chronicle.* For that purpose it was excellent, containing many interesting observations upon plant-life and being well calculated to interest its young readers in finding out the Hows and the Whys; nor will it injure any casual elderly readers. But—since accuracy is the first duty of a text-book—it needed more careful revision than it has received, before promotion to that exacting degree. Perhaps the gravest mistake is one which the author seems to have made deliberately. Desiring to impress her readers with the individuality of the plants, she attributes perception, choice and will to them, as in the following: "The Iris is a great lover of beauty and so centuries ago she developed these gorgeous sepals from the plain green ones, just as women today wear more beautiful gowns than the first women of the world did." This might do for a sort of science fairy-story; it is not less than immoral in a text-book seriously designed to open the eyes of children to the wonderful truths that lie everywhere about them, because it is not true at its most vital points—the How and the Why. Again, a book which lays stress on the importance of learning correct botanical names should not give incorrect "popular" ones, without a warning, as is repeatedly done here. To specify, *Sidalcea malvæflora* is not a "hollyhock;" *Eriogonum* is not "buckwheat;" the yellow *Mimulus* is not a "snapdragon;" the "sun-cup" is not a "cowslip." And, finally, some of Miss Chandler's word-derivations are certainly wrong, while others are very doubtful. *Trichocarpa* does not mean "fruit divided into three halves," but "hairy-fruited;" *Juniperus* is not "from the Celtic meaning 'rough' or 'rude,'" but traces to the Latin, *juvenis + parere*, and means "evergreen;" *Alnus* (the alder) is not "from a Celtic word meaning 'near the river,'" but from a root, meaning "to grow," which can be traced clear down to the Indo-Germanic subsoil, and back through half a score of divergent shoots to the surface of modern language. If *Quercus* is truly from the Celtic for "a fine tree," I am wholly unable to find any evidence pointing that way.

It is an ungrateful duty to find fault with a book offered so modestly as this one. Yet it ought not to be adopted for school use except after revision. Educational Publishing Co., San Francisco. $1.

CONSERVATIVE ANSWERS TO RADICAL QUESTIONS.

Geo. L. Bolen qualifies himself to write upon *Getting a Living*, "The Problem of Wealth and Poverty—of Profits, Wages and Trade Unionism," as follows:

> The author's experience has been varied—in over three unbroken years of child labor, beginning at eleven; in failing and succeeding as employer and employe, in the latter capacity in several occupations; in small industries and large; in striking and being struck against; in North and South, in primitive country districts, in the large cities, and at great mines; in circumstances of special application to socialistic discussion, such as close taxing of strength, as being held until middle life at work not the most suitable, and as general non-realization so far of hopes ordinarily deemed commendable.

The purpose of the book is to present a "connected and somewhat complete view . . . of the many economic divisions of the great problem of labor and life," in form available for the average intelligent citizen. I seriously question whether many average citizens will dig through the more than 750 pages which confront them here. Whoever does will find evidence of extended reading, careful and conservative thought, and a genuine purpose to be non-partisan. The Macmillan Co., New York. $2 *net.*

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LAYING AN AXE TO THE ROOT.

Louis F. Post's *Ethics of Democracy* is made up for the most part of his editorial utterances in that exceedingly stimulating weekly, *The Public*. The corner-stones of Mr. Post's economic and political temples are, that justice is the primary law of human relation; that self-government is the only good government, whether for nation, community, or individual; that all privileged monopoly exists in defiance of justice and denies equality of opportunity; that all economic and political evils may be traced either to actual possession of privileged monopoly or to the attempt to gain it; hence, that the absolute and final cure for all such ills lies only in the abolition of all unjust privilege. Being an ardent disciple of Henry George, Mr. Post finds that all dangerous monopolies take root in the private ownership of "land," including under that term air, water, coal, and "every natural thing that man needs." (Perhaps it would be more correct to say that believing this, he is a follower of George.) One need not agree with the author in this—or for that matter in any other one of his final conclusions—to enjoy and profit by his clear-cut thought, his fearless speech, his trenchant criticism and his lofty ideals. Moody Publishing Co., New York. $2 *net*.

A TALE OF TENDER TWINING.

When *A Southern Girl*, "clad in a white Swiss gown, her fluffy hair in two plaits, tied at the ends with pink ribbons, hanging down her back below her waist," turns "her great lustrous, sympathetic eyes" upon "the pale and classic face of the young hero," who later appears to have been tall, slender, straight and graceful with a voice exquisitely clear and musical, it is easy to foresee that she will presently become "a tender vine twining itself about the sturdy oak of his manhood." What chance has her other suitor, banker though he be and favored by her father, even though she had not "learned that he was immoral and untruthful, and a miser, and that he was a small-souled, narrow-minded, vicious money lender, without mercy, generosity or a noble impulse?" Yet the father, blind as fathers are wont to be—ungenerously blind, considering that his son-in-law-to-be had accommodated him in emergency with a flask of brandy, a dozen cigars and a hundred dollars—declines to be reconciled until three years after the vine-and-oak twining has commenced. By that time the oak has extracted a little matter of a million dollars, out of the circumambient atmosphere, and, by relieving the stern father in a more serious emergency—if anything *can* be more serious than total and simultaneous failure in the supply of wet-goods, tobacco and money—proves that he was not the wrong Mr. Jones after all. The Whitaker-Ray Co., San Francisco. $1.25.

"BEWARE OF VIDDERS."

Perhaps the most flavorsome bit in Volume IX of *The Phillipine Islands* (which covers the period between 1593 and 1597) is a complaint of Gomez Perez Dasmariñas, "knight of the order of Sanctiago, governor and captain-general of Luson," in the course of a letter to King Felipe II. He narrates that certain widows and minors "with incomes of more than four or five thousand pesos" have recently married young men of no particular consequence, thereby "defrauding several very honorable and worthy captains and soldiers." The Governor is convinced that "this abuse will result in the complete destruction of this country, and the discouragement of its soldiers and conquistadors," unless it is remedied by providing that such marriages shall not be made without permission of his Majesty. The "Chinese question" was almost as troublesome then as it has since become under other skies, and the soldiers of Japan looked as threatening from the Manila of those days as they do

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from, say, Port Arthur, in 1904. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O. Complete in 55 volumes; $4 per volume *net.*

The same publishers announce another historical series of much importance, consisting of annotated reprints of selected volumes of travel in the western part of this country between 1748 and 1846. Most of the originals are rare and many of them are now practically inaccessible to students. Dr. Thwaites's name as editor is sufficient guarantee for the thorough scholarship of the work. The series will be completed in 31 volumes, will be limited to 750 numbered sets, and will be sold at $4 per volume.

FROM DANTE TO D'ANNUNZIO.

The Great Poets of Italy was written in the first place avowedly for the enlightenment of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. With two additional chapters, and "extensive changes," Professor Oscar Kuhns now offers it to the general public. It will be thoroughly useful to those whom it fits, though serious students will hardly turn to it. The author does not escape the danger of incautious generalizing. Here is an instance:

> War, famine, pestilence, oppression, had made life to the men of the Middle Ages a long pilgrimage over a dreary desert. They turned their eyes to the world to come, seeking there a reward and comfort for their present sorrows. St. Bernard expressed the feeling of all his contemporaries in the well-known hymn:
>
> Brief life is here our portion,
> Brief sorrow, short-lived care.

The sufficient comment on this is that some of these contemporaries were the Troubadours, at the very apex of their gay and gallant minstrelsy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $2 *net.*

COMMON-SENSE TRAINING IN ENGLISH.

Book Two of *Everyday English*, by Jean Sherwood Rankin, more than fulfills the promise of the first volume—indeed it comes very near to being an ideal text-book in a subject which has been habitually mishandled about as badly as possible. It is intended for the grammar-school grades, but could be safely prescribed to the great majority of persons who consider themselves "advanced" far beyond that stage. Indeed, I am inclined to think that its primary value lies in the light which it will throw into the minds of such teachers as do not pride themselves on keeping their minds hermetically sealed. More than that, the rare taste with which Mrs. Rankin has selected her quotations, both prose and poetry, and the condensed sanity of her general speech make the book thoroughly interesting to any discriminating reader. A little blot, but a glaring one, is "broncho" twice in a sentence. A lady so economical with letters as to write "thru" and "thoro" should certainly not toss "h's" carelessly in, where they never did belong. Educational Publishing Co., San Francisco. 60 cents.

No. III in the "Artistic Crafts and Series of Technical Handbooks is *Wood-Carving: Design and Workmanship*, by George Jack. This lies wholly beyond my radius of action; but a friend who does know this field reports the book to be "quite complete and satisfactory in matters of workmanship, tools, handling, methods and technique, proving the author to be a thorough craftsman. It is less satisfactory educationally, as failing to present a convincing sequence of lessons, leading from the simple to the complex; and narrowed in matters of design by the author's marked preference for mediæval work, particularly of the early English type." D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.40 *net;* postage, 14 cents.

The same authority reports concerning a pamphlet on Chip Carving, offered by the Art Craft Supply Co., of Chicago: "Superficial from all points of view. Neither artistic, educational nor practical. I am unable to discover anything commendable in it."

The letters written by Count von Bismarck to his wife during the Franco-Prussian war, with a few others which did not appear in the volume published a few years ago, are now given to the public. They differ in no essential respect from those already printed, and show the Iron Chancellor in distinctly undress uniform. Words of affection and care for

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wife and sons, enquiries about smoked goose-breast, mention of a time when "all his thoughts were directed upon Grätzer beer," and the like, are mingled with comment and information about matters of the gravest international importance. The phrase of the most interest to some curious minds will be this: " . . . the enclosed flowers (Blüte, I never wrote the word, has it an h?)." Flowers, evidently, had not much caught the vision of the man of blood and iron. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1 *net.*

It is asserted (by the publishers) of Tilden Tilford's *Butternut Jones* that, "The wild, free life of the western plains has not been dealt with more sympathetically or in a more truly artistic manner since the early writings of Bret Harte." The story will serve for an idle hour as well as some others; but if Poker Flat and Roaring Camp were ever on "the western plains," they have removed in these degenerate days. And why drag in Bret Harte any way? "The best story of Texans, by a Texan, and for Texans, ever written" would be a description quite as inviting to purchasers and less open to challenge. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Limanora: The Island of Progress, though cast in the mould of fiction, is in fact a long and serious study of the possibilities of human development. From the "Island of Progress," many centuries ago, all under-average persons, whether their deficiency was physical, mental or moral, were driven out, and the community set itself consciously to work to "perfect the breed." How far and in what ways it was successful is told at great length and in careful detail. The name on the title page is "Godfrey Sweven." But if the author was not H. G. Wells, that gentleman has a mental twin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

To those who still burn incense at the ancient shrine of Pan and Juno, Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco, offer, at 25 cents each, *The Temptation of Saint Valentine* and *A Vacant Valentine*, both written and designed by W. S. Wright; also an ingenious and amusing little fortune-telling book, at 50 cents. Last season's valentines are offered at reduced prices. Possibly some of those which were sent last year could now be bought from their recipients at prices even more reduced.

Excellently named, and excellently told is *Merry Hearts*, by Anne Story Allen. It deals with some chapters in the experience of a pair of "bachelor maids"—a miniature-painter and a story-writer—in New York. The Lady of the Cabbage-patch gained her extensive calling-list on deserts no better, at least, than those of these Ladies of the Palette and Pen. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 75 cents.

Copies of the elaborate, extended and carefully prepared Bulletin of the Weather Bureau on the *Climatology of California* can be obtained from the California Promotion Committee, of San Francisco, at the price fixed by the Government—fifty cents. This is only a fraction of the cost of its mechanical production, and a smaller fraction of its value.

The stories by Charles Battell Loomis, collected under the title of *Cheerful Americans* are up to that cheerful gentlemen's cheerful standard. Which is as much as to say that they are diverting and may be safely guaranteed to do no injury to the tenderest digestion. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25 *net.*

Dr. Jordan's essay on *California and the Californians*, first appearing in the Atlantic Monthly, and his paper on *The Alps of the Kings-Kern Divide*, contributed to this magazine, now appear together in an attractive little book. The Whitaker-Ray Co., San Francisco. 50 cents *net.*

Comedies in Miniature are light, but brilliant. They make entertaining reading and are said by some who ought to know to be excellent for amateur presentation on the amateur stage. Mrs. Margaret Cameron, of Oakland, is the author. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Zoölogy: Descriptive and Practical, by Buel P. Colton, is a text-book from a man with experience at both teaching and writing. Such cautious nibbles as I have made at various points returned the proper flavor. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $1.50.

In *Some Famous American Schools*, Oscar Fay Adams describes nine of the better known preparatory schools of the United States. Place is given for one representative from California—the Belmont School. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $1.20 *net.*

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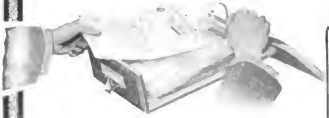

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A Three-Story Rose Tree. *Photo by O. T. Tucker, San José*
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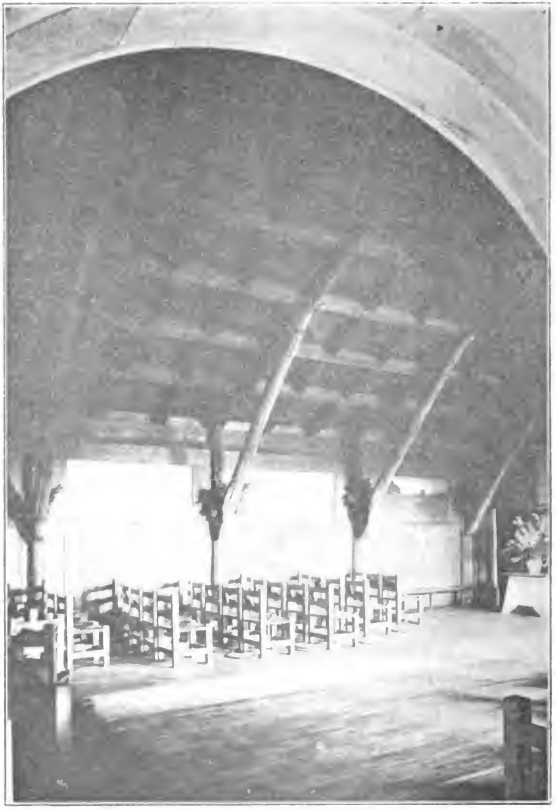

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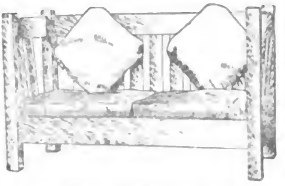

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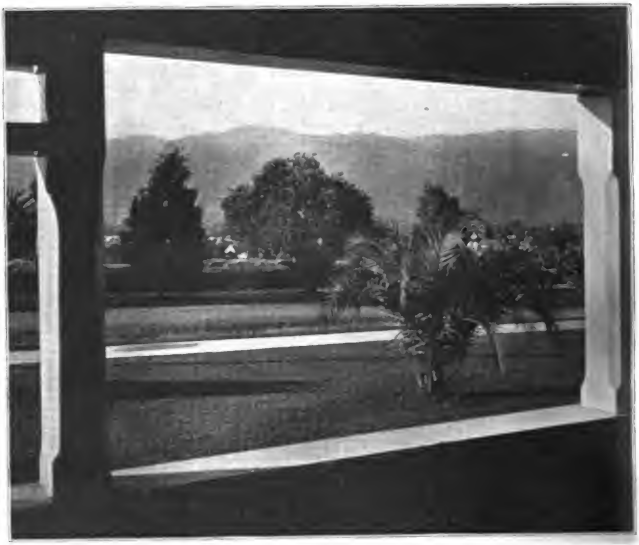

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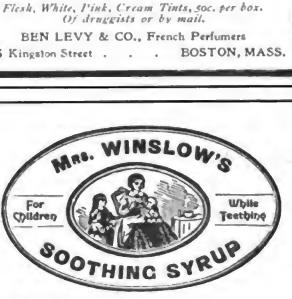

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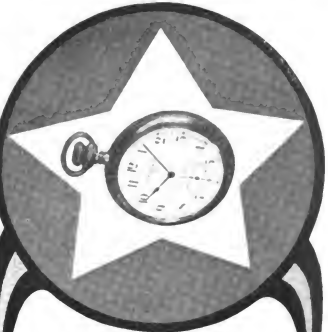

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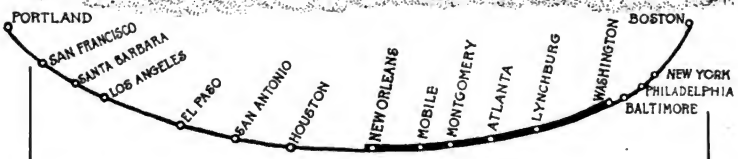

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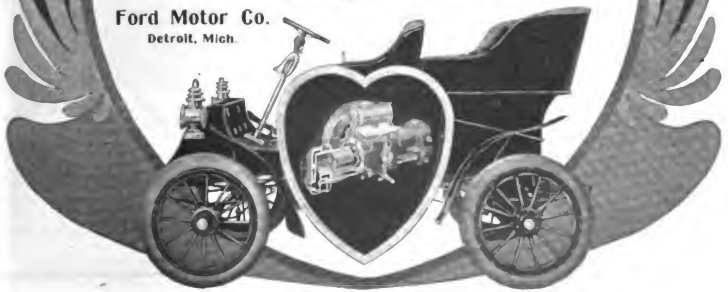

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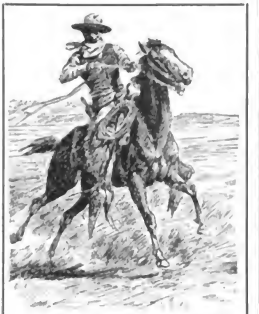

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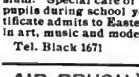

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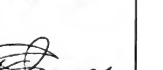

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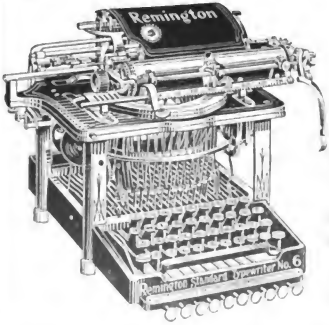

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ABOVE THE CLOUDS—WILSON'S PEAK.

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Formerly
The Land of Sunshine

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.

OUT WEST

Vol. XX, No. 3. MARCH, 1904.

THE DISPOSITION OF THE NATION'S TIMBER LAND.

By FRANK HAINES LAMB.

THE Puritan of 1620 had to overcome nearly the same obstacles that today confront the intending homesteader along parts of our Pacific Coast. In order to secure ground for his cabin and garden, he must enter a wilderness of timber, and at great expense of time and energy, cut, burn or destroy the virgin forest, using the best for his cabin and outbuildings, and consigning the balance to the flames. So it was in New England and through the Middle Atlantic States as far west as the Mississippi. Beyond that to the foot of the Rockies stretch the great prairies, nearly destitute of all forest growth excepting along the larger streams. Here, the settler could plow his virgin land, and plant his crops where the year before the buffalo ranged. The course of emigration westward across the Rockies and their interior valleys met little obstruction from a heavy forest growth. Across the arid plains of Nevada and the Indian fastnesses of Idaho and Eastern Oregon, it poured down to the shores of the Pacific, drawn by the gold of the days of '49 and permanently held by the broad expanses of fertile grain and fruit lands, and the wealth of the forest covering the coast-range slopes of California, Oregon and Washington.

The Coast Range mountains, starting from the foot of Mount St. Elias in Southeastern Alaska, follow the mainland coast line (at an average distance of about 100 miles) from British Columbia to the international line; thence southward through

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Washington to the Columbia River. South of the Great Pass of the Columbia the mountains divide into two ranges—the Cascades on the east and the Coast Range on the west, with the Pacific breaking at its base. Between them lies the valley of the Willamette. In Southern Oregon the two ranges again merge into that chaotic volcanic group which has Shasta as a culminating point. From the glaciers of Shasta spring the northern waters of the great central valley of California, the Sacramento from the north and the San Joaquin from the south alike finding an outlet to the ocean through the Golden Gate. On the east, the mountains become the Sierra Nevada, while the Coast Ranges on the west are broken into innumerable lesser mountain ranges. At Tehachepi Pass the mountains again unite to form the various connected ranges of Southern California.

Sweeping northward in the cold waters of the Pacific along the coast of Japan and Siberia, then turning southwards in the Behring Sea along the west coast of Alaska, British Columbia and the Pacific States, is the warm, moisture-laden Kuro Siwo —the Japanese current. Its clouds, laden with fog and rain, are first precipitated upon the western flank of the Coast Ranges, causing heavier rainfall than in any portion of North America; ranging from over 100 inches at the entrance of Puget Sound to less than 25 inches at San Francisco, and diminishing gradually until at San Diego it is less than 10 inches. About Puget Sound these rain clouds travelling inland are further precipitated on the interior ranges and western flanks of the Cascades, so that the region east of the Cascades and extending to the Rockies receives an average rainfall of less than 10 inches.

The entire area watered by the Kuro Siwo is covered with a wealth of coniferous forests exceeding any other portion of the globe; not only does it surpass any other region in the number of valuable species, but in area, productivity, and economic value. The density of the forests of this region depends directly upon the amount of the rainfall and the mildness of the winters; so that the tide-lands and contiguous territory from the entrance of Puget Sound to the mouth of the Columbia carry the heaviest and most uniform forest of any portion of the Pacific Northwest. North, south and east from this area, as the climate becomes more rigorous and the rainfall diminishes, the forest becomes less dense and uniform.

The United States Government acquired title to the lands of California by the treaty with Mexico in 1848. The lands of Washington and Oregon were acquired by discovery, the Astoria settlement and treaty with England in 1846. The methods by which this vast territory of timbered land has so

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far been disposed of by the Government form the most interesting chapter in the history of the public domain.

In the first place, all national legislation directly affecting our forests has been aimed at disposing of the forests without reward to the Government rather than at their conservation and sale at a proper value. Excepting the large railroad and private land grants, made through special enactments of Congress, and the large number of special grants to the Western States for schools, colleges and public buildings, the bulk of the public domain has been disposed of by cash sales at the rate of $1.25 and $2.50 per acre, or by the various Acts known as the "Homestead," "Pre-emption," "Mineral," "Timber Culture," "Desert

BOOM LOGS ON SAMANISH RIVER. *Photo by the Kinsey Studio*

Land," and "Timber and Stone Land Acts." The ostensible object of these was to give to every citizen of the country 160 acres of public lands in return for residence or for certain improvements made upon the land.

The mineral and desert land acts have but little reference to the timbered portion of the Pacific Northwest. Since the repeal of the Act allowing cash purchase of surveyed and unoccupied land at the rate of $1.25 per acre, or at $2.50 if the land was within the granted or indemnity limits of any railroad or other corporation, the only method by which title could be secured to public timbered land was by the Homestead, Pre-emption and Timber Land Acts. The pre-emption law allowed any citizen who had not previously taken advantage of

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By permission SKID ROAD AMONG WASHINGTON CEDARS AND FIR. *Copyrighted by B. H. Kinsey*

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the provision of the Act to secure title to 160 acres of any land, timbered or agricultural, by the payment of $1.25 an acre, and by fourteen months' residence upon the land. Since the repeal of this law in 1891 only the Homestead and Timber Land Acts remain to the individual in acquiring title to public timber lands. This is excepting the many subsidiary Acts making private grants, donation claims and the many varieties of "lieu certificates" or "scrip" issued to states, individuals and corporations in return for land which had been granted at one time or another, but which for various reasons could not be deeded to the grantor. This scrip many years ago became an object of speculation, and has been used by corporations for acquiring

SKAGIT RIVER NEAR MARBLEMOUNT. *Photo by the Kinsey Studio*

title to all kinds of public lands, especially the valuable timber lands of the Pacific Northwest.

The Homestead Act was framed in 1862, when the great treeless prairies of the Middle West were being opened to settlement. It was designed to give citizens an opportunity of obtaining a home upon no other condition than residence upon the land, and cultivation of the same for a period of five years. The Act gives to each person properly qualified, who has fulfilled the terms of the law, patent to 160 acres. The sections of the Act and the regulations of the General Land Office prescribe what the cultivation shall consist of, and what improvements, in the form of buildings and fences, must be made. The requirements of residence vary greatly with the domestic status

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of the "homesteader." A bachelor, who finds it necessary to work outside of his claim for a portion of the year, is granted more leniency than a man with a family, who should be able to make a living from his claim. The primary object of the law was to encourage immigration, to make citizens of the best of the immigrants, and to give to each, at a minimum of cost, a tract of land from which he can earn a living, and which, in a few years will be likely to place him in independent financial circumstances.

CUTTING A FIR TREE, OREGON. *Photo by J. F. Ford*

We can find no fault with the spirit and proper application of this Act as applied to the treeless prairies of the Middle West and the great Northwest. The Government is then giving away only the land; in return for which, in each case, a new homestead is established, immigration is increased, the surplus of population in our cities is transferred to the soil, and land that was hitherto unproductive is now made to add to the nation's wealth.

Let us imagine on the other hand the application of this law to the timber regions of Western Oregon and Washington. Here every acre contains a growth of virgin timber yielding from 25,000 to 100,000 feet, board measure, and, in its present condition, worth from $10 to $20 per acre. Apply our homestead laws, with the regulations which were prescribed for the treeless prairie, to such a region as this, and what is the result? The government gives away 160 acres of the most valuable timber on the continent. The claim is ostensibly taken by the homesteader in order that he may use the land for agricultural purposes. Perjurers and suborners of perjury are made of each homesteader and his witnesses, because they know that the mature timber now standing on the land is worth much more than the land can ever yield under the plow. In fact, nine out of every ten homesteaders are absolutely unable to comply with the provisions of the homestead law. The very law itself

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At the Edge of the Timber. *Photo by B. C. Collier*

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"Walking Dudley," Simpson's Camp.

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drives the claimants to burning and destroying the timber in order to place the stipulated number of acres in cultivation. Fire and the axe are applied and what little clearing is made costs the homesteader in labor from $100 to $200 per acre. Very few make even a pretence of making a clearing, and while they do not comply with the law, they are complying with the dictates of common sense.

The homesteader's first duty is the building of a cabin and the cutting of a trail to his home in the woods; then he brings his wife and children to maintain his residence while he seeks work in the town in order to support them. A few weeks of

ROAD ENGINE, NEAR OLYMPIA. *Photo by B. C. Collier*

each year he devotes to slashing, and, at the end of five years, if no one contests him, he obtains his patent. Then the claim is either sold for the timber which has survived the "improvements" required by law, or the homesteader abandons his claim for a more congenial habitation, hoping that in time he may be repaid for his five years of trouble and expense by the sale of the timber, which he has obtained from the government on the plea that he was obtaining valuable agricultural land.

I have travelled through these grand forests and have seen homesteading in every phase. I have seen the fire of a summer's slashing rising above the treetops and filling the whole region with smoke Again, I have ridden through whole townships of

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what was once the finest timber, but which has been burned and destroyed by one of these slashing fires that has got beyond control. I have talked with the homesteaders, their wives and children, and have heard from them their story of isolation from civilization, of their desire to escape from their claim. Happy to them is the day of "proving up," when they can henceforth feel that they can leave their backwoods cabin without its being contested. I have ridden through these same forests, have seen a tumble-down cabin, perhaps a weed-grown garden spot, and all about the improvements that the homestead law insists that the homesteader must make. The land that was given to him for a home has either been abandoned or his title has been obtained.

The Timber Land Act of June 3rd, 1878, was the first law to

A Camp Team.

recognize the value of the standing timber as distinct from the soil. It provided that land more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes could be secured by the citizen at the rate of $2.50 per acre for areas not exceeding 160 acres to each individual. The law provided that the person so obtaining title must satisfy himself, and so testify, that the land bears no precious minerals, and is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes. Before final proof can be made he must procure two witnesses, who have personally examined the land and will testify to these statements.

We cannot find fault with the law in so far as it recognizes that the standing timber has a value apart from the land; but its minor provisions are so absurd and uncalled for that they serve only to make perjurers. Furthermore, the price demanded

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for the timber is, nine times out of ten, but a fraction of its value, while in other places it is more than its worth; and in cases where the timber is in actual demand, it leads to an appropriation of public property without compensation.

The necessity for some preservation of the timber on the National Domain led to the formation of a series of Forest Reservations. The authority for the establishment of a reservation and the definition of its boundaries was granted to the President by the Act of March 3rd, 1891. To date, forty-one forest reservations aggregating 46,410,209 acres have been formed. These vast areas are located from the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains westward to the Pacific Ocean. Those of Oregon, Washington and part of California were formed in order to conserve vast tracts of standing timber that were being

SLOW BUT SURE.

taken up by corporations. Many of the other reservations of the Rocky Mountain regions were formed in order to conserve standing timber which had a great local demand, principally for mining purposes; while the other reservations in California and the states of the Southwest were formed to protect the headwaters of rivers and streams which, in their lower courses, were used, or would sometime be used, for irrigating the many thousand acres of so-called "desert lands," unproductive only because of the lack of water. Under a system of irrigation these lands are the most productive of any in our country.

Included in the majority of these forest reservations were great tracts consisting of the odd-numbered sections granted to the transcontinental railroads as a bonus for construction—in many cases a grant including every odd-numbered section within

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fifty miles of each side of the track. Properly to accomplish the object of the formation of the forest reserve, it was argued that it would be necessary for the government to hold title to the entire area included within a reservation. To facilitate the exchange of these previous grants back to the government the Act of June 4, 1897, was passed. This allowed any individual, corporation or State owning land within a forest reservation to deed it back to the United States, receiving in lieu therefor a certificate or "scrip" that could be applied to the acquisition of any unreserved public land, either surveyed or unsurveyed.

Quick advantage was taken of such a measure, and thousands of acres of worthless sage-brush lands of the Southwest or

A Little Fir. *Photo by Kinsey Studio*
(321 feet long, 10 feet diameter.)

Rocky Mountains, or even broad expanses that had been stripped of standing timber and later included within the boundaries of a forest reservation, were deeded back to the government, and scrip taken in exchange. This could then be used to get title to the heavily timbered and very valuable lands of California, Oregon and Washington.

No greater fraud was ever perpetrated upon the government. The forest reserves suddenly became popular. Dozens were petitioned for where there existed large grants of relatively worthless lands—the owner hoping, through the formation of a forest reservation, to be able to exchange his brush-land holdings for the best timber still remaining to the government.

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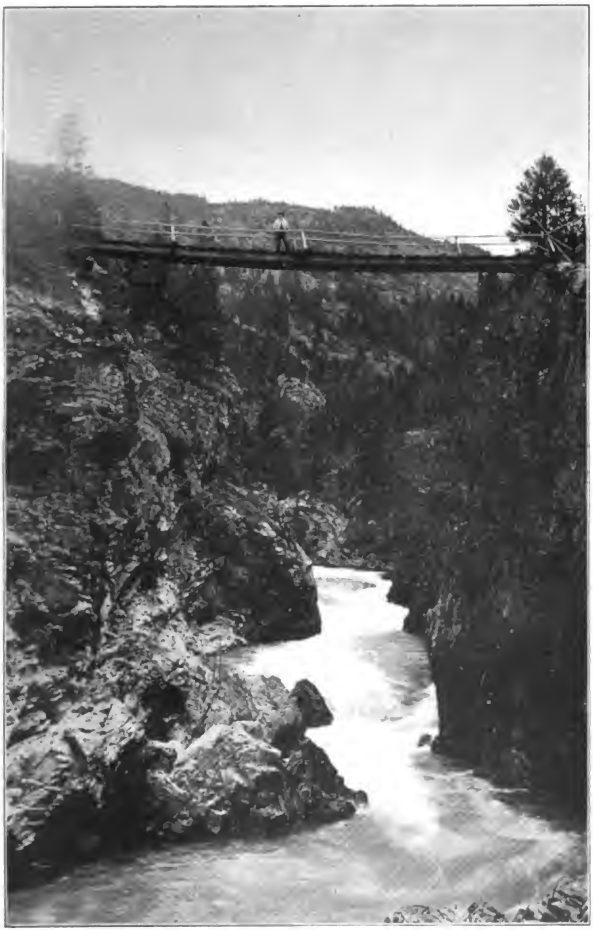

PONY BRIDGE OVER SKAGIT RIVER CAÑON. *Photo by the Kinsey Studio*

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Large logging companies in the State of Washington exchanged their stump lands within the Olympic Reservation for heavily timbered lands of the public domain, practically obtaining 320 acres at the price of 160. Senators and Representatives were aware of these frauds and some were indirectly reaping the benefits of the transactions. Forest Reserve Scrip became an object of speculation, purchasable in any quantity from forty acres upwards, and at prices ranging from $3 to $5 per acre. Thousands of private claims within the reservations of the Southwest, not worth ten cents an acre, were deeded back to the government, and the scrip obtained sold for $3 per acre at least. On October 1, 1900, the application of this scrip was restricted to surveyed lands.

By June 30, 1901, forest lieu land selections numbering 4,231 and aggregating 892,509 acres had been made, and at that time applications for forest reserves aggregating over 54,000,000 acres had been received, a very large part of the odd-numbered sections of which had previously been granted to railroads and other corporations. Continual advocacy of the repeal of the Act allowing lieu selections of forest reserve lands being of no avail, the Commissioner of the General Land Office has been forced to withhold from the President further recommendations for additional reservations. Many are very badly needed to conserve both timber and water. One or two have been created lately which included only the lands not previously granted.

Our land laws, in order to serve the best interests of the community and the individual, should be so amended, that, where public land has a forest cover of sufficient value to counterbalance its immediate usefulness as agricultural land, it should be withheld from entry, and its timber should be treated as the property of the United States. In deciding whether land is more valuable for its timber than for agricultural purposes, witnesses and applicants for land should not be depended upon, since their testimony is guided only by personal interests. The national government should survey its own land ; and, at the same time, commissioners should decide upon those areas which should be thrown open to entry for homesteading, and which are more valuable for their timber. The latter should remain the property of the government until there arises a demand for its timber and this is removed.

Furthermore, all such lands should be placed under the supervision of a proper Forestry administration, whose duty it shall be to guard all timber from fire and depredation. In short, as soon as circumstances permit, it should be placed under such forestry methods as have been found to succeed best in other

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BRIDGE ON "GOAT TRAIL," SKAGIT RIVER CAÑON. *Photo by the Kinsey Studio*

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countries and at the same time are adapted to our own local conditions.

In removing the timber from government land, the stumpage rights should be sold to the highest bidder, who shall work under the special regulations prescribed by the forestry laws. These should be so formulated that the timber will be removed with the greatest economy to the timber crop and the least injury to the young growth. After harvesting the primeval forest crop, the land should be further inspected, and if found to be more fit for agricultural purposes than for growing a permanent timber crop, it should be thrown open for entry under the homestead laws. On the other hand, if the land is of little value for agricultural purposes, or if it is necessary to keep it under a forest cover, owing to climatic conditions or the exigencies of water supply, it should become a part of the national forest reserve and be placed under such a system as will best insure its increase in value as a permanent producer of timber crops.

Hoquiam, Wash.

THE PINES.

By BLANCHE TRASK.

OH! that strange solemn line
  Of the pines on the hill!
  Where the wind at his will,
Where the wind at his will——

Be he tender and kind,
  Or wild and o'erbold;
At one with the sun,
  Or in league with the cold——
* * * *

I climbed the long ridge
  Which leads to the hill,
And I saw the great trees there
  Bend to his will!

Tall, stately and grand—
  I saw the tears shine,
As they drank his fresh breath
  Like the rarest of wine.

The sun, a burnt ship,
  Sank at last in the West;
And then for a moment
  Each pine seemed at rest.

I ran down the wild ridge,
  And I thought—can it be
That the heart of a woman
  Bides in the pine tree?

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MINING 350 YEARS AGO.

By CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

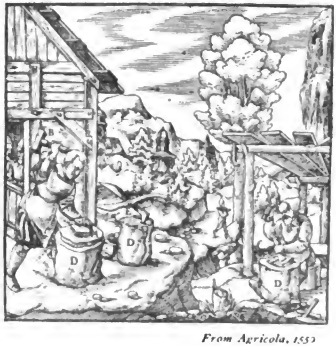
III.

THE first *big* mining done by modern men—and the biggest mining, in many ways, ever done by any men—was that of California in

"The days of old, the days of gold,
The days of 'Forty-nine."

Never before nor since have so many so well educated men personally conducted pick and shovel. Never before nor since have so many doctors, lawyers, farmers, ministers, clerks, merchants, officials, and Elder Sons so "humped themselves" in the one behalf that comes next to Death as a Leveller. Never before nor since has an equal number of men in the same time taken so much wealth from the Earth's compassionate bowels. In 1852 the gold output of California was $85,000,000; and the total population (of which not one-half was engaged in gold-mining) did not exceed 280,000. This proportion has never been rivalled; almost certainly, it never can be rivalled again.

Yet if we remember that these Mighty Americans, in all the glow of their new stithy, took some years to graduate from gold-pan to rocker, from rocker to Long Tom, from Long Tom to sluice-box, perhaps it may help us toward the only virtue Americans need to learn—Humility—to note also that about four centuries ago all these devices were in active use among the Furriners who had by then hardly heard of such a place as America. The gold-pan—the only form of "washing" which our California Argonauts spontaneously adopted (from the Mexicans on the spot)—is of unknown antiquity. The "rocker," to which they came by stages, is only less ancient. The Long Tom, which was such a triumph in practice, and so revolutionary in the sociology of the State that a Harvard historian turns an epochal paragraph on it—well, it was in use in the Dark Ages. Ground-sluicing is at least 400 years old. The only big invention in placer-mining in four centuries is the California



From Agricola, 1553

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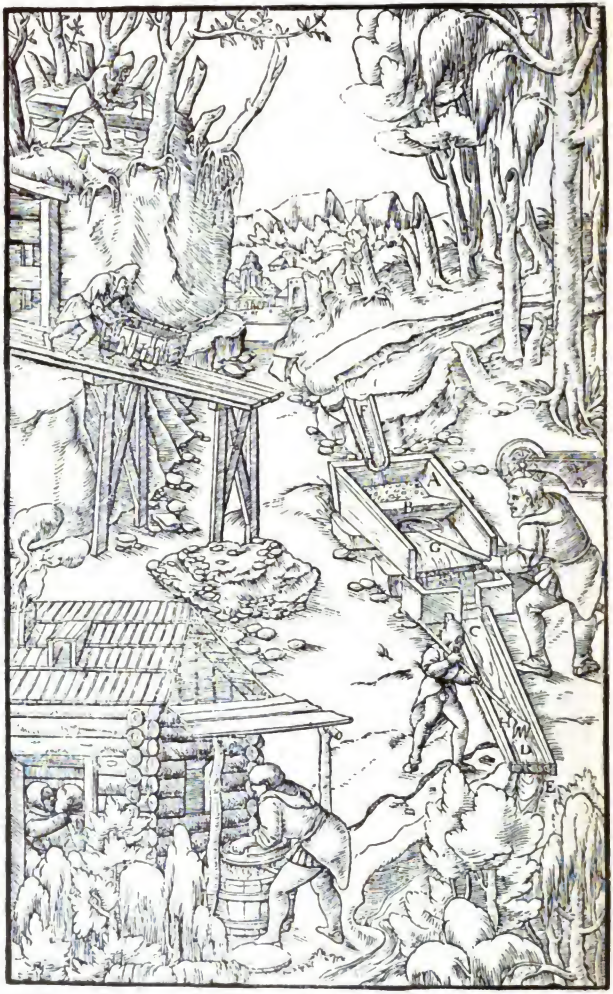

SLUICE-BOXES. *From Agricola, 1550*

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GROUND-SLUICING. *From Agricola, 1550*

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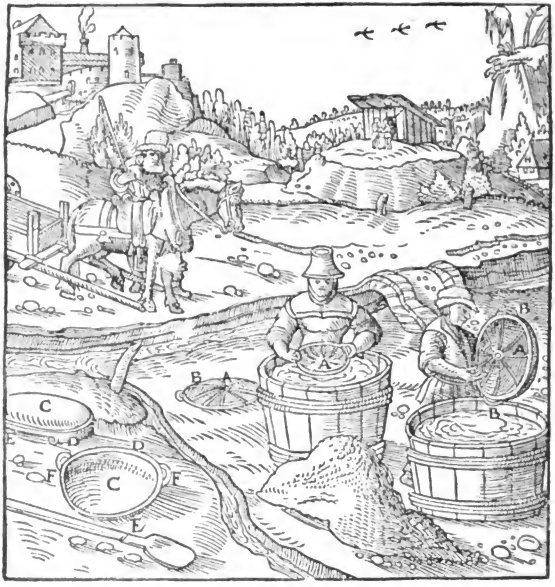

"PANNING-OUT." *From Agricola, 1550*

device of the "hydraulic"—the greatest mechanical reform in the history of gold-seeking—and the worst for everyone except the gold-seeker. In California we have had to excommunicate it, because for every miner it enriched it beggared two farmers—by burying their acres under barren debris. But for all that, judged simply as an invention applying "power" at the lowest cost and the highest efficiency, the "Monitor" has no peer among all the devices for disemboweling the earth. And it is fair to judge it thus; for that quality of it which in California is a crime, is not even an offense elsewhere. It is as true now as it was when Acosta wrote his wonderful essay on the New World in 1590, that a mining country of first class is almost never good for anything else. California is the one generic exception; the greatest gold country in the world in total dollars, it is also the greatest agricultural country in the world in value of crops per acre. It cannot afford to stand its mountains upon their heads in its valleys, because the valleys are worth their weight in gold; and the mountains only their weight in hay. Never

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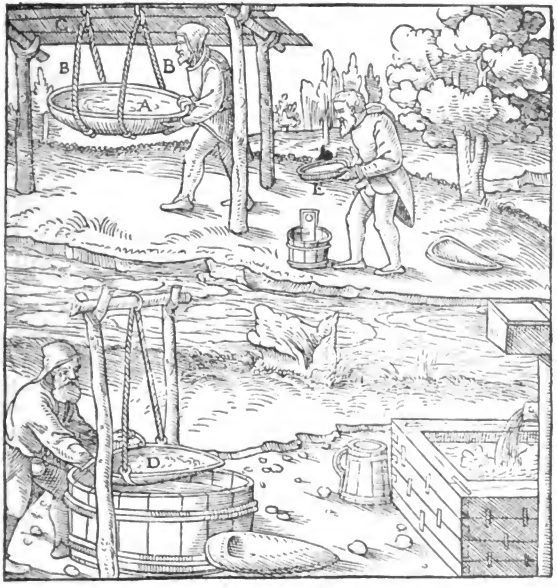

SUSPENDED GOLD-PANS. *From Agricola, 1550*

elsewhere has man had the chance to dump his tailings on land worth $200 to $2,000 per acre ; and where he has the chance, of course he cannot he permitted to indulge. Hydraulic mining is, broadly speaking, a dead letter in the State which invented it ; but it holds the World's Record as the very King of Spades. A thousand men cannot dig so fast as this little spurt of water, three inches thick where it leaves the nozzle. The fabled anaconda that could gorge a whole ox, was a mere worm to this long, slender white serpent that swallows landscapes ten thousand times its size. It liquefies the Everlasting Hills, even as a hot oven dissipates butter. It melts the stubborn gravels till they run like rain ; it pries ten-ton boulders from their archaic beds, and kicks them from its path ; heights on which the noblest castle ever reared by man might laugh at storm and earthquake, this wrath of the gentle thing we drink—why, it topples them as they were a house of cards ! If the workman who has just washed his facelwith this same stuff were to step in range

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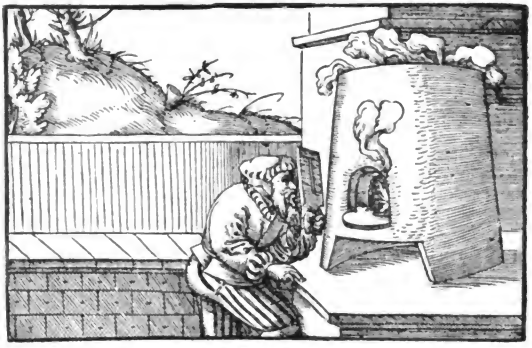

AN ASSAYER AT HIS FURNACE. *From Agricola, 1550*

of yonder Agreement of it, he would be rent limb from limb. You cannot drive a steel crowbar through that small, round issue of water. It is as "the anger of a patient man"—some-

SLUICING. *From Agricola, 1550*

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From Agricola, 1550

thing to beware of. The suave element we bathe the baby in —when it Gets Together, it is Fate. And that is one mining invention that had *not* been made by the time the fathers of the Pilgrim Fathers learned to walk.

But that every other application of water to mining was already an old story a century before anyone who could "talk English" was born in any part of America, the pages of Agricola bear abundant witness. Look at his illustrations of more kinds of gold-pans than we dream of today—hand pans, pans in a sling, floated pans; rockers of more kinds than ever Yankee ingenuity invented in the sharp stress of California; Long Toms "till you can't rest;" ground-sluicing and sluice-

A VARIATION IN RIFFLES. *From Agricola, 1550*

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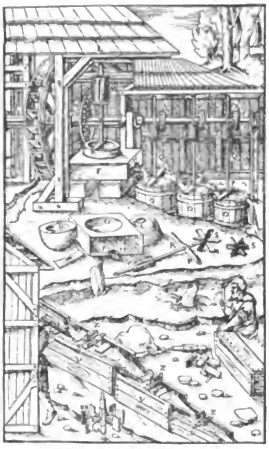

MILLS FOR GRINDING ORE.
(Forerunners of the Arrastra.)

boxes in astounding variety. Note how many kind of riffles he pictures, and see if we have found any new thing except the lurking mercury—the stool-pigeon we use to trap the wary gold.

These things are in Agricola's 8th Book. Book 7 deals with assaying, and illustrates and describes furnaces (of five sorts), and other test processes. Book 8 has to do with separating, sorting, roasting, crushing and washing the ores. It is the one which describes the stamp-mills, quartz-crushers, puddlers, separators, and kindred machines. It pictures 22 different modes of placering. It shows every process we know today for getting out ore, grading, sorting and reducing it—except, of course, the diamond drill, the mercury and cyanide processes. The famous, old and still useful wet-trundling "arrastra"—invented in Mexico—is

A FLOATING "ROCKER." *From Agricola, 1550*

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"PANNING" AND THE LONG TOM. *From Agricola, 1550*

foreshadowed in the wet-grinder herewith reproduced from Agricola.

Only those who have agitated the gold-pan—with that adept circling sweep which fetches the yellow flakes to the very bottom, and spills everything else, down to within a hair's breadth of "pay"—can understand how astounding it is to find that 350 years ago they knew about gold-washing not only as much as we do today, but many times as much. Even without the text, Agricola's very illustrations make this evident. Many an American, arm-weary from tilting the pan, would have been glad enough to hang it up; but no American ever did, so far as the records show—though the practice was old in human ingenuity at least eighty years before Plymouth Rock. All the American brains that turned white-hot in the blast of the California of 1849 did not invent so many sorts of pans or rockers as are described and pictured by the great mineralogist of 1550. Even the trundling of a "rocker" is fit to give side-ache to the unaccustomed athlete before the end of even an eight-hour day; and the pictures prove that our predecessors had found out

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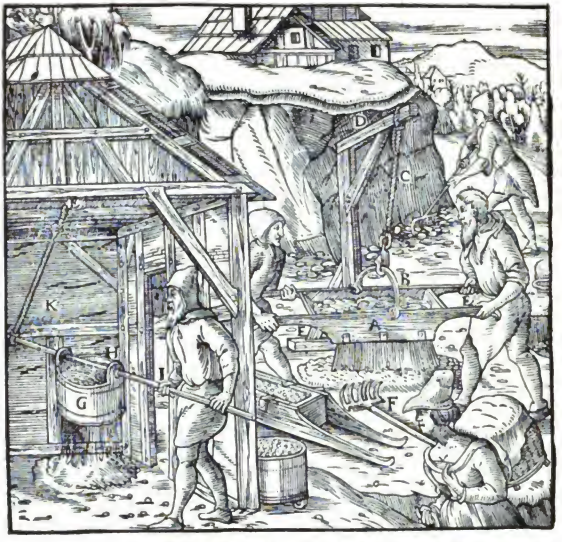

VARIOUS SORTS OF "WASHING." *From Agricola, 1550*

how to avoid pleurisy. They used their "Brains to save shoe-leather." Of course, even in 1550, there were foolish devices, and some are pictured here; but it is safe to say that relatively we have no reason to be puffed up as to our mining inventions.

Books 9 and 10 are concerned with smelting, and reproduce for us the blast furnaces, the ovens, the open roasting of ores, and other operations in that category. They picture all these things; the drawing-off of a blast; the trip-hammer; the swinging crane—as well as retort, crucible, mold and all that. As fully as he has recorded mining operations, Agricola tells us minutely (in the two closing "Books," 11 and 12) how glass, and salt and blacking and other things were made 350 years ago. And all were made mighty well.

Diverting a stream from its channel to "wash" its bed, is pictured by Agricola on his 252nd page. He gives no less than forty illustrations showing processes of "washing" gold and other ores—and it will be noted that the illustrations are all lettered for the descriptive key the author gives in each instance. There

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A Long Tom with Cloths. *From Agricola, 1550*

are seventy illustrations of the various processes of smelting, for instance; each fully described in the text. It is manifestly impossible to give, in a modern magazine, anything like a fair tally of the devices in use by miners 350 years ago and pictured by Agricola. The fifty *fac simile* engravings this magazine has published in these three articles are but a taste of the quality of the original work; and our text has been even more sketchy —a mere outline of the truly wonderful book to which it is desired to call attention, and the wonderful fact of which that book is the competent exponent. The multiplication of Carnegie libraries across the continent has been a burr-under-the-saddle for publishers prone to works such libraries "have to buy." Perhaps a competent English edition of this great book on medieval mining, with reproduction of the illustrations, and some concise but expert connotation would be "the very thing those people would like." At all events, it is safe to say that every miner and engineer ought to read such an edition—and

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A "Clean-up," and Assaying. *From Agricola, 1550*

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From Agricola, 1550

would doubtless be glad to—and that no public library could afford to be without it. The original is rare, costly—and Latin; but properly Englished it would be "easy" from every point of view.

At least one futile pupil recalls how the greatest geologist that has ever happened to Harvard used to say to his classes: "Use your brains, gentlemen—use what brains you have." Perhaps this is the implied, if not the explicit, message of the far more wonderful Shaler of three and a half centuries earlier. And one of the best ways in which we can "use what brains we have" is by borrowing all we may from those who had more brains before us.

[THE END.]

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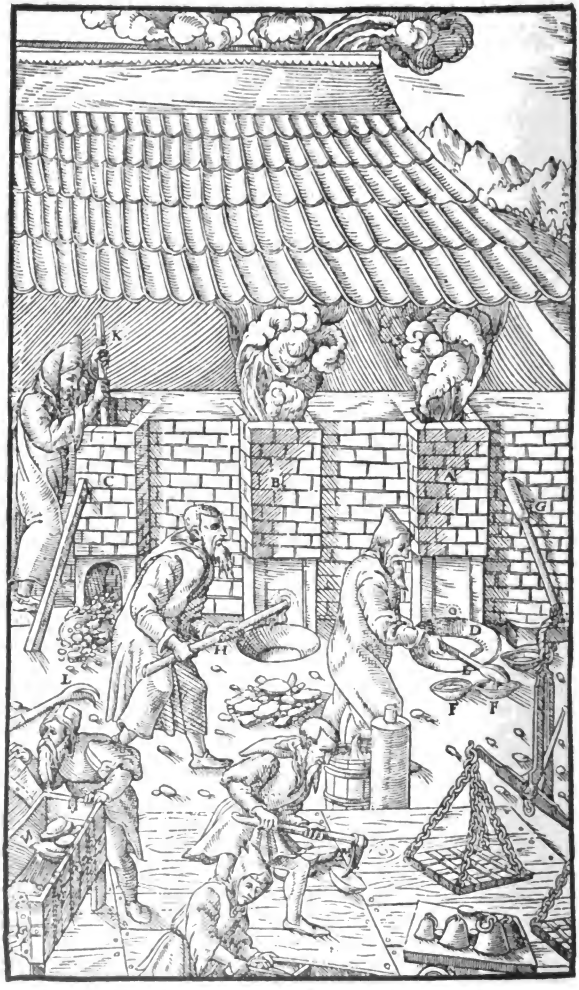

SMELTING. *From Agricola, 1550*

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HOUSE-TENTS IN CALIFORNIA.

By HELEN LUKENS JONES.

BEYOND almost every other form of shelter from the weather, the tent—with canvas walls so easy to fold upon occasion of stealing silently away—conveys the idea of transiency. It brands its occupant as assuredly of the family of nomads; whether the particular species be that of the hunter, summer-vacationer, prospector, road-builder, soldier or whatever other type is summoned to vagrancy by duty or pleasure. It does not seem reasonable that canvas walls should enclose, and a canvas roof should cover, a home in which comfort, even luxury, may be found through summer and winter alike through year after year. Nor would it be possible in the unfortunate sections whose dwellers are accustomed to all kinds of weather except good weather. But through most of California the tent-home is not only possible and economical—it is thoroughly good for the health of both mind and body.

At this very day—right "in the heart of winter"—there are hundreds of families in Southern California established with some degree of permanency in tent-homes. For some of them the welfare of a single invalid member, ordered into tent-life by some sagacious physician, has been the controlling motive; for others the necessity to win comfort at the lowest cost; for

TENT-LIFE AMONG LOS ANGELES HILLS, NEAR GARVANZA. *Photo by Helen Lukens Jones*
(COST OF HOME, ABOUT $125.)

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AN ELABORATE TENT-HOME IN PASADENA.
Front of canvas and screen wire; back of wood; porch in detail on p. 240.

Photo by Helen Lukens Jones

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A Tent-House in the Sierra Madre. "Livable" All the Year. *Photo by T. P. Lukens*

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Porch of Elaborate Tent-House on page 238. *Photo by Helen Lukens Jones*

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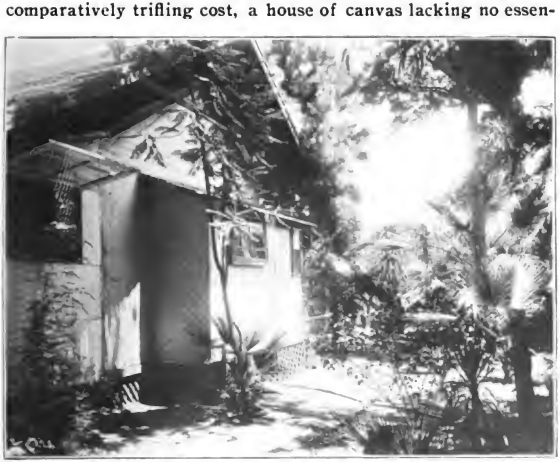
A TENT-HOME IN LOS ANGELES. *Photo by Helen Lukens Jones*

still others, pinched in neither health nor pocket-book, just the love for unconventionality, for fresh and fragrant air all the time and for the earliest twittered matins of the birds. In some cases even, when the tourist flood is at its height, families who have come to California "on trial" would be at a loss to find suitable accommodations if it were not for the possibility of renting a vacant lot and putting up, "between days" and at comparatively trifling cost, a house of canvas lacking no essen-



TENT SIDE OF A COMBINATION WOOD AND CLOTH HOUSE. *Photo by A. C. Vroman*
(Pasadena.)

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A Very Cosy Tent-House.

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tial to make a joyful home-life possible. But whatever may have been the cause for experimenting with the tent as a home, the testimony from most of the experimenters is strongly in its favor.

A tent-house may be expensive and elaborate in the extreme, or it may be quite simple and unassuming. Such a house, however, say twenty-five by fifteen feet, should cost at least $150 in order to be habitable. Tent-homes with some pretensions to style are built with substantial wooden roofs, good floors, latticed windows, and doors, while an outer wooden wainscoting, three feet high, braces the structure and keeps it from being top-heavy. The cheaper ones are made entirely of cloth, with the exception of floor, doors and windows. Sometimes a

COMBINATION WOOD-AND-CLOTH-HOUSE, PASADENA. *Photo by A. C. Vroman*
(Cost about $300.)

heavy coat of paint is applied to the exterior canvas walls to make them warmer and more durable. There are usually double canvas roofs, some such arrangement being necessary to keep out the heat of summer and the cold of winter. The double-roof tent is more picturesque than the single; for the gayly colored "fly" above the main roof adds a spicy note to the landscape.

Other popular California homes are combination affairs of wood, canvas and wire screening, and many a beautiful home is considered incomplete if it lacks a room with cloth walls. Screen and canvas rooms are frequently used for dining-rooms and bed-rooms. The delight of a daintily appointed meal is at

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INTERIOR OF A PASADENA TENT-HOUSE. *Photo by A. C. Vroman*

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its fullest, when roses swing almost at one's hand and a humming bird flashes so near that one might touch him but for the interposing screen.

If erected in cities, these tent-homes are often fitted with gas heaters, electric lights and all modern plumbing conveniences. The interior decorations and furnishings can be made as attractive as taste and the bank account will allow. In such small places every inch of room must be utilized, and many clever schemes for economizing space and condensing household furnishings are developed. Inner hangings are absolutely necessary to prevent "shadow-shows" at night; for without them every movement of the occupants can be seen in silhouette with startling dis-

INTERIOR OF A GARVANZA TENT-HOUSE. *Photo by E. R. Raffert*

tinctness by any casual outsider. Art denim, flowered cretonne, Egyptian burlap, or Chinese tea matting makes a cheap and satisfactory wall covering, while Indian blankets add an artistic brightness to the general effect. Canvas awnings usually extend several feet from the front of the tent and form broad verandas, along the sides of which are often suspended beautiful hanging-baskets of ferns, vines or gay-colored flowers.

From mountain to sea these tent-homes may be seen, the manifold advantages of such a life having been fully and practically demonstrated by many people. Many invalids have found renewed health; many "well people" have discovered

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Bed-Room in a Pasadena Tent-House.

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TENTING AMONG PASADENA ORANGE TREES. *Photo by Helen Lukens Jones*

how many "necessaries" can be dispensed with at actual gain of comfort. The climate and all nature in Southern California seem to be perfectly adapted to this delightful mode of out-door life; and its topography gives the widest choice of elevation, scenery, and surrounding. From the sands of the Pacific shore, across fertile fields, over rolling foot-hills, right up to the crest of the Sierra Madre—one may select the home site at will. But whether at sea-level or 10,000 feet above it, whether on a 50-foot lot just back from a city street, or among the pines far up the mountain slope, there is a freedom and a fascination about life in a tent-home hardly to be tasted within walls of wood or stone.

Pasadena, Cal.

ALONG THE TRACK.

By NORA MAY FRENCH.

THE track has led me out beyond the town
To follow day across the waning fields;
The crisping weeds and wastes of tender brown.

On either side the feathered tops are high,
A tracery of broken arabesques
Upon the sullen crimson of the sky.

Into the west the narrowing rails are sped.
They cut the crayon softness of the dusk
With thin converging gleams of bloody red.

Los Angeles.

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THE PADRE'S LITTLE CARETAKER.

By SARAH RITCHIE HEATH.

HER name was Carmelita, as had been her mother's and grandmother's before her. It could hardly have been otherwise, for, like them, she had first seen the light of day in the little cottage under the pear trees which Padre Junipero Serra, of blessed memory, had planted with his own hand, at Carmel—his favorite mission. For generations her mother's family had handed down from daughter to daughter the office of caretaker of the church and its holy relics. And Carmelita had always known that one day her turn would come. She would marry, of course, when old enough; but marriage had never interfered with this sacred office—nor with much else in the Carmel valley. Pedro, Carmelita's father, had herded cattle in the adjacent meadows, and fished in the bay of Carmelo. But one day—when Carmelita was but seven—he was drowned. After that the small stipend of the caretaker—half of each dime charged for admission—became the sole support of the widow and child, and visitors were scarce, except on those occasions when the guest at del Monte made the pilgrimage.

PEAR TREES, PLANTED BY JUNIPERO SERRA.

Carmelita had been cradled in the sunshine, near the stairway leading to the belfry. As soon as she could toddle she had gravely pattered after the strangers whom her mother preceded up the stair and through the church; thus early fitting herself for the duties which were soon to devolve upon her. She was a shy, silent child, but in many respects precocious; blessed with a retentive memory, riotous imagination and keen powers of observation.

One day, when sight-seers were few, Carmelita suggested a game.

"Let's play," she said to her mother, "that I am the care-

[Lest the pictures and the background should lead some readers to accept this tale as fact, it must be labelled as fiction.—ED.]

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taker and you the visitor. You must ask me all sorts of silly questions, and I'll show you the church and the relics."

She played her part so well that on the following day her mother entrusted her with the keys. For a time the woman and child shared the office, but the child brought more dimes to the family exchequer than did the woman, and gradually the full responsibility fell on the little girl's shoulders—no heavy burden, however, even for a child of ten.

When the little caretaker was not on duty, she sought playmates among the swallows, who built their nests in the eaves of

CARMEL MISSION AND BAY.

of the church, and among the squirrels and lizards, which, like herself, played hide-and-seek with the shadows, lurking in the ruins of the old adobes. And, like them, she lived in blissful ignorance of the world, the flesh and the devil—until, one day, she ate of the tree of knowledge.

She received the fatal apple at the hand of a stranger—as beautiful as the angel Gabriel. When she had eaten, she looked back upon her childhood as a thing of the past—although she had counted less than fifteen summers.

She was leaning against a fragment of adobe—a blackened ruin of the dwellings of the padres—when Bedford first saw her.

She did not observe his approach, for her eyes were steadily fixed on Point Lobos, on the further side of Carmelo Bay. She was idly dreaming—of what she could not have told. But Bed-

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ford was a poet, and as he curiously studied the unconscious face of the dreamer, he knew, by the divine instinct within himself, that she too saw the wonderful scheme of color in the blue of the Monterey sky, the deeper blue of its mountains, and the yet deeper blue of its waters. He knew that she was listening to a song in the humming of the bees; in the murmuring of the waves on the white sands—a song of love, perhaps, for some country swain who could see in a yellow primrose, "a yellow primrose . . . nothing more."

"After all," he reflected. "I believe she is but a child. But when she is old enough, I suppose she'll marry a lazy Mexican, or"—he studied the girl more narrowly—"an Indian."

The small, willowy figure and olive skin might have been heritages from either Mexican or Indian. The color of her far-seeing eyes was hidden by heavy lashes; but the hair, which fell unfettered by pin or ribbon, like a straight, black mantle to the hem of her frock, inclined him to the belief that she was an Indian.

As a natural sequence to this thought, his mind reverted to the ruins around him. He tried to picture to himself the church as it was more than a century ago, thronged by Indians attracted thither by the lights on the altar, the perfume of burning incense, the sweet-toned bells, the chanted Te Deum, and, perhaps above all, by the rich vestments of the padres. But, standing outside the closed door, he found this sudden transition from the nineteenth century too severe a strain upon his imagination.

Hat in hand, he approached Carmelita. The sunlight turned his hair into rings of bronze, and touched hers with a purple light, like the bloom on a grape. Their eyes met; his as blue as the wide, cloudless sky—hers as black as the night which must inevitably follow day.

For a moment he stood bare-headed before her, as if in the presence of a princess. It was a moment too long. He had crept into her dream of rapture, and the vague essence shaped itself.

Bedford signified his wish to enter the church. Carmelita, still more than half in the clouds, mechanically turned the key in the lock and preceded him through the low, broad doorway. He registered. She then led him to the baptistery, where she exhibited in a perfunctory way a comparatively modern baptismal font, carved out of white onyx. He was disappointed.

"This is not the original font," he said; "that was carved out of a solid piece of sandstone. What's become of it?"

Carmelita shook her head.

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"I don't know," she answered. "Nobody ever asked me that before. Maybe they've taken it to San Carlos, in Monterey—where they've taken nearly everything."

Her momentary self-consciousness had passed; her tongue was loosened. This was the one real grievance in her placid life. In some respects human nature is the same the world over, and craves sympathy as the only balm for a real or fancied injury. This, Bedford gave in full measure.

In her mother's eyes the case had its sordid aspect, for at San Carlos the entrance fee was a quarter of a dollar, and only a

CARMEL MISSION.

dime at Carmel. This did not trouble Carmelita, who had little use for money. But her spirit rose in indignation against what she regarded as injustice. Veneration for the priests who had authorized this transfer of the church's properties prevented her from designating it by such an ugly word as theft, but her soul was in revolt.

"Down there," she said, pointing in the direction of Monterey, "they keep the beautiful vestments which the blessed padre, Junipero Serra, wore. They are made of cloth of gold—finer than kings wear—and some of them are embroidered with roses and lilies and real pearls. One of the chasubles has amethysts and topazes sewed on it."

"How do you know all this, little one?" asked Bedford.

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"Anybody can see them who pays two bits," answered Carmelita. "But sometimes they let the Bishop, or visiting priests, wear them—because, you know, the church isn't rich enough to buy others."

"What vandalism!" muttered Bedford.

As one by one Carmelita recalled the holy relics, stored in locked presses down at San Carlos, she waxed eloquent. She touched with less ardor upon the silver candlesticks and censor, the holy-water sprinkler and other furniture of the sanctuary. But the robes in which Padre Serra had officiated at the altar seemed to his little caretaker a part of his holy person. It may be that underlying her veneration for the padre was a love of finery—an undeveloped instinct of her womanhood, awakened by the richness and beauty of the vestments.

Bedford had seen all of these things, but the girl's enthusiasm interested him, and he led her on to describe each in detail; fanning her indignation till it culminated in an outburst of wrath that they should have robbed Padre Junipero of the very stole in which they had found him—more than a hundred years after he had been buried.

"But," he protested, as he might have teased an excited child, "for Carmel to be jealous of San Carlos is for a mother to be jealous of her daughter. Of course you know that the little church in Monterey is but the offspring of this, the mother church, originally called 'San Carlos del Carmelo,' now 'Carmel.'"

But Carmelita's jealous prejudice was the growth of a lifetime, and was not to be uprooted by a half-hearted protest. Her attitude suggested to Bedford a thought—an inspiration.

Junipero Serra was manifestly the idol and hero of this imaginative, impressionable child. Through her he would create an interest in the California missions which were rapidly passing out of the world of romance into sober history. Her lips should publish advance sheets of his "Story of the Padres"—yet in embryo. With his finger on her keen sensibilities, he would find the pulse of the people.

Bedford was a rapid thinker. In a moment he had evolved a plan. Meantime, he had lost nothing of Carmelita's plaintive cry against injustice. Advancing to the "sanctuary on the Gospel side, fronting the altar of our Lady of Seven Dolors," he pointed downward where, under the floor, lay the blessed remains of the Fray Presidente and his coadjutors, Padres Crespi, Lopez and Lasuen.

"What does it matter," he soothingly said, "what becomes of the clothes, when they have left you his body?"

Carmelita looked at him in amazement. She was undergoing a new experience, a reversal of the usual order.

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"Were you ever here before?" she asked.

"No," he answered.

"Then how did you know where he was buried?"

Bedford smiled.

"I know a good many things, and if you will let me, I'm going to teach you some of them. But first tell me your name."

"Carmelita." She said it as simply as if she had possessed but one.

"Well, Carmelita—" his voice lingered on the syllables as he deliberated. He then repeated it. "Well, Carmelita, if you'll help me, we'll give back to Padre Junipero all that belongs to him." He pointed to the alms box—a mute appeal to strangers to save the dear old church from irretrievable ruin. "We'll fill that box with gold--you and I—and we'll make Carmel so beautiful that the priests will remember—what they appear to have forgotten—that Carmel, and not San Carlos, was the holy Junipero's best beloved church. And strangers from all over the world shall come to see it, and you—its little caretaker—shall become famous throughout all the misssons."

Carmelita's eyes shone like stars as she listened to Bedford's glowing prophecies. In a voice subdued by awe to a half whisper she asked:

"Are you a king?"

"No, child; they don't have kings in this country; at least not the kind that you mean. But come now and show me over the church. What are all these hideous benches in the nave?"

"For the Sunday-school," she replied. "About two dozen children come every Sunday from Carmel City." She pointed toward the little fishing settlement on the beach. "But I hate Sunday-school! Do you think that's a sin?"

"No," answered Bedford, "I don't think it's a sin. What does your priest say about it?"

"We haven't any parish priest. Once a year—on the feast of San Carlos—a priest comes from Monterey to hold service and confess us. On other feast days we go to Monterey."

He looked at the innocent young face before him and wondered with what possible sin she could charge herself. Presently he asked her. The question obviously embarrassed her, but she evasively answered:

"All sorts of little things."

"And what big thing, Carmelita."

She wistfully sought his eye, and then confessed to this friend of an hour the sin which she had concealed from the priests. Not that she had dreaded penance, but she loved the sin.

"I sometimes play church."

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She said this with the faltering voice of one confessing a crime. Her confessor could scarcely suppress a smile, but he gravely answered :

"I'm sure there's nothing sinful in that."

"But I make believe that the church is full of Indians, and that I am the dear padre. And I read the prayers out of his book, just as he did."

"Can you read Latin?" asked Bedford, in surprise.

"No, not really; but it sounds just like what the priests read."

"Read some for me, that I may hear how it sounds, because" —Bedford's conscience felt no qualm—"if you haven't really said the words, of course you haven't committed any sin."

Carmelita advanced to the chancel rail, knelt for a moment, and crossed herself—her lips moving in silent prayer, which was not "make believe." Then, fitting a key to a padlock, she opened a gate which she closed behind her. Again, before the altar, she prostrated herself in silent prayer. When, for the second time, she rose from her knees, she reverently took in her hand the exquisitely illuminated missal which bore undoubted marks of authenticity, as Bedford's practiced eye could discern even at that distance. He could not but commend the church's sagacity in placing its treasures under lock and key at San Carlos, when he saw this priceless treasure entrusted to a child in a roofless ruin.

Carmelita placed her finger on the faded green ribbon which extended beyond the margin, casually explaining that each season in the Christian year had its own color. Then, with rare imitative skill that might have deceived any but a classical scholar, she intoned after the fashion of the priests, substituting meaningless words and phrases for the written prayers.

Bedford, assuring her that the words meant nothing, absolved her. But in his heart he believed that those prayers had ascended straight from her pure young soul to the throne of grace.

He pointed to a well preserved inscription on the wall, in the Chapel of the Crucifixion.

"What does that say, Carmelita?"

This time she did not confess her ignorance, but, as if reading, she slowly repeated in liquid Spanish the words that she had learned by rote :

"O Heart of Jesus, Thou that art always glowing and radiant, inspire and enlighten my heart with Thy divine love."

"Angels and saints, let us praise the Heart of Jesus."

Thus he led her on to tell him, in her simple fashion, much that he already knew; giving her in exchange casual glimpses of a world of which she knew almost nothing—the world whence had come the padres.

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Progress through the church was slow; for out of the grim, weather-beaten walls Bedford was carving a romance, and as he passed from chancel to belfry, every stone had something to say to him.

Before leaving the church he showed Carmelita a shining gold coin.

"This is a luck-piece," he said, dropping it into the mite box. "Will you help me to fill that box with gold?"

She had never owned a gold piece in her life—had rarely handled one—and the sight of his money made her feel more helpless than if he had asked her to carry the brick and mortar wherewith to rebuild the church.

"How can I help you?" she asked, dejectedly.

"Leave that to me, child," he answered. "But you must let me come here often—every day, if I choose—that I may teach you to help me."

Of course he might come every day, she assured him. The church was open to everyone; and surely he—who had paid the entrance fee many, many times over—might come as often and stay as long as he pleased. Every trace of dejection had passed.

"I'm going to give you your first lesson now, Carmelita."

Bedford drew from his pocket-book a fine photograph of Junìpero Serra. It was a beautiful, inspiring face; spiritual, tender, strong of purpose, radiant with hope, but sad withal.

As he minutely examined it he marveled not at the adoration of Catholic California for this man—the dauntless pioneer, the gentle leader, the zealous, untiring priest. He wondered only that the State at large did not open its coffers to canonize appropriately the memory of the sainted padre, and proclaim him throughout the world the hero that he was. His purpose strengthened with these reflections.

He handed the picture to Carmelita.

"Would you like to have this?" he asked.

The girl's delight had in it a certain pathos. It was manifest that she had not been the recipient of many gifts.

"For me?" she incredulously exclaimed. "For me—to keep for my own! The dear padre!"

"Yes, for your very own," answered Bedford. "This is your lesson book. I want you to study that face every day, until you know every line in it; until you can shut your eyes and see the padre standing at that altar, even as the Indians used to see him. I'm going to make you work hard—harder than you ever did in your life. But it won't seem so hard when you remember that you are Junìpero's little caretaker, and that you are working for the dear padre's sake—you and I together."

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The glad light in the black eyes, which again met the blue, was not all for the dear padre's sake. A new world had suddenly disclosed itself to Carmelita.

Shortly after this episode, a young girl, with unbound hair of dense blackness, touched here and there with a purple light, stood in the nave of the church, amid men and women whose rich apparel was in striking contrast to her simple, almost rude, garb.

At the top of a dark, narrow stairway, winding up through a small tower, a workman was softly chipping fragments of adobe from a crumbling arch which once must have led into the choir, of which not a vestige remained. To those who had not observed the man, the light "*tap-tap*" of his hammer suggested only that a woodpecker was helping time in its work of demolition.

Under the guidance of the little caretaker, the visitors had made the conventional tour of inspection and now stood near the hidden tomb of the church's founder; the men bare-headed, the women reverently silent.

A voice broke the stillness: the gentle, melodious voice of the padre's caretaker.

"Shall I tell you about Fray Junipero Serra?" she asked in persuasive tones. "How he came to be the Presidente of all the Missions?"

Then, as if inspired, she told the oft-told tale as it had never been told before. She carried her hearers with her in rapid flight from the old world to the new, from the land of the Aztecs to the Californias. She sketched the life of Serra from the cradle to the grave, depicting the last scenes with thrilling pathos. There was a poetic sentiment, a graceful imagery, a literary touch in her simple, direct language that electrified her audience. The purity of her English was in itself amazing; it was so strangely at variance with her colloquial speech.

When she had brought her audience back to the nineteenth century, to Father Casonova's recent discovery of the long-lost graves, she referred to his noble appeal for the restoration of the church; then paused. The well-bred assemblage knew better than to break silence in the midst of a theme. On the contrary, they waited expectantly; even resisting an impulse to exchange glances, lest this prodigy should miraculously disappear. But the silence frightened her. She became self-conscious, then terrified. She turned to flee.

"*Tap—tap*," softly sounded in the archway.

The absorbed spectators did not heed the slight noise any more than they had the cessation of it. But the central figure of the group raised her eyes, and arrested her flight.

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Once more the sweet, persuasive voice rang through the church—this time in pleading accents. When she again paused, the work of restoration had begun ; a shower of silver and gold fell into the mite box. With the jingle of coin, the spell-bound men and women found their tongues. Exclamations of wonder and praise burst from their lips, and they plied the girl with questions.

Whence had come her knowledge, her skill? But these queries elicited no response. Cinderella, shorn of her splendor, crouching over the ashes, was not more humble than was the little orator, descended from the rostrum. Again she had become shy little Carmelita—nothing more.

"Who told you this tale, child?" asked one, more persistent than tne rest.

"*Tap—tap*," softly resounded from the archway.

"I was born here," answered Carmelita. And no persuasion could induce further explanation.

The strangers took leave of her at the church door.

"We'll come again," they said, "and bring others with us. Padre Junipero's tomb shall be the best preserved of all the missions—thanks to his little caretaker."

Bedford, yet in his workman's blouse, sought Carmelita in the shadows of the adobes, He found her as he had first seen her, leaning against the broken wall; but this time he did not steal upon her unawares. She was eagerly awaiting him, as she had awaited him many times in the interval, but flushed and tremulous under the excitement of success.

"Bravo, Carmelita," he exclaimed. "Bravo, my girl!"

And then, because they were young and human, they forgot, for a moment, the sainted padre—who had been dead for more than a century.

The visitors kept their word. Again, and yet again, they came and brought others with them: all leaving in the mite box substantial token. The first day was but a prelude to many that followed.

Carmelita's fame spread far and wide. Every attempt, however, to solve her mysterious personality failed. She was distinctly two individuals, and neither was communicative.

She excited expectation and stimulated curiosity by the desultory character of her recital, where her itinerant audience would have lost interest in a sustained story. One day, a dramatic incident was presented; another, a romantic legend told. It was a chime of mission bells—not yet strung together.

Bedford's scheme had developed beyond his most sanguine expectations. Early Western History became the fashion of the

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hour, and the restoration was so vigorously prosecuted that he feared lest he might have to plead for the ruins.

He had indeed found the pulse of the people. But, in putting his finger on Carmelita's "keen sensibilities," he had set her heart strings to vibrating. He tried to persuade himself that he had done her no harm; for he had uniformly and consistently treated her as a child, although he had long since ceased to regard her as such. Then, too, he had ever—save once, perhaps—kept the image of the padre between her and him. Nevertheless, his heart was troubled. When he had gone—and the hour of their inevitable parting was near at hand—would she find compensation in her noble ideals? The church which she so dearly loved had brought peace to many a stricken soul, but would it restore peace to her heart? He feared not.

Bedford was not a vain man, but Carmelita had innocently manifested that which a more worldly-wise woman would have been at pains to have concealed. She had been as wax in his hand, and he had probed her innermost thoughts in moulding her to his purpose. Of that purpose he had told her nothing.

"Time enough to explain the ultimate object, when the work is done," he reflected.

But when the new roof had shut out the stars, he knew that explanation could no longer be deferred. Her work was nearly finished; his just begun. She had stirred sleeping Monterey; he must arouse the West, the East—the world. Already he had lingered too long; even now his book should be in the press.

He very awkwardly broke the tidings, and, for the first time, found her obtuse.

"But if the church is finished, why need you do any more work?" she asked. "And why need you go away at all?"

Again he tried to explain:

"The Carmel Mission is but one of many—all going to ruin, unless some step be taken to preserve them."

She looked puzzled.

"When you come back from San Francisco"—that he was going further did not occur to her, and he had not the heart to undeceive her—"are we going about from Mission to Mission, like play-actors?"

"Heaven forbid!" he involuntarily exclaimed.

For a moment, Bedford was staggered by her suggestion. Was she, after all, the unsophisticated child that he believed her to be, or a woman grown bold for love of him? But with silent protest he disavowed the ugly thought. No, a thousand times no!

"No, Carmelita," he quietly answered, "you couldn't tell this story anywhere but right here; because you couldn't feel it anywhere else as you do here. Your love for the church, which the padre so dearly loved that he chose it for his tomb, is the secret of your success. Any other Mission would be to

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you but a pile of stones, and your voice would grow cold when you tried to tell the people about it, and then you couldn't make them listen. So I must tell it to these other people in another way."

At these words a demon of jealousy broke loose.

"It's my story," she passionately exclaimed, "it's my story! I shan't let any other caretaker tell my story."

A chill of foreboding seized Bedford. Had he jeopardized his tale by publishing advance sheets? He did not apprehend that Carmelita would resent his publication of the story which she had made her own, but how would the public receive the twice-told tale? True, del Monte was but an atom in a hidden corner of the universe, but—himself a traveler—he knew that the birds of passage who alighted there, even for a day, carried seed to the ends of the earth. Had his work already gone abroad as her story? Had his carefully guarded incognito laid him open to the charge of plagiarism? And, where he already owed reparation, could he claim his own without acting ungenerously?

By way of answer to these self-searching queries, a magnanimous thought obtruded itself. He called it quixotic, and tried thus to put it away from him. But it was not so easily got rid of, so he squarely faced it.

"Never fear, my little maid," he said; "no one shall rob you of your story. I can't prevent others from telling it; but I can at least promise you that wherever it shall be told, Carmelita's name shall be heard also. But don't fret about any other caretaker; for in all the world there is not one but you that could tell it. Now I want you to make me a promise."

Her smile assented more surely than words.

"No one knows that I've been here," he said. "No one knows who taught you your story; that is our secret—yours and mine. Promise me that you will keep it—until my return.

She promised—and he left her with a kiss on her lips, the first kiss and the last.

A chime of mission bells pealed through the air, awakening the slumbering echoes of the angelus which in the olden days had called the people together. And the world, pausing in its mad whirl to listen, felt its big heart stirred, if not with the holy zeal of the Mission-builders, at least with a poetic sentiment close akin to religion, since it knits the ages together with a bond of sympathy.

A miracle, it was proclaimed; for 'twas said that Carmelita had fashioned the bells and set them ringing; Carmelita—Junipero's little caretaker—a mere child.

But here, at least, the world was wrong. It was a woman, not a child, who accepted with touching humility the homage that she could not refuse; a woman in whose eyes was an expression never seen in the eyes of a child—the wistful, expectant look of one who has acquired a habit of listening for a vanished footfall.

San Francisco.

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"THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS."

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

OWN at the Hesperus dock there was the usual rush and drive. The products of all nations and the growths of every zone were here jostled together with little ceremony. Every foot of cargo-space in the "Titania's" holds had been stowed full. On her upper deck near the head of the gangway, stood Captain Seabold and Superintendent Swasey. They were rather vehemently debating the question of stowing the hundred thousand feet of 3x12 hard-pine lumber, then lying on the dock, upon the ship's hurricane deck. "That lumber's got to go down on this ship, Captain Seabold," insisted Swasey.

"Well, you not only hazard ship and cargo by putting it there, sir, but the lives of your passengers and crew as well."

"We are not in the market for advice about managing our business, Captain."

"Of course not, sir, nor do I assume to offer any advice. But if I am not supposed to know what is safe and what is unsafe to go aboard this ship, I am not a safe man to sail her, that's all."

"That's a matter, too, quite within our own judgment and discretion, sir."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Swasey. Yet if my twenty-five years as master in these ships, without losing a passenger, count for nothing, then so be it. If that lumber goes on this hurricane deck, then I go ashore."

"Best not be too headstrong, Captain. I dare say there are other men able to take this ship to Amapia and way ports and back all right."

The taunt in the young man's voice cut deep into the old mariner's feelings. "You can get scores of better men than I in an hour, sir," he retorted bitterly, "and it's that very fact that seems to privilege you to disregard the customary respect due——"

"I don't care to be lectured by you, sir!" retorted Swasey, turning on his heel. "Go ahead loading on that lumber, Mr. Barclay!"

"I must have orders from the cap'n first, sir. He bid me not let it go aboard," was the prompt answer that sent the superintendent quickly to the office to consult his superiors.

Captain Seabold had said nothing to Swasey about Chief Engineer McGaffey's not coming aboard. The discussion over

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the lumber had, in fact, made him forget that most important matter for the moment. So Swasey was scarcely out of sight among the piles of freight when he started ashore to report it at the office. McGaffey had telephoned to the office half an hour before that, owing to his wife's serious illness, it would be impossible for him to go out in the ship. He had not explained that the "illness" was due to a foreboding dream on account of which she had pleaded with him not to go out on the Titania, and, when he persisted, had fainted dead away for the first time in their thirty years of married life. The office had communicated with the vice-president regarding the matter and it had been decided to let first-assistant-engineer Bolger take the ship down that trip. Mr. Montrose, the manager, was annoyed at the trouble between Swasey and the captain over the lumber shipment. The captain explained, as he had done to Swasey, the extreme peril to life and property of putting such heavy and bulky freight on the hurricane deck, which was intended solely for the accommodation and enjoyment of passengers. It was unseamanlike and lubberly—an encroachment on the rights, a serious peril to the lives, of the traveling public. He must respectfully decline to take out the ship if the lumber was put aboard.

Mr. Montrose reported to the vice-president through the telephone the substance of what Seabold said. The answer came back that they had agreed to forward the lumber by the "Titania," and it must not be shut out. The owners of it were large shippers and the company could not afford to lose their business.

"Nor can I afford to lose my life or reputation, sir," explained Seabold.

Montrose wriggled, forcing a cynical smile to his smooth fat face, with the "'phone" still to his ear. "Mr. Goldman says that you *must* take the ship down, Captain," he went on. "It would never do to have new captain and new chief engineer on this trip. We know of course that, as you say, it is a bit—cumbersome—lubberly—having the lumber stowed up there. But we'll make it right with you, Seabold, for just relaxing your rigid rules for once, to oblige us." Then, allowing his cynicism to relax into a glow of candor, "Glad to see your boy Dan'l shaping himself to the business so well. Chief officer tells me he takes hold of things like a man. We count on him already as one of our best coming men."

"Yes, sir. Dan'l's a good boy."

"And that young quartermaster—Devlin I think's the name—there's the making's of a fine officer in that lad, Captain."

Seeing that he had found Seabold's pregnable spot in praising his boys, Montrose continued, "Mr. Goldman's waiting at the

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'phone for your answer, Captain. Shall I tell him that you'll let the lumber aboard to oblige us? Of course I knew you would, Captain. Just tell Mr. Swasey in the front office there that he may order it put aboard."

"I must go down myself, sir. The chief officer won't let it go aboard without my orders."

The "Titania" was an hour late in getting away. The captains of all the other ships lying at the dock were gathered at the pier-head to see the difficult manœuvring of getting the big ship out clear on the strong ebb of the spring tides, and to give Seabold a parting salute. Seabold—a perfect master of his daring craft—stood on the bridge near the front window of the pilot-house, and backed her out into mid-stream without scratch or jar. But when the full force of the current caught her broadside, giving her fully three streaks list, ominous looks were exchanged among the skippers on the dock.

Not till after crossing the bar and squaring away on his course for Cape San Lucas did Seabold fully realize how crank his ship was. The old nor'west swell, catching her on the starboard broadside, flung her half over on her lee beam-ends. Then the screams of timorous lady passengers smote his ear, as the ship rolled deeper into the trough of higher swells, and he stepped over to the telephone to order the engine room to use coal entirely from the port bunkers till further orders. But this was, at best, a makeshift of little avail.

Not more than a score of passengers came to the dinner table, nor did even these seaworthy gentlemen get much satisfaction from their meals. Soon after came a delegation of five passengers "fisting" their way along the bridge railing to petition the captain, on behalf of all his cabin passengers, that something should be done to relieve their suffering. They could never reach Amapia alive in that condition, even if the ship did get there safely, which was a very doubtful question. A grimly humorous spectacle it was to see those five gentlemen clutching the stout brass railing for dear life, while they delivered their message to Seabold, propped with legs wide apart and hands deep in his trousers pockets. Seabold gave a word of instruction to his second officer in charge of the deck, and went down to the ladies' cabin first to solace those without male protectors. The ship was head-on to the swell and slowed down by the time he reached there, and comparatively steady.

"There is not the slightest danger, I assure you, ladies," he said, "and the cause of your discomfort is this moment being thrown overboard."

"Heaven bless his dear big heart and head," returned a noted actress. A general titter quickly broadened into a universal

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laugh, and fear gave place to mirth. Appetites which had seemed gone forever returned promptly, and the phlegmatic stewardess was beseeched to ask the dear captain if they couldn't have some dinner, even if it was past the regular hour. Of course they could; he would bid the steward order it at once, though the waiters had been detailed to help jettison the deckload.

The guilty deckload was being nimbly slid over both sides when Seabold reached the pilot-house. Sailors, firemen and waiters vied lustily in the work, so that by nine o'clock fully half the lumber had been jettisoned. Then, ordering the work stopped, he squared the ship away on her course at full speed, to find her quite seaworthy, running steady as could be expected in a swell so nearly abeam.

Next morning the lady passengers, after a hearty breakfast, betook themselves to considering how best to reward the captain for his sacrifice in behalf of their safety and comfort. A vote of thanks, and a substantial purse (to which the men contributed liberally) was the result. Seabold responded haltingly to the neat presentation speech delivered by the actress. He had done no more than his simple duty. The vote of thanks he would hoard up with the few rarer gains of a common busy life. But the money he must decline—without hurt, he hoped, to the feelings of any generous giver. For, to his way of thinking, the acceptance of a purse as reward for a good deed only cheapened the deed. It would be, however, a gracious thing to turn the money over to the life-boat fund.

"Bravo, bravo!" applauded the actress. "Our captain is really Washingtonian—Franklinarian in his ideals, ladies and gentlemen."

Culpaco was reached on schedule time, at the cost of a few extra tons of coal. In this blazing hot port, scooped out of the solid granite mountain fronting the sea by an earthquake, and once the haven of the great Manila galleon, nearly a quarter of the "Titania's" cargo was discharged from the hold. Here again came friction between Captain Seabold and the company's agent. It was sheer madness to send the ship to sea in such trim. He himself was not lunatic enough to attempt to take her to sea. She would be no better than a coffin for a hundred passengers, whoever took her.

"But, my good sir, my orders from headquarters are positive," explained the troubled agent. "We have no more freight to put below and we can't discharge the lumber here."

"A bad fix for you, I admit, Mr. Mellon; but no good reason for drowning 200 souls or more."

Mellon half frantically insisted that there was no time to be lost. The ship must get away on time in order to make connec-

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tions at Amapia. If Captain Seabold could not take her down, the chief officer must. Mellon had no authority to change masters. But he was, on the other hand, responsible to the company for not getting the ships off on time. Then the passengers, in a body, intervened, declaring that though they had no fault whatever to find with the chief officer, not one of them would leave port in the "Titania" save under Captain Seabold's command. Many of them were eager to make schedule connections of course, and trusted that he would not fail them now.

A bit of vanity as to his popularity with the traveling public was Seabold's failing. The vote of thanks and the purse were still fresh in his mind. "Well, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "since you seem to be of one mind, and Mr. Mellon is so urgent, we will sail at nine o'clock sharp. The first whistle will blow at half-past eight. So anyone who's ashore had best come right aboard then." Something gleaming out of the corner of Seabold's eye as he spoke told them that he already saw his way out of the exigency into which he was being forced.

A moment after the first whistle blew, a cloud, rising out of the offing blotted the starry face of the brilliant tropical night.

"Hope 'tain't goin' to storm right away, Ed," said Daniel to Devlin, as they came down to the landing steps to go aboard.

"Nothin' more'n one o' these sudden mists 'at bobs up on this torrid coast now'n' then, Dan."

"It's been a tryin' trip all through on the ole man, Ed. I k'n see it wearin' on him every day. Think she'll stand up to git outside far 'nough to dump the rest of the deckload?"

"Bet he wouldn't un'take it ef she won't."

"Pity 'at ship's rules must be so strict 'at one can't speak to one's own father when he's in trouble, Ed."

"Ye have chance enough to do yer talkin' every two months when you're to home in 'Frisco, kid."

They reached the steps in season to catch a boat, full of passengers, about to start for the ship. Daniel thought it strange to see the captain close to the head of the gangway as they came aboard. "Keep handy in hail of the bridge tonight, Dan'l, till we're well out to sea; I may want you," whispered Seabold in his adopted son's ear.

It was Devlin's first wheel, and he went straight to the pilothouse to see everything in ship shape.

During the brief interval of stillness, following the stoppage of the donkey engines after the last drafts of cargo were landed in the lighter, an ominous rumbling was heard coming down from the near mountains. The glare of the harbor lights burning through the mist cast a spectral glamour over everything. The passengers looked apprehensively at one another as they

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mistook the increasing tremor of the ship, caused by the throbbing of her machinery, for the first tremble of a *temblor*. But the whir of machinery and the rattle of the anchor chain presently relieved this tension. Then the pounding of the screw upon the still water gave new life and motion to the ship and drove her lively out through the rocky heads.

"A wild looking night outside, Captain," said one of a group of passengers, coming up on the bridge.

"Nothing more'n a tropical mist, gents." But he shivered as he looked at the barometer, which had fallen two-tenths in as many minutes. He wished himself back in the harbor at anchor. But perhaps it was from inland the disturbance was coming.

A few miles off shore, on running into the edge of a tumbling sea, the "Titania" was found to be even more tender than on leaving San Francisco.

"All hands jump up lively and jet'son deck-load!" Seabold was pleased with the nimble response of his officers and men. But before the first plank reached the water a flash of lightning, followed by a shock of thunder, came from the sou'west. Nearer and faster came other flashes and shocks till the roar of the coming storm was simply appalling.

In his engrossing eagerness to have the ship headed so as to take the first drive of it bow-on, Seabold had forgotten about calling to his boy Dan. But the lad had not forgotten to steal up unbidden on the bridge, so as to be within earshot when the call came.

The first fitful gusts of wind eddying around the edge of the cyclone flung the ship about alarmingly. The next moment sea and sky seemed to have met in mortal combat. All the black heaven's artillery flamed in a thousand shafts of red lightning upon the white hissing breastworks of sea. Captain Seabold spoke down the 'phone to the engine-room to open her out wide. But before his words were heard, the black-and-red fury of the storm had struck the ship a point or so on the starboard bow and flung her over on her beam ends. Daniel crawled on all-fours to his father's side, who stood at his post shouting orders, "All boats' crews to their stations. Stand by to lower, and save passengers! Women and children first!" But his words were caught in the whirl of the storm and whipped to leeward without reaching even his own ears. The deck officers and men saw and understood his motions though the words were unheard, and went as best they could. But the lee boats were already stove in with the ends of their own davits, and they swamped, as the lee rail sunk deeper and deeper. The passengers who ventured out on either deck were instantly washed overboard.

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In the red glare, Daniel saw his father motion him to stand up beside him. The boy managed with great effort to pull himself up by fisting the breast-high railing. "Save yerself, Dan'l," he shouted into the lad's ear, "an' tell yer mother that I went down with my ship!" Seabold then grabbed the whistle rope, sounding the three long good-by blasts, which he had always blown for his wife to hear as he went out through the Golden Gate.

Devlin, clinging to the wheel in the pilot-house, was thrilled by the look on the faces of father and son as the lightning played upon them. The boy was looking pleadingly up in the captain's face and then down on the ruin of warring elements and drowning men and women. Then, as the ship sunk till the sea surged breast-high on the captain, Devlin sprang out of the open window, catching him and Daniel with either hand, and shouting, "Come to leeward and jump before it's too late!"

"Save yerselves, you two!" Seabold ordered, with a wave of his hand, "I must die here."

They understood the sign, though no word was heard. But Devlin could not drag the boy away from Seabold till the ship sunk from under them and they two were flung far to leeward in the flying spoon-drift.

About an hour later, when the cyclone had passed on its ravaging way inland, Devlin and Daniel found themselves clinging to a single plank. The cloudless, starlit sky was brighter than ever, and the tepid sea was balm to their tired limbs. "Beats the band how quick wind and sea goes down here, Ed."

"Blew too hard fur sea to make up. Fact, it blew down what there was 'fore the hurrikin struck. Steady's the word, an' let's sit down atop the plank. There's man-eatin' sharks a-plenty here."

They were picked up next morning by an incoming steamer of the Hesperus line—these two, the third mate and two deck hands, all that were left alive from passengers and crew—and taken back to San Francisco. On the corner of Fourth and Market streets, when Devlin and Daniel parted and the boy was alone, all the past flashed vividly upon his mind. It was dirt-mean for him to be there alive and his kind father and friend dead. He should have drowned too, he and Devlin, in the effort to get the captain away from his fatal stand. But he could tell the poor, broken-hearted wife, his adopted mother, how manfully her husband died at his post. Yes, that was worth living for—and Chief McGaffey and his wife would be glad to hear about it, too. Then he hastened his steps for the Oakland Ferry.

Coronado, Cal.

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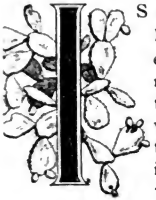
A BORDER TALE.

By A. E. BENNETT.



IS there anything sadder to look upon than a man who has had a soul and lost it? Or anything more piteous in the sight of God and his angels than the dull, mechanical reminiscences of a blasé man telling over the crisis of his being, oblivious that his mind is wandering in the graveyard of his spirit? Such as this was Tom Lyon as we lay camped in Santa Catarina on our own blankets out on the bare hillside in the wide, quiet, sleepless night.

It had been rather a gay time with us for three days and nights. First we had taken in the Gloriana celebration of the night of the Fifteenth of September, *un baile muy animado* until three in the morning. Then we had gone with the musicians, by wagon, to Santa Catarina, where the Cocopahs were celebrating, 300 strong, all drunk and happy. This was the evening and the morning of the first day. That evening a choice *baile* was in swing in the *corredor* of General Peñeda's hut—a function quite apart from the common pow-wow going on in steady monotony down between the *ramadas.* Rábago and his Señora were there; the Melendrez's, Swain, Lyons and several of the trimmest Indian girls. The floor was dirt, and the room open three sides to the weather, but it was *un baile muy animado*, also, until the steady constellations softened at the coming of the pink dawn. Then the dancers too—and almost as noiselessly—faded away somewhere to rest through the quiet day. This was the evening and the morning of the second day. At sunset there was laughter waking again here and there; camp-fires glinted brightly among the huts; and on the hillsides and down among the trees, the tall, slim smoke-columns rose straight until they vanished in the pure air. There was a gathering together, a feeding, presently outbursts of hilarity, and by nine o'clock the music was strumming in full swing in General Peñeda's *corredor*, and the sullenly monotonous chant was throbbing from the dark lines of interlaced dancers between the *ramadas.* But while there was no less hilarity, an increased laxity and abandon were in the air. The long-haired Indians from the Gulf side, who had filled the office of policemen (ah, those noble, lion-headed wilderness-men!) had given up their taciturn sobriety and become loquacious. It was the last night of the *fiesta.* Tomorrow it would be a dream that was past. The haggard musicians from Gloriana were dead-beaten before the evening began, and had been driven almost by violence to their chairs of misery to play for this last exhausting spurt.

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"What then is the value of these?" the General had wept, flinging his gold-braided cap and brass-buttoned coat upon the ground with lavish show of indignity, "*porque pues si me menosprecian como cualquier perro* ——"

"No, no," the musicians volubly explained, "it is not that we don't want to, General, but we are tired out, *completamente —completamente!*" and their hollow eyes and stiff limbs would have found compassion elsewhere; but what is "tired out" to an Indian?

"My house," wept the General, "is dishonored; *I* am dishonored. I am a swine—or anything! I have invited for a *baile*. No music! At ten days I will give you a calf of two years for this music. Come!" he said suddenly, and the musicians, with a ghastly glance at one another, took up their instruments of mirth, and there was a *baile*.

At about half-past eleven, Lyon and I, well warned that we were drawing too heavily altogether upon vitality which belonged not to the morrow (for that was long since spent) but to many day-after-tomorrows, tried to sidle away unobserved from the *corredor* when the swing was lively and the General seemed asleep by the doorway. Not much! When we got around the house into the moonlight (a blear, misshapen, spent moon had sagged up into the east) the General accosted us with dignity.

"Gentlemen, who has insulted you in my house?"

"Why, General, no one! We are *very* tired—very sleepy—*muy gastados* ——"

"I must know his name," he cried. "Little value I am, but —someone has caused offense to my friends! In my house! And they are upon their departure! Come!" and he gripped Lyon and me by an arm each, and sternly walked us through the midst of the dancers up to the musicians.

"Stop!" he commanded them. There was a silence.

"My friends," he cried, "in my house—have been insulted—they were upon their departure! Who —" he shouted in thick rage, "has done ——"

"Why nobody, General; nobody! We were just sl—"

"*Dog!*" said the General with vast, profound emphasis; "pig, brute who has insulted *my* friends in *my* house——" and here, words seeming to fail, he swept the air with his hands while the pair waited. He recovered himself heroically and gravely shook hands with us without a word. The dancers grouped around. Then he turned to the faded musicians who had kept awake only through the anticipation of some fracas, and said tersely, "*Toca!*" And they obeyed like automatons, weary, weary, weary to light-headedness, through the hours

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from midnight on, each one seeming a lifetime, until the bleak, gray dawn showed a real veil of daylight. And in the morning after the evening of the third day Tom Lyon and I were lying on our blankets on the hillside, too restless and nervous to sleep.

"My mother was a Southern woman," he said, "and although she was only about four or five high she had grit enough for the biggest man that ever lived. I didn't seem to come by it, myself, but if there is anything in me that's any good, that's where I got it from. My father and I couldn't agree on a good many things. They sent me off to school when I was only half well, and all that kind of Spartan business, but blamed if they made much by it, if the idea was to do *me* any good. That was the old man's doings. My mother couldn't manage him about that like she could most anything else; but she made up for it the best she could—she certainly did! I never had to tell her, when I was back with her, what hell it was to me; 'I know, honey,' she would say, before I tried to say anything almost, and she would kiss me and cry and hug me as though the devil himself was never going to part us."

"Well, she died," he said slowly, blowing a long thoughtful whiff of cigarette smoke (the brown paper cigarettes with Mexican tobacco that has a sharp tang to it, whose scent weaves itself into all this watch-in-the-night period of which Santa Catarina is a fragment). "She died when I was about fourteen, I guess. After awhile there was some talk of the old man hitching-up again, but I didn't wait for that. I took the northern route up to Chicago awhile, and then over into Nebraska, Idaho, Colorado, Oregon, Virginia City, Yuma, Sonora, back to New Mexico, and God knows where—and how," he added dryly, as though the latter stirred many recollections.

"Eighteen years," he continued, "in sufferings oft, fighting without and deserving forty times forty stripes. But, pardner!" he said, turning with some earnestness to me, "there is only one cussedness of the kind that I have a real objection to that ever went deeper than the crust with me."

"Five years ago I had the first store in Gloriana, just after the boom came. I had a chance to make as much money as I had the gall to ask, but I cut it mild, and on three hundred dollars start I finished the first year with about seven thousand five hundred. But I only took it from those I thought could spare it. Flour was ten dollars a sack to those who looked as though they could stand it, but if someone blew in who was busted, it was free; I might have made twenty thousand that year—but h-ll!" he said, with easy cynicism, "there is a Hereafter."

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Then, sobering, he looked out over the lush-green Santa Catarina meadows, down into whose row of tangled willows and rank creek-bed growth the Las Cruces creek tumbled, a fairly lusty torrent for the country in which it flows. The camp was quiet, horses were feeding down in the meadows, and while all was broad daylight the sun had not yet appeared. Lyon was now rather less talkative, but as though he could not leave telling the reminiscence once begun, he resumed:

"You know these Indians hang around Gloriana and spend days sitting outside the stores on the sunny side of the house on the ground, and such of the miners as are given that way do business with some of the weaker sex—but that's neither here nor there. There was one of them, though, Maria, that wasn't that kind, by jings. She was as good a woman as any I ever met! Well, I was too rich for my own good in those days—everything coming my way—everything I touched turned to bullion. If I trusted a man, he paid with interest; if I tried a mine, it paid every time a pick and shovel hit it; if I built a house, someone wanted it right away for twice what it cost me—and all I had to do was to keep raking in the cash until I got as sick of the sight of '*dobe* dollars as a sick man does of rice straight for a month. Everything came my way that I wanted, except Maria.

"I have just outlined my moral and religious training," he said, a tired, gray eye seeking mine for perception. I nodded, and he continued:

"Every other member of the Cocopah tribe can be induced into a state of intoxication in from one to six hours by the simple expedient of giving them *mescal* enough (no, I will make an exception of old Marta, too, poor old girl, she's about seventy), but do you know that for months and months I watched Maria, and while apparently she was just like the rest as far as laughing and joshing was concerned, by the great horn spoon, that girl had a soul! I know you will laugh at the idea of an Indian having one, but hear the rest now, while we're about it, and then we'll soon get a much-needed rest.

"She used to have some kind of attacks, something like paralysis, but I never heard of that for a long time. One day, however, she was taken kind of sick there, and partly for deviltry and partly because she seemed to need it, I gave her a big drink of *mescal*. She changed just like *that*," snapping his thumb and finger. "Well, the rest was easy, but, pardner, by God," he said with sudden earnestness, "I will never forget the look that woman gave me afterwards if I live to be a thousand years old! It reminded me of something, and it kept troubling

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me, until way late, or early, one morning, after I had been drinking a good deal and had my ideas pretty well kaleidoscoped around in my head, suddenly that look stood out as clear as a picture and in my mother's face! I let a yell"—he stopped and rubbed his forehead a moment and his voice changed in tone, more like a youth's than a man's—"that made the hair on the feather dusters in the store stand straight for a week. That and my succeeding performances brought in about everyone who was living within half a mile, and they said I had a touch of jim-jams. Well, I guess that's right," he remarked, as though it referred to quite an impersonal matter.

"That is an awfully sad story," I said, thinking he had done. He looked at me a moment, and continued.

"After that, that woman loomed up to me bigger than Tomaso peak, and I will say, pardner, that she cared just about as much about me. She didn't come no nearer to me nor go no further than if I had been a keg of molasses, or nails. But sometimes she would look at me as though she was saying it, without any particular hate, 'And you're a *white* man. You're a *white* man, and you knew what you done!, and I would shake like a leaf, and say something rough, maybe, to pass it off. But it didn't pass nothing off, by gosh, and I would get out and get to drinking at the Red Light (that used to be right around from where my store was).

"That was in winter five years ago. That year she had a kid, but not down there. She disappeared, and after, oh, quite a long while after, I heard that she had had the kid and was dead. I don't know where she's buried. 'Indian Burns,' that crazy hobo that lives with them, told me about it. He says she said to old Marta in Cocopah about the kid, 'Make it *Indian—Indian—Indian!* And if it's a girl—kill it!' By gum, pardner, that came the hardest of anything I ever had passed out to me. I would have kept that kid like a Christian if I had had the chance, and I had kept saying to myself all the time, 'Make restitution on the kid, you danged hound!' And it had to give way to them words, that I know she said; for Indian Burns has only just got sense enough to say what he's heard: 'Make it *Indian—Indian—Indian!* And if it's a girl—kill it!'" And instead of settling down to sleep as he had said, he sat speechless, the jaw muscles working as he composed his feelings. Then he arose, as the sunbeams peeped over the Comundú range, and walked down to the meadows in the shadow, toward his horses, as a pretext for avoiding further talk.

I pulled the blankets over my head and slept like a post until near noon. Before nightfall the Santa Catarina was left to the

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three or four families who live there permanently, and I was back at Gloriana. Lyon had avoided me, and left Santa Catarina during the day and went down into the Trinidad. I have not met him since, but often wonder if the Maria child is really among the bright-faced group of irrepressible urchins at the Rancheria who are so humanly like the little white children you see playing in the school yard; and whether Lyon ever found her and took her to the States. I hope so, for she would have a kind father. He told the truth really and fully; for among the boys who knew him there was never one who accused him of any sin against their rough code—and lying on essentials and in earnest is such a crime. He meant what he said, and I would gamble that he found her and "made good" if he lived.

Ensenada, Mexico.

THE WAR FOR THE PASTURES.

By WIN. RUHL.

THE recent execution of Tom Horn at Cheyenne for the killing of Will Nickell, a fourteen-year old lad, at Iron Mountain, Wyoming, in July, 1901, is but another act in the great tragedy of the plains that has been going on for years and that will only cease when the Federal Government compels all landowners to maintain their wire fences on the lines indicated by the court's survey.

Throughout our vast expanse of herding domain, grasping covetousness has seized upon the otherwise generous, open natures of our ranching citizens, destroying in this one instance the widely accepted impression that competition and self-interest flourish to a grave extent only in the cities and more densely populated quarters of the land. Living close to Nature certainly endows man with a frankness almost unattainable within the crowded formalities of the cities, but once the love of gain in human nature wins the upper hand, the influences of external nature are swiftly shifted to the extremes; the man stands forth in the barbaric cruelty of his primitive instincts.

These undisturbed, daylight robberies involve millions of dollar's worth of the finest grazing land in the world. This would otherwise afford homes and a means of existence for thousands who come each year in the expectation of finding land at reasonable prices in the much-advertised West. Too often they are disappointed, and in many instances ruined, being unable to find an acre of even the poorest grazing land not fenced in. Nor

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are the corporations known as Land and Live Stock Companies alone to blame. The "small-fry" themselves have been equally criminal in their peculations from the government—have in fact been the foundations and feeders of the companies which now own fabulous tracts and whose policy it soon becomes to freeze and squeeze out the small owners who hang too near their skirts.

Usually, when a settler took up a homestead and received the location of his fence lines, he experienced a terrible mental aberration, lasting until the completion of his fencing. Then, behold! the magically fertile one hundred and sixty acres have expanded to at least two hundred, and if all things are propitious this is not the limit of expansion.

After a time another homeseeker's four-line team and trail-wagon would come creeping across the rolling swells and through the draws of the great open range, while the newcomer eagerly scanned the country for the choicest location for his future home, ever regardful of water and summer shade that would also answer for winter shelter. From the first man's extended fences he took up his quarter section, and—well, so it went on, until now the open range has been almost entirely swallowed up by the deliberate thievery of "land hogs."

Having looked out for Number One in the best possible manner, the next thing is the decision of one or the other neighbor, after much figuring, to dispose of a part of his cattle and try his luck with an experimental bunch of sheep, in which there is certainly more profit than in steers, because they require fewer men to handle them. Sooner or later there comes a dry season when the sheepman finds his pasturage growing scant and looks enviously beyond his fence at his neighbor's pastures, which may be holding their own better than his from some slight advantage in irrigation or natural location.

"That fellow has government land in there, lots of it, and I've just as much right to turn my sheep in there as he has his cattle, even if it is fenced in."

His subsequent action, after thus philosophizing, is paramount to a blow in his neighbor's face, because, where sheep have passed, cattle refuse to graze. This little idiosyncrasy of the dumb animals combines with the fence question to form the prime motives of men and neighbors staining their hands and souls with each other's blood—even to the slaughter of the innocents. Peace will never become an assured condition, until the respective sheep and cattlemen unanimously agree to segregate the two great interests into two distinct districts or territories in each State. In one the "herder" can peacefully and

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without fear lead his flocks ; in the other the "puncher" may round-up and follow his fall "shove-down" without crossing the hated trail.

I was with the 7XL outfit (Warren Live Stock Company) in the summer of 1901, and while there I saw many instances of the ill-feeling between the two factions. After leaving their employ and riding into Cheyenne, I was offered a situation with a man "about twenty miles north of town." On the following morning I foregathered at the station with another puncher named Cunningham, where the party representing our unknown employer only showed up at the last moment, and yelling, to us to "come on," sprang aboard a moving train on the Cheyenne Northern.

He handed our tickets to the conductor and dropped off again without a word to us, with the result that we were disembarked at Iron Mountain, then the very center of the local feud. It was plain to us now why our friend had been so careful to keep us in the dark as to our destination ; but, after mutually agreeing to keep our mouths shut and attend strictly to no one's business but our own, we concluded to face the job. The trickery was due to the fact that they had found it impossible to persuade anyone, for love or money, to work the remaining cattle in face of the unfriendly feeling and the recent shooting.

Iron Mountain consists of a little red section-house and station combined and John Goble's two ranch houses, whither our twenty-nine miles had been stretched into as good a sixty-five as man ever rode ; beyond came a fourteen-mile jolt to the Nickell ranch. A small circle of stones in the branch road to the house we avoided. I did not know why ; but the pinto pricked up his ears, and without a touch on the reins, stepped gingerly to one side, blowing slightly. It was here the boy had been shot. When the cattlemen ran off the sheep-herder, he was sent down to Iron Mountain in quest of one who was known to have been there ; in case he failed to find him, he was to go on to Diamond in his search.

He left the house about six o'clock on Thursday morning, and less than half an hour later the family heard two shots in the direction of the first pasture gate ; but they supposed them to be from the guns of antelope hunters and gave the matter no further attention. When evening came and he had not returned, it was very naturally assumed that he had found it necessary to extend his quest to Diamond, which would necessitate his remaining there over night. On Friday morning, Fred, the 11-year-old son, was out on his pony looking for the bunch of milk-cows, when his boyish feelings were harrowed by finding his dead

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brother lying in the road about twenty feet from the blood-spattered gate leading out on the range.

He had made a pitifully heroic attempt to reach mother before the last spark flickered out, while the marks on the ground plainly showed that the cold, self-possessed slaughterer had come forth from his concealment after the victim fell, and, turning him over on his back, tore open his shirt to see where the fatal bullets had struck.

Every indication went to prove that the lad had passed through the gate and closed it, unsuspicious of any danger, and, remounting the pony, had started on his way again when he caught sight of the skulker among the rocks at his right. Had he pretended ignorance of the other's presence he might still be alive; but, knowing full well that the circumstance boded ill for his father, he impulsively turned toward the house to warn his parent of the danger. The murderer allowed him to dismount again, and, as he stood unfastening the gate, shot him down, sending two Winchester .30-30's through the left breast.

James Miller and his two sons, with whom the Nickells had been on hostile terms, were at once arrested on warrants sworn out by the latter; but, while Laramie County residents were still proclaiming that the youthful victim had undoubtedly been shot in mistake for his father, and that the latter would yet "get it," the second shooting occurred. On Sunday morning, less than three weeks later, Kels Nickell, the father, went down to the Colegate pasture to drive in a number of calves to be branded the next day. As he started for the corral with them, he was fired on by two men from a bunch of rocks some distance away.

By the merest chance he escaped with an arm broken in two places and a number of flesh wounds, although ten or more shots were fired after him. In the temporary absence of their three cowboys, who had gone to town to spend Sunday, his plucky daughter put on his coat and hat, and, going down to the corral, hitched up the driving ponies and brought them to the house. She drove the team to Iron Mountain and accompanied him to the Cheyenne Hospital. From this, after a long siege, he came forth with the numbing realization that he must start all over again, although he frequently insisted that he would "go back and raise sheep if he had to fight all of Laramie County."

This, of course, was out of the question; for, long before, his old neighbors had "soured on him" on account of the sheep venture. Because he had herded them from the station up to his ranch, his passage across their pastures, along the unfenced

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road, had obliterated all friendships and clinched the ill-feeling.

In time, the Millers were vindicated by the capture of Tom Horn, who lay in Cheyenne under sentence of death almost a year before he finally paid the penalty for the atrocious crime that he had undoubtedly committed for hire. Small doubt exists but that he was also the prime factor in driving away Jim Axford, a man with a wife and four children living only a few miles from Nickell and owning a large and profitable band of sheep.

One morning Axford found a slip of paper pinned on his corral gate on which someone had printed with a lead pencil:

Axford take your dam sheep and thieving young ones and clear out of the country. dont try to send any of the kids for the sheriff for if you do he won't come back.

After consulting with his wife, who was about to be confined, he went to Orrin Junction and telegraphed for the deputy sheriff to come out at once. When that officer arrived and read the notice, he advised Axford to follow the instructions it contained, for there was no way for him to remain and be provided with any effectual protection against a shot from an unseen foe in the rocks that border the mesa. He took his two oldest boys, and, kissing the wife and babes a tearful farewell, started with his sheep on the long, cheerless trail for Nebraska.

So it is, so it has been, and so it will continue, until some more effective methods are adopted to avert these clashes. I knew Tom Horn and a number of his associates. I have ridden fence and worked cattle without having had to cross a word with parties on the other side of the controversy. Yet, without condoning murder, I can easily see how natural it is for self-interest to override scruple under very aggravating circumstances. In this "six-of-one-and-half-a-dozen-of-the-other" case, I can see no final and lasting pacification between the two industries, unless they are geographically separated and assigned to exclusive sections. Then, and then only, while the proper authorities keep a restraining hand upon those elusive, outreaching wire fences, shall we hear of fewer shootings in the sheep and cattle land.

Salem, O.

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THE CAMINO REAL.

THE Camino Real movement has been set back a few months by the people who like to speak of themselves as "Practical," and who look with dark suspicion on anyone so "Sentimental" as to know or care anything about the facts in the case. The blockade is only temporary, it may be assumed for reliable reasons. The chief of these reasons are that the people of California wish the Camino Real rebuilt, and that they will not allow it to be made a fake. There is every probability that the great highway can be built, as soon as people get together to build it honestly. It certainly never will be built for the purpose of providing a salary to a female lobbyist and pickings for the politicians. And that is the present aspect of the matter. The inside history of the peculiar juggle which has temporarily arrested progress is unknown, not only to the public but to the great majority of the people who were hoodwinked into the game. It is here outlined for the first time.

For ten years the plan of the Camino Real has been steadily, logically and honestly developing. The whole public interest in, and knowledge of, the road is due to the work of Miss Anna B. Picher and the Landmarks Club. Without that propaganda, there would be today no more thought of reconstructing the Camino Real than of pile-driving a highway across the Pacific. The Club has preserved the Missions, from one to the other of which the road ran, and without which the road never would have existed; and Miss Picher's splendid campaign was to the road itself. Neither movement could have succeeded as it has—for the resultant public interest is almost universal in California—without the countenance and aid of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; a body of 1,300 leading business men of this city, who are practical enough for all reasonable requirements, and of the sort of sentiment to take care of the permanent interests of the community. Naturally, one important function of such an organization is to stand against impulsive folly and wilful fakes—two things always to be expected to crop up in a community so swiftly developing.

Some four months ago a very clever and engaging lady, comfortably disengaged from her marital obligations, no longer enjoying the position of clerk to a State Legislative Committee, and desirous to secure a "steady job," hit upon the interest that had been roused in the Camino Real as "about the thing." She got her plan before representative persons and organizations here, including the Chamber of Commerce. After careful consideration, her proposition was rejected. The lady was

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frank to confess that she "had to have a salary;" and this was the measure of her interest in, and her knowledge of, the Camino Real. But she knew a thing or two about politics.

Last December the most proper organizations for such initiative—the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Landmarks Club, the Historical Society, etc.—called a convention of delegates from the seven counties of Southern California "to consider the project of constructing a great thoroughfare to follow the line of the ancient Camino Real, or King's Highway, from San Diego to Santa Barbara." The plan was to ask the northern counties to coöperate, and undertake the road from Santa Barbara northward.

This convention, of some eighty delegates thus invited, was held in Los Angeles January 30. Fortunately for our local pride, no Dickens was present to add further uncomfortable "American Notes."

For the Convention did not consider at all the things for which it was called. The lady from Sacramento had been busy. By circulating the foolish falsehood that the Camino Real plan was a masked move for State Division, she excited the Native Sons and Native Daughters—two patriotic organizations which stand for "California one and indivisible," as do we all. In twenty years in this State I have never known but one solitary man of any weight to advocate State division. But these organizations were imposed upon by this childish story; their delegates controlled the convention; and the delegates had their instructions. It was an entirely innocent act on the part of the California-born Americans, many of whom are now raging at the knowledge of the deceit that was practiced upon them, and the position in which this place-hunter put the two orders as apparently ignorant and careless of the history of the State they love.

For ten round years the politicians have had a chance to interest themselves in the Camino Real. Not one of them has lifted a finger, until just now. Why this sudden affection? Well, there are whispers in the air of a Brownlow Bill in Congress, and Millions to Spend. There is no Brownlow *Law*. There is no appropriation. There are no millions. But the mere rumor of their possibility is enough to arouse the politicians to Get Next when it comes to the potential spending of the Big Money that May Be.

At any rate, the convention voted to make California responsible for gross ignorance of her own history and a perfect willingness to fake anything that might have "Something In It." The official resolutions call for a Camino Real "coterminous with the limits of the State"—that is, one-half intentional

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swindle, and the other half no better. The Camino Real ran from the Mexican line, via San Diego, to San Francisco—roughly speaking, half the length of the State. The convention voted to disregard the road where it did run, to run it 400 miles where it never dreamed of going, and to laugh at history and at the very romance which is the chief asset of California.

There were even gentlemen who assured the convention that there never was a Camino Real in California—because there were so many! That Camino Real does not mean "King's Highway," but merely a "travelled road"—or, as one brilliant person put it, "it just means a sort of Real Road!"

It is easy to capture a convention; but it is hard to hold a people. California is largely populated with persons who do not enjoy looking like ignoramuses, and who positively refuse to look like fakirs. The building of the Camino Real will be delayed until the job-hunters make way. When so big a public work is undertaken by Californians, it will be undertaken on honest and competent lines.

The victory of the pipe-layers was brief. Four days after the packed convention, the Chamber of Commerce called for explanations of the unauthorized procedure. That was an extinguisher, up to the present writing. The politicians have found the sense and ethics of the community suddenly cold to their procedure, and have to explain that they "didn't mean anything."

Now for the practical part. There *was* a Camino Real. It connected all the Missions in California. Camino Real is literally "Royal Road"—*Real* being from the Latin *regius*, *rex*, like the English "regal," the French *roi* and *royal*, the Spanish *rey*. No one who could for one moment face any court of historians dare deny either of these assertions. The idiomatic translation of Camino Real is "King's Highway"—and has been ever since 1599, when the first English-Spanish dictionary was printed. I have forty-seven volumes of Spanish dictionaries, from 1560 to date; they establish the fact infallibly.

Not only was there a Camino Real—it can be identified. To do so would probably require two months' work by experts.

Practically every mile of the historic Camino Real is today occupied by a public highway. The Franciscan pioneers were as unerring judges of the best routes as they were of the best locations. It is notorious that they made no mistakes in selecting the garden spots of California for their settlements. Neither did they make any blunders in their roads. Present California towns and ranches are naturally laid out with respect to the main roads that were in use when the new population arrived. Therefore the bugbear of such "practical"

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people as jump with their eyes shut, that "it would cost a great deal to buy right of way, and the road would be crooked" need trouble no one. The gentlemen do not know what they are talking about. The only task in most cases is to determine which of the present actual roads was the historic Camino in a certain place. And that can be done. People who have enough common sense to know that a historic fake never lasts long will insist that we have no false pretenses here.

Practically every important community in Southern California is on the Camino Real—as a matter of course, for Southern California grew up along that first thoroughfare and its branches. Every Mission is on it, of course, for it was built to connect the Missions.

Nothing could be more foolish than the cry of a few enthusiasts who have to get out and push their thoughts (and other reluctant machines) up hill, that "We want the shortest road from the south to the north, and haven't time to go around to the Missions." In other words, a 1000-mile speedway for red-devils. That is precisely what we do not want. Nor yet do we wish it. The great modern highway along the historic line will be for automobilists, bicyclists, and tallyhos, indeed—but it will also be for the farmers, who amount to a good deal more; for the quiet drivers, for the people that can sit on a horse without falling off, for people who still have joy of walking—in fine, it will be for the Public. It will even be for our tourists; and while we sometimes detect in them certain lapses from wisdom, few of them are such fools as to wish to snort up the pike at sixty miles an hour and never see the Missions or the country. They can get speedways back East; for Missions they come to California. Our automobile friends are as God made them, and not to be snubbed. But if they fancy we are going to give up the plan of a historic, romantic, beautiful road, jewelled every few leagues with the noblest architectural monuments in North America and the most distinctive possessions of California; if they think we are going to throw away all that magnificent opportunity, leave our farmers on mud roads, and build a Camino simply for *them* to pull down their visors and whizz fast enough to keep ahead of the smell—to endeavor to see how far they can go in a given time and how little they can see—why, they don't know California yet. For we won't do it.

No harm is done by the temporary setback. It is a humorous example of the ease with which a grey-eyed grass widow captured and made spectacles of certain "practical" politicians and wiseacres, and imposed on a lot of more sincere people. But the Camino Real is bigger than these incidents. It will be built sometime; probably soon; certainly just as soon as the people go at it in the honest way. It will be a road of the people, by the people and for the people. It will be still the venerable and romantic King's Highway; laid out with a heroism, devotion and "business sense" never anywhere surpassed, and of a romantic interest no other part of the United States can rival. But it will be restored under a new monarch—His Majesty the American people.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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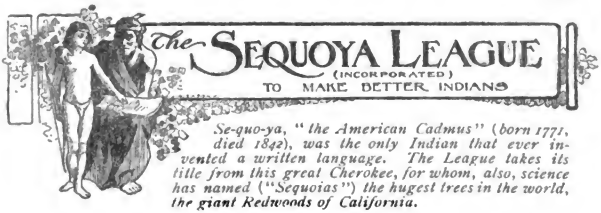

Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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IT will come as a shock to the people not only of Southern California but wherever interest was two years ago aroused in the misfortunes of the Mission Indians—and that was very widely—to learn that their suffering is not to be relieved after all.

For several years, sympathy has been growing for these shamefully swindled and neglected people. The matter reached a crisis in the case of the evicted Indians of Warner's Ranch—wherein public sentiment became so strong and so wide-spread that the government was fain to take extraordinary steps.

But now that the storm has blown over, the matter has largely been lost again in the bottomless void of Red Tape.

It will be remembered that after, and because of, a persistent and general protest against an attempted routine handling of the case, a special Commission was appointed "to assist the Secretary of the Interior in purchasing suitable lands" for the Warner's Ranch Indians "*and such other Mission Indians as may not now be provided with suitable homes.*" It will be remembered that (in response to the same public demand) Congress had appropriated $100,000 for this purpose; $70,000 being set aside *for the purchase of lands*, and $30,000 for the *moving and establishment* of the Warner's Ranch Indians. It will be remembered that after public sentiment had made impossible the carrying out of the bureau plan to pay $70,000 for a ranch which has since been sold for one-half that sum, the Commission secured an incomparably better property, of 50% more acreage and 500 times as much water, and at the same time saved

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$23,700. It will be remembered that this transaction was consummated; that the Warner's Ranch Indians were moved to their new homes; that they are now being paid (at wages of $1.50 a day) to build and improve their own properties; and that, through the efforts of Senator Bard, the League succeeded in setting aside certain technical objections, and in making the saved $23,700 available for the purchase of lands for other Mission Indians "not now provided with suitable homes." Also that the Commission, in its final report, specified how this money could be applied to relieve the actual, cruel necessities of eight other Mission Indian Reservations, embracing over 700 persons. More than half of all the Mission Indians now extant are *not* "provided with suitable homes;" their condition is a disgrace to our civilization; and it was felt that the relief of 700 of them at one swoop—in addition to the 300 provided for in the Warner's Ranch deal—was a good beginning. The public has been waiting patiently to see this measure consummated.

The League has several times broached the matter to the government; and the carrying out of the work has been offered to be done without remuneration—as it was done in the case of Warner's Ranch.

And now comes the startling news from Senator Bard that he is informed by the Department that $5,000 of this $23,700 has already been spent on the Indians at Pala; and that probably all the $18,700 balance will be needed for them also!

Without the remotest desire to be impertinent, it seems that the people of Southern California, to whose interest and active efforts is due the escape of the Department from what would have been at once a shameful business blunder and a fearful injustice, are entitled to understand somewhat better this latest development. On its face, it seems a remarkable procedure. The Act of Congress expressly set aside $70,000 of the total appropriation *for the purchase of lands;* and differentiated $30,000 for the moving of certain specific Indians and their maintenance until they shall become self-supporting. How can the money for the purchase of lands be applied to buy cardboard houses or hay-balers? It was a mere law-office technicality which Senator Bard had so much trouble to brush aside in order to make this saved money available for the relief of the starving Indian neighbors of the Cupeños; but the present procedure seems to be much more than a technical straw. What *is* intended to be done with the Mission Indians who are in bitter destitution, and have been for ten years—and have for ten years been *known* by the Department to be destitute; and whose relief was provided

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for through the unpaid efforts of citizens of Southern California? Are they to be left to starve for another ten years? Or have we to work up our feelings again, as in the original Warner's Ranch case, in order to get them tardy justice? Or is it all a lesson to us on the temerity of "meddling" by American citizens in the work of a branch of the American Government? If ever there was a fair and vivid example of what intelligent citizenship can do in helping a remote and unacquainted Bureau, the work of the Commission in the Warner's Ranch case was one. As business, as philanthrophy, and as morals, the transaction was bettered by the enlistment of the citizen.

If it is necessary to make the campaign all over again for the relief of more than a thousand Mission Indians who are today incalculably worse off than the Warner's Ranch Indians, it will certainly be done; but it really seems as though the case were clear enough already. The government is in honor bound to relieve the Mission Indians whose present pitiable condition is due solely to the carelessness (or worse) of Washington officials since more than twenty years ago. It is bound by treaty, as well as by honor. It has been in possession of the facts since 1883, when its own official commission reported the same general condition which remains unchanged to this day. More than a year and a half ago another official commission not only called attention to this blot on the conduct of Indian affairs, but secured the means to remedy it. For more than a year the Department has had, in its hands, the money to relieve 720 half-starving Mission Indians in Southern California, and has known how to apply it. But the Indians are still hungry. Right beside their worthless, desert "reservations" are the lands "good enough for white folks"—which a remote Department has allowed the Indians to be driven off from. The sufficient money was provided to buy for these exiles enough adjacent land to keep them from suffering. And that money is now being diverted.

One who has given a solid year of his time, without compensation of any sort, to secure for the Warner's Ranch Indians a better home than that from which they were evicted by the U. S. Supreme Court, may be pardoned for feeling that "there are others." The Warner's Ranch exiles—less than 300 people—now have one of the most fertile valleys in Southern California. They have over 3,400 acres—besides 5,000 acres reserved from entry on three sides of them. They have more water for irrigation than any other numerically equal community I know of in Southern California—about half a miner's inch for every man, woman and child. The government is building for

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them (out of a special fund, and not out of this appropriation) a modern cemented irrigation system, costing more per capita than any "American" community I know of in Southern California enjoys. As it costs more per capita, it ought to be better —if the government is a "good business man." If the city of Los Angeles had the same per capita, it would boast a thirteen-million-dollar water system—and it falls rather short of that.

The exiles at Pala have been given houses—tenderfoot houses, it is true; cardboard "portable" houses, shipped from the East, and costing more than comfortable and hygienic California houses would—but houses. They are paid wages for putting up their own houses, for grubbing, plowing and planting their own fields, for building their own fences, for digging their own irrigating ditches. And this is right. Common sense in the Department adopted this suggestion of the League—that the Indians be paid for doing the work, instead of being "rationed" while contractors did it.

But there are at least 1,500 other Mission Indians in Southern California who are worse off than the Warner's Ranch people ever were. The Supreme Court did not evict them, but the Squatter did. They live on deserts beside the fertile valleys from which they have been driven. They have no irrigating systems, fertile lands, houses, hay-balers, gang-plows, or other things given them by the Department. For years the Department has known that they are acutely destitute; that they are suffering not only for clothing but for food. It has done nothing for them. Even when Congress—yielding to the earnest appeal of the people of Southern California—made it possible for the Department to relieve more than one-third of all this suffering at one sweep, nothing is done.

Congress appropriated $30,000 to remove the Warner's Ranch Indians and support them until they can be self-supporting on lands that Riverside or Pasadena would be proud to annex. With half the "management" any half-baked Californian would give his own business, that would be enough and to spare. But unless Senator Bard is misinformed by the Department itself, the Department has already exceeded by $5,000 the liberal allowance made by Congress, and has by the same figure eaten into the sum expressly set aside by the Act of May 27, 1902, for the purchase of *land* for "such Mission Indians as are not now provided with suitable homes."

In view of the express provision of Congress, and of the work done in Southern California to carry out that provision, the matter ought never to have come up again as "unfinished business." But since it does—and in this particularly cruel form—the League will start a new campaign—and a little harder than before. The people of Southern California do not wish anyone —even Indians—to starve here. We can take care of our proper poor; we can—as we did in the Warner's Ranch case—jog the government to take care of its wards within our special geography.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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EARLY CALIFORNIA REMINISCENCES.

By GEN. JOHN BIDWELL.

III.

MY object being accomplished, I at once set about my return. Peter Lassen was a very singular man, very industrious, very ingenious, and very fond of pioneering, in fact, stubbornly so. He had great confidence in his powers as a woodsman, but strangely enough he always got lost.

As we passed the Butte Mountains, our route, of course, lay between the Sacramento and the Feather rivers. The point we wished to reach that night was Sutter's Hock Farm on the Feather River. Night had overtaken us when we were some fifteen miles from it. Lassen persisted in keeping the lead.

Our Indian vaquero, however, who knew the country well in that vicinity, pointed to the eastward as the way we should go. Lassen could not be persuaded to go to the east, and finally, about morning, we concluded to say we must go east, and if he would not, we would leave him. This had no effect on Peter, so he kept on toward the south while we, following the Indian, came to the farm, the only place Lassen could reach being the intervening tule marsh.

Now, if you want to see the humor a man is in after spending the night in a tule marsh full of mosquitoes you ought to have seen Peter Lassen when he came to the camp at Hock Farm the next morning. He was so mad he would not speak to any of us, and would not travel in the same path, but kept to one side or the other and 100 yards away from us all day, and I think, never forgot or forgave us. Yet he was a man who had many good qualities. He was a good cook in camp and would do anything and everything necessary to do in the camp, even to making the coffee, provided those traveling with him would attempt to assist him. If they did not attempt to assist him they at once became targets of the best style of grumbling that any man born in Denmark was capable of. But of course each one would attempt to assist, and that was all that was necessary to do, for Lassen would drive them away, and do it all himself, even to the staking of the tent.

After our arrival from the trip, I sketched, as best I could, the country visited, laying down and naming the streams by the names they have ever since borne.

Lassen selected, as a place to locate a ranch, the country on both sides of Deer Creek, since owned by Senator Stanford, where is located his immense vineyard and the town of Vina.

I engaged with Sutter to take Hock Farm on the Feather River. This was his great stock farm, where most of his horses and cattle were located, and there I stayed for a year, and while there made most of the improvements seen by people within the historic period, which is said to commence at the close of the Mexican War, in the spring of 1847.

While at Bodega in 1842, Commodore apCatesby Jones raised the American flag in Monterey. The store-snip Relief was sent to Bodega, and dispatches were sent in my care to look out for a vessel, which I did, and delivered them. The Mexicans made no resistance.

In 1843 a company came by land from Oregon, composed partly of the immigration which had gone to Oregon the year before from across the plains. This party had with it men, two at least, who might be styled "Indian-killers," and on the way they frequently fired at Indians seen in

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the distance. The better portion of the company tried to dissuade them from this, but with only partial success.

On arriving at Red Bluff, the company camped early in the day, intending to remain during the night, but left hastily owing to this event. One of the Indian-shooters, seeing an Indian on the opposite bank of the river, swam over, carrying a butcherknife in his mouth. The Indian allowed him to approach till he was very near, but at last ran. The man with the knife threw a stone and crippled him, and then killed him with the knife. The company, fearing the Indians, concluded to travel on.

After a few miles an Indian was seen following them—no doubt out of curiosity, not having heard of the killing. One of the Indian-killers, seeing the opportunity, hid in the brush till the Indian came up, and then shot him,

The company still travelled on the west side of the river, and in more than ordinary haste, feeling insecure lest the Indians, who were very numerous in the Sacramento Valley at that time, should be hostile on account of what had occurred. One of their encampments was near the Sacramento River, below the mouth of Stony Creek, in what is now Colusa County. The Indians, however, came near in considerable numbers, and hence had evidently not heard of the shooting alluded to.

In the morning, as they were packing up to leave camp, one of the Indian killers missed his bridle, and swore that "some of the damned Indians" had stolen it (an unreasonable thing, as the Indians had no horses). He fired at an Indian who stood by a tree 100 yards or so distant. The Indian fell back into the brush and all the other Indians in sight fled in terror. The company became alarmed and hastened away, but before they had started the man found his bridle under some blankets in camp. All that day the Indians on the east side of the river were in a state of great excitement, as the company passed along on the west side.

For more than forty miles, at that time, there was no place where the horses could reach the water to drink, the banks being either steep or so grown up with timber and grapevines as to render it impossible to reach the water.

The day after, the company camped and reached water at the place now called Colusa. The excitement among the Indians had preceded them, and a considerable number of them were gathered on the opposite bank of the river. When the horses were led down to water, in an almost famished condition, the Indians fired at them with arrows. No one was hurt or hit. For some unaccountable reason, when the party reached Sutter's establishment a few days later and reported what had happened, Sutter came to the conclusion that the Indians where the arrows had been shot across the river were hostile and should be punished.

Let me say here that the Indian village on the present site of Colusa was one of the largest in the valley, but there were many other villages on both sides of the river in the vicinity of the Colusa village, and both above and below it. I believe I can truthfully say that the number of Indians within ten miles of that point amounted to not less than 1,500 or 2,000. They lived largely on fish, mostly salmon, which they caught in great numbers in the river. For the purpose of fishing they had formed a fish-weir at a point some miles above Colusa, by using willow poles, the ends of which were rounded and sharpened and then in some manner made to penetrate the sandy bottom to a depth sufficient to resist the force of the current. By the use of cross-sticks lashed with grapevine, the structure formed a bridge not less than eight or ten feet wide, for men to pass and repass upon. At this point the river was very wide and the bottom very sandy, and the water perhaps not more than four or five feet deep.

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I heard the story of the emigrants. Some thought the Indians where the shooting was done were hostile, but most of them, and the best informed as I thought, did not blame the Indians in view of the previous occurrences.

Sutter, however, concluded to punish them, and went with fifty men and attacked the Indians at daylight. His forces were divided, part having gone above and crossed on the Indian bridge, so that they would be ready simultaneously at daybreak to begin the attack. The Indians fled and mostly jumped into the river, where they were fired on and great numbers of them killed. After that time the Indians in that part of the valley were never known to be hostile to the whites. I do not believe that there was sufficient reason for considering them hostile before. At any rate I remember of no hostile act on their part, having gone among them almost alone a year after, twice at least, and once, with only five men with me, camped all night near a village without molestation.

Two years later, in 1846, I went from Sacramento during the prevalence of a great flood, passing, not up the river, but over the plains, which were like a sea of water. I arrived in a canoe, near the place where the Indians were killed in 1843, to trade for Indian twine for the purpose of making seines with which to take salmon. I had no white men with me, but only two Indians to paddle the canoe, and I found the Indians perfectly friendly.

Here I mention another fact that might have had some relation to the present county of Colusa. I ought to have said that a part of the aforesaid Oregon company left the main body somewhere about the time, or a little before, it entered the Sacramento Valley, and had reached Sutter's Fort some days in advance, and had seen nothing of the occurrences which caused the campaign against the Indians just described. Among this advance party, in fact its leader, was one L. W. Hastings, a man of great ambition. His purpose in coming to California was to see the country and write a book and induce great numbers of emigrants to come here, declare the country independent and become its first president. It did not take him long to learn that the Mexican Government was in the habit of granting large tracts of land. Not knowing how long it might take to establish here an independent republic, and having an eye to business, he at once took preliminary steps with the intention of securing a large grant of land of ten or twelve square leagues lying on the west bank of the Sacramento River, between Colusa and Knight's Landing, and to that end employed me to make a map of it. This was to be kept a profound secret.

True to his purpose, he made his way through California, Mexico and Texas to the United States. On the way he conferred with Sam Houston in Texas as to the aid and coöperation he might expect from the Lone Star Republic in its then early chaotic condition. It is certain, I believe, that Hastings received no encouragement from that source. He was not, however, in the least discouraged, but wrote a book of two or three hundred pages, picturing California in the most glowing colors, and eventually secured its publication. It so happened that his purpose would have been largely realized had not troubles between our government and Mexico occurred simultaneously with its publication. The book induced six or seven hundred to cross the plains in 1846. Hastings preceded them late in the fall of 1845, to be ready to lay the foundations of his republic. The next spring he went to meet his large emigration, but the Mexican war in that year blasted all his fondly cherished schemes.

One further incident is worth telling. After Hastings wrote the book, it was some time before he could raise funds with which to publish it. Among other devices to raise money, he delivered temperance lectures in Ohio and the neighboring States, and while on his lecturing tour he became acquainted with a Methodist preacher named McDonald, who rendered him some aid, and they became fast friends. Late in the fall of 1846, Hastings, having returned from his trip to meet his emigration, arrived at Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, in a cold rain. His friend McDonald, whom he had never expected to see in California, had preceded him to the Bay, and, for want of other employment, was actually attending the only bar in town. Hastings, the temperance lecturer, drenched in the cold rain, went to the bar, called for brandy, and poured out a glass full. As he was about to drink, McDonald, the barkeeper, recognized him and said, "My temperance friend, how do you do?" Hastings immediately recognized the Methodist preacher who had helped him in Ohio, grasped his hand, and said, "My dear old preacher, I'm glad to see you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE SOUTHWEST SOCIETY, ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

THE youngest Society of the venerable Institute is already steady on its feet, waxing handsomely in membership, and working like a grown-up. While digesting plans for broader archæological work, the Society has lost no time. It is actively recording the old Spanish and Indian folk-songs of California and the Southwest; and has already over 100 extremely valuable and interesting records. Pending official action by the Institute in authorizing the necessary expenditures for this recording of the historic songs of the Southwest, Mr. Frederick H. Rindge, a vice-president of the Society, has generously guaranteed the amount for the first year's work. Otherwise, the Society would have been obliged to lose some three months' activity from a work wherein every day counts. By the time Prof. Stanley arrives, in midsummer, to collaborate with the Society, it is expected to have 500 of these old songs ready for his expert transcription for the volume, which will be the Society's first imprint.

While conducting this specific work, the Society will not relax its major aims—the upbuilding of an adequate Southern California Museum, the promotion of archæological research in the Southwest, and the like. If "Business is Business," so is Science, in an honorable sense; and the Southwest Society is here to assist Science and the Human Needs of a progressive American Community to agree as yoke-fellows.

No permanent Secretary has been elected; and therefore no campaign of organization has as yet been feasible. A generous response, however, has been given to the small correspondence thus far had. The membership of the Society at this writing is as follows:

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This is a brave beginning; but only a beginning. The Society invites all thoughtful citizens of the Southwest to membership. The fees are $10 per annum; $100 for life membership—and include membership in the Institute itself, and free receipt of its important illustrated quarterly.

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THE Landmarks Club Cook Book, which was published for the benefit of the work, has at last reached a productive stage; having paid off all expenses of publication, so that further receipts from it will be a profit for the Club's treasury.

It is proper to add, right here, that the book is a success in itself, and is winning golden opinions all over the United States. It is the only work which presents in English a large number of authentic Spanish and old Californian dishes; among which are some of the most toothsome novelties any housekeeper can try.

All members who have not paid up their annual dues of $1 since November last are now in arrears. It costs money to put roofs on falling buildings; and the Club's money is derived from membership fees. The more promptly these fees are paid, each year, the more effectively the work can be prosecuted.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, $7,003.75.

New contributions—Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoisett, Mass., $25; Eschscholtzia Chapter, Daughters American Revolution, Los Angeles, $20; Mrs. Joseph Beyer, $5; Mrs. Workman, $3; Miss Mary Workman, $3; Dr. Granville MacGowan, $2; Mrs. Granville MacGowan, $2, all of Los Angeles; Mrs. T. Mitchell Prudden, N. Y., $2. $1 each—Mrs. M. F. Woodward, Buffalo, N. Y.; Harry Gardner Polley, Pasadena, Cal.; Mrs. Adelia Bee Adams, Santa Monica, Cal.; Adolph Petsch, Mrs. N. B. Blackstone, Miss Losa Hubbell, Mrs. Augusta B. Fairchild, Miss Fette, Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt, Mrs. Walter Newhall, R. W. Burnham, R. W. Poindexter, Harris & Frank, Mrs. R. G. Bussenius, Los Angeles; Mrs. Mary A. Davis, Mrs. F. W. Parker, Pasadena, Cal.; Edith Alden Daniels, Mrs. Hugh S. Havens, Arcadia, Cal.; C. C. Richardson, Concord, Mass.; Mrs. Norma Seeley, Westchester, Mass.

Last month the names of Mrs. Percy W. Hoyle and Mrs. Nellie C. Mersereau were printed "Hough" and "Merselean" by an error.

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A VALUED correspondent in the East invites the Lion: "join me in praying for the little Japs. Aren't they splendid?" They certainly are; and everybody likes pluck, and feels a fit and human desire to cheer when a saucy stripling goes up against a good-natured giant. But the Lion cannot just yet join in prayer.

It seems to be a particular delight of the American people to forget their own history, or that they ever had any; and really this is a mistake—for there has been a good deal, and most of it is to be proud of. We are big and pompous now; but time was when we were young and struggling; we needed friends—and the Experiment of a Free Nation found mighty few. When the infant Republic was defending its life against the then greatest power in the world, it had but two nations to sympathize—two which are still friends to one another and to us; while we have forgotten both, as easily as we forget what little text-book was drilled into us in our too brief school days. France and Russia—the first great European Republic, and the greatest of all monarchies, gave us their moral support when the countenance of an outsider was a matter of life and death to us.

It is a dirty trick to forget friends; and as disreputable of eighty millions in a lump as for each unit of the eighty millions *per se*, sole. No man and no nation ever gets so big that it can afford to do it; and only the fat-witted think they can afford to.

Japan is a human nation—and the student of ethnology realizes that the Pagan nations are more human, on the average, than the Christian ones. All the world likes the little brown men, and wishes them well; partly because they are diminutive and precocious; and partly because, more than any other of the brown races, they have shown a facility in following our own nervous career. But only the humor of the Infinite (who seems to have denied His professional representatives their human share of the divinest of gifts, the ability to enjoy a joke) can absolutely grasp the biting humor of the case of ministers of the gospel who pray for the success of Paganism over Christianity. The Lion holds no religious briefs on either side; Pagans are as good to him as Christians, if they behave as well

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—and they generally do. It is simply from the point of view of humor that this remark is made. To the people who have neither religion nor humor, it is probably useless to present the "practical side."

Russia is not only the historic friend of the United States, but the friendship cost something. It is not, and cannot be in a century, a commercial rival. Japan—never in any complexion a friend of the United States, though never an enemy—is today deliberately, forcefully, and with a foresight at least not inferior to our own, preparing herself to be a leading commercial rival of this country.

The Russo-Japanese war is a blunder, as most wars are—and if civilization makes anything for peace; if it has any tendency to substitute brains for fists in the adjustment of differences, the blame of this barbarian appeal to arms lies with Japan. It is easy for half-baked readers to think of Russia as barbarous, because it is a government as absolute as ours seems now ambitious to be; but Russia has done more, through its present ruler, for the cause of universal peace than the United States has, or than any other nation in the world has.

Meantime, England—which never has been our friend, and which is the only national enemy we have ever had—continues to manufacture our war news and to color our "reading matter." Whatever is the management of the press bureau which "steers" our "news," it knows its business—including the ease with which many Americans believe everything they read and never wonder where it came from.

The war, like other blunders, will have to flounder to its logical finish. Doubtless there will be enough praying on both sides. The Russians will beseech the Lord, through their "low form of Christianity"—a beautiful phrase of those who think the Lord left them the *high* form by testamentary bequest—the Japanese will invoke their idols (90 per cent. of them, while the few deserters from the national religion, who have been educated in foreign lands, will put up civilized petitions to a civilized God); and the rest of the world will pray according to the deities they have made for themselves. And as the line seems to be busy, the Lion will have to leave the matter with "Central" as with the aforesaid amiable correspondent; "you go on and pray for Japan, and I won't bother the Lord with a word about it; and we will see how it turns out."

THE HOUR AND THE VERY MAN.

It is not often that it makes any difference to a big nation whether any one man is in it or out of it—alive or dead. We have a comfortable fashion to go down to the beach, thrust our heads in the ocean and withdraw them

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with open eyes to behold the cavity we have left, and our friends sometimes look quite as hard as we do.

But in fact, and as a rule—like the historic apple of the little boy—"there ain't no cavity." It does probably happen a few times in a generation that the man dies who can never be replaced in time to perfect his work, as he would have perfected it; for in some instances, time is an element of the contract. Otherwise the unsuspected dark horse comes up to fill what we had believed to be the irreparable gap.

In science—particularly in the sciences which have a characteristic and exclusive American application—this exception to the rule is doubtless more frequent than in any other category. Literature, like the poor, we have always with us. In the inventive arts—even Edison has done so much for his heirs that posterity can get along whether his place be filled or not. In all the other professions, no man can reasonably be said to be the pivot of the world's hope.

But there are a few of the sciences whose material is perishable, even as the tools are immortal; and the anthropological sciences are the majority of these.

Whatever may be true elsewhere, it is directly true in America that in ethnology and archæology, and their cognate branches, whatever is to be done must be done quickly. The newer half of the world has an enormous advantage over the older, in that it has the human as well as the historical and the archæological documents. But all three of these advantages—though in differing degree—are fading out. Before you and I realize it, the thing which gives the United States an incalculable advantage over any other country in civilization will have been lost forever.

If we are Yankees enough to take advantage of that opportunity, we shall lead the world in these sciences. If we are not, we shall be an uncomfortable proverb to the rest of the world, which will have done better, with less opportunity.

While there are many people who do not know the fact, it is a fact that one of the greatest good fortunes that has ever befallen American science, is the resurrection of Bandelier. He has risen from the dead of the Amazonian slopes, and is now in New York. There is no space here to deal with the remarkable career of him in the most dangerous regions of South America. The work done by him there (with the assistance of his wonderful young wife) has perhaps no parallel in science. But the essential thing is that now the most gifted and the most experienced of American archæologists has Come Home. At present he is occupied in the American Museum of Natural History of New York, arranging the matchless collections he

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had sent up from Peru and Bolivia, and the matchless materials he has collected there.

But this is only a part of the point. When we have a Humboldt of our own, it is just as well to use him. Bandelier is now sixty-five years old. He has no business in the field further. He has enough material amassed to occupy his leisure in transcribing and recording it for so long as he shall live. Where such a man belongs is not as an attaché of a museum, but as the provider of his own heirs. He should be in one of the best American Universities, with a comfortable salary, with leisure for recording his material—and above all, with the vocation to kindle and instruct young men (and young women) to take his place, so far as God has given them the wherewithal. No one man can Do It All. No General can be Aide-de-Camp, Colonels, Majors and Leftenants. The military art, like some others, consists not merely in leadership, but in organization; in picking your subordinates, teaching them—and trusting them.

And for obvious reasons the place where this foremost Americanist belongs is in one of the two great California universities.

BIGGER THAN CONGRESS.

There was one man of record who "would rather be right than be President;" and doubtless others of whom as much is true. Among the few who have not been debauched by the Get-There spirit, Congressman John F. Shafroth of Colorado takes his place. He has resigned his seat in Congress because there were alleged frauds in the election whereby he was seated. So far as is known, there is not the remotest suspicion that Shafroth either participated in, or was cognizant of, these American methods; nor that they were employed for his benefit. But he is American enough not to like the smell of anything that smells bad; and he has laid down like a man an honor that most Americans would sacrifice very much blunter points of honor to obtain.

Congressman Shafroth has distinguished himself before by real Americanism amid and against the Drift; his crucial action must give him a high place in the calendar of such Americans as still respect the conscience of our fathers. There are All Sorts in Congress; but there is only one sort big enough to prefer honor to honors.

ANOTHER OF THE OLD GUARD.

Another American has gone, whom the country may well mourn. A quiet man, little noised in proportion to the influence he wielded and the good he did, Adolph Schwartzmann was one of the forces that made for sanity in our national life. He was last to go of the three Real Men that made *Puck*—Keppler, the greatest of American cartoonists; Bunner, one of the best products of American letters; Schwartzmann, the man who made the practical vehicle for their imagin-

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ation. A "business man," he never yielded to the purblind commercialization that is the death of real business; a partisan, he was just, broad, tolerant. The monument of these men lives after them; but they themselves were of the citizens a republic can least spare—the men who comprehend their civic obligation and honestly strive to discharge it. In the personal as in the public relations, Mr. Schwartzmann was of a type now grown rare. Those who knew the man loved him as warmly as they deeply respected him. God rest this short, round man who Did his Part.

DANGERS AND DANGERS.

It is neither strange nor reprehensible that the people who have Never Been Out should look upon President Roosevelt as "a dangerous man." We are every one of us dangerous, in proportion to our opportunity; for we are all finite, and prone to err; and error is dangerous according to the square of our influence.

Roosevelt is, from a certain point of view, a particularly "dangerous man." He stands for National Youth—and all of us who are unable to swap our wise years for the better thing we once had, know how "dangerous" youth is.

But we tend to forget that its greatest danger—the only danger it does not, on the average, outgrow—is to get old and fat and "cautious." The blunders and excesses of its virile strength it somehow repairs or lives down, by stress of the same energy that caused them. Youth amends itself. It is "the easiest disease to recover from."

But senile decay, and the timidity of the huddled—these do not remedy themselves. Their tissues, even if still sound, are no longer recuperative. If the impulse to dangerous daring is gone, gone also is the initiative to Do needful things. It is easier to sit still and tell how things should be done. There is value even in this. The man of action is foolish who neglects altogether the indoor counsel of the retired; but the grave and reverend elders should bear in mind that while we who run are apt to stub our toes, *they* are apt to *die*—which is rather more serious.

This country has come, with a precocity never rivalled by another, to many of the pathologic symptoms of age. Even its younger generation is old—not only in experience but in cynicism and materialism. Our standards are becoming less and less the generous ones of youth; more and more the calculating ones of middle age. What we need is the leader who can stir what generous pulse we have left.

Wars and foreign complications are bad enough; but no one who really knows Roosevelt can soberly imagine he is any more like to involve us than another man would be. Our last war, in fact, came on under the "safest" of presidents.

The one great danger of this country is not broils nor bruises, but fatty degeneration of the heart. The most dangerous man it could have at its head today would be one who was content to drift. The man who acts—and who acts with high intelligence, spotless honesty and a stubborn fist—he will make mistakes; but he will never make the last, worst mistake of dry rot.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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Even in the Senate of the United States there remain some few who have never bowed the knee to Baal—who have been guided in public and private life alike by the voice of conscience and by that alone. Of this select company George F. Hoar is the unchallenged Dean, not only by seniority—he is now the man longest in continuous legislative service in this country, and has represented Massachusetts in the Senate longer than any other ever did—but because no one else has so often and so vigorously opposed the counsels prevailing for the time in his party without ever leaving the party or ever losing his influence in it. How this has been possible, even for a man of Senator Hoar's power and achievement, may best be explained by three quotations from his *Autobiography of Seventy Years.* After holding office without a break for thirty-six years, he is able to say, "I have never lifted my finger or spoken a word to any man to secure or to promote my own election to any office." Naturally enough, the man who has always let the office seek him can also say, "I have never in my life cast a vote or done an act in legislation that I did not at the time believe to be right, and that I am not now willing to avow and to defend and debate . . . at any time and in any presence." And, finally, he was backed by the splendid spirit of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—well expressed by a joint resolution of the Legislature in 1899, when her two Senators were at the opposite poles of the Philippine question, in which she "continues her unabated confidence in her Senators, and with a just pride in the eloquent and memorable words they have uttered, leaves them untrammelled in the exercise of an independent and patriotic judgment upon the momentous questions presented for their consideration." If there were more such legislatures there would be more such Senators.

Probably no man now living is better entitled than Senator Hoar to say of the Republican Party, "It was begotten within my own house, and of my own blood." The call for the first convention in Massachusetts of the Free Soil Party was written by his brother, the first signature upon it was his father's, and his own first political service was the folding and directing of the circulars conveying it. This was almost fifty-six years ago, when he was still in the Law School and only just of voting age. More than half a century of conflict has not dulled the edge of his partisan sabre, yet he is after all genuinely tolerant, in politics and religion, as well as personally. The proofs of this are abundant. Consider, for example, two sentences from his speech just after the assassination of President McKinley, remembering that they came from lips grown old in testifying to the Republican creed and the Protestant faith:

> If every Republican were today to fall in his place, as William McKinley has fallen, I believe our countrymen of the other party, in spite of what we deem their errors, would take the Republic and bear on the flag to liberty and glory. I believe if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning-stroke, that our brethren of the Catholic faith would still carry on the Republic in the spirit of a true and liberal freedom.

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Even more noteworthy, since it displayed his frank courage as well as his tolerance, is the fact that he was the first among the leaders of his party who cared or dared to call the A. P. A.—no less menacing because it was idiotic—to public accounting. He did this when that un-American organization was at the very apex of its influence, in spite of the certainty that many of his own supporters would be alienated, and with no possible motive but the love of justice and fair-play. His open letter to a well-meaning gentleman who saw fit to enter the lists in its behalf is so sane, so temperate, yet so crushing, as to place it among the very finest of Senator Hoar's many fine utterances. It adds one more long credit-mark to the score of Theodore Roosevelt—who already had some to spare—that he, who was then in the heart of a large enough battle as Police Commissioner in New York, promptly expressed his hearty sympathy and approval and offered to lay aside everything else and go to Senator Hoar's assistance.

For "our friends, whom we are in the habit of calling Mugwumps, and who like to call themselves Independents," Senator Hoar has an occasional gibe; but his comments about his political opponents are for the most part pleasant and fully appreciative. He speaks of General Edward S. Walthall, of Mississippi, for instance, as "the one man of all others with whom I have served in the Senate, who seems to me the most perfect example of the quality and character of the American Senator . . . a man of great ability, eloquence and dignity . . . the perfect type of the gentleman in character and speech . . . modest, courteous and eager to be of service to his friends or his country . . . a great soldier and a great lawyer, as well as a great Senator." The most conspicuous departure from this rule is in the case of Ben Butler, whom he flays elaborately and conclusively. This, however, is not because Butler was a political opponent; indeed, some of the time they were nominally of the same party. But both politically and personally Butler embodied the qualities most abhorrent to Senator Hoar, and now, years after the struggle is over, he regards that which he was able to do to baffle Butler's efforts for political power as the most considerable public service of his life.

From the wealth of anecdote and personal allusion with which these pages are illumined, I can extract only a couple of tidbits on account of their special flavor for the California palate. One is taken from many concerning John Felton, "of the class of 1847 (Harvard), afterward the foremost lawyer on the Pacific Coast," and "altogether the best and most brilliant scholar in his class." Having been invited to a dinner in honor of the admission of Nevada to Statehood there was some discussion as to the proper device for a State seal. Felton suggested that the Irish emblem —the "Shamrock and Lyre"—would be altogether the most appropriate. The other is a phrase from a letter of Sherman Day, "whose reputation for wisdom and integrity is among the treasures of California," recalling "Don Pablo de la Guerra of Santa Barbara, whom I deemed a very good type, in appearance, of Webster in the convention of 1820."

One more brief quotation must be made, for its compact wisdom as well as for the light it throws upon this Nestor among our statesmen.

The difficult problems of our national politics at this hour will nearly all of them be solved if the people will adhere to rules of conduct imposed as restraints in the early constitutions. The sublimity of the principle of self-government does not consist wholly or chiefly in the idea that self is the person who governs, but quite as much in the doctrine that self is the person who is governed. . . . The problem of today is not how to convert the heathen from heathenism, it is how to convert the Christian from heathenism; not to teach the physician to heal the patient, but to heal himself. The Indian problem is not chiefly how to teach the Indian to be less savage in his treatment of the Saxon, but the Saxon to be less savage in his treatment of the Indian. The Chinese problem is not how to

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keep Chinese laborers out of California, but how to keep Chinese policies out of Congress. The negro question will be settled when the education of the white man is complete.

The publishers have done their part of the work admirably in every detail, and the two portly volumes are a delight to the eye as well as to the mind. No library, public or private, should be without them. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $7.50 *net.*

POETRY AND OTHER VERSE.

The Five Nations—the first collection of Mr. Kipling's poems to be published since 1896—contains some poems which will live so long as any are left who thrill to the English tongue; some which are merely political speeches in metrical form; and some which it is sheer insolence to offer as poetry at all. Assuredly lines like

> We shall peck out and discuss and dissect, and evert and extrude to our mind,
> The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive to God and mankind—

are not even remotely of the kindred of song. On the other hand, such poems as the "Recessional," "The Sea and the Hills," and "The Bell Buoy," lay hold on the eternal, because they sound strongly chords to which the hearts of men will always vibrate. However, any discussion of Mr. Kipling's rank as a poet is quite beyond my intention. The quotation of a single verse, from "The Feet of the Young Men," will be more to the present purpose.

> Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream
> With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
> And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
> To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
> It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
> To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
> To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight on our faces,
> For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.40 *net.*

THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE WELL-TO-DO.

The Story of the Atlantic Cable, by Charles Bright, is less satisfactory than might have been expected from a man thoroughly familiar with the subject and of considerable scientific attainment. About a quarter of the text is quoted from the London *Times*, and as for the balance of the book, the seeker for information would do better to turn to a good encyclopædia. But a few lines quoted from H. M. Field's account of the attempts of his brother Cyrus to raise money for the cable project deserve requotation. At Boston he addressed a large audience of "the solid men," who

> listened with an attention that was most flattering. . . . There was no mistaking the interest they felt in the subject. They went still further; they passed a series of resolutions, in which they applauded the projected telegraph across the ocean as one of the grandest enterprises undertaken by man, which they proudly commended to the confidence and support of the American public. After this they went home, feeling that they had done the generous thing in bestowing upon it such a mark of their approbation. *But not a man subscribed a dollar.*

Others than Mr. Field have discovered, both before and since, when appealing to "the solid men," how much easier it is to tap the compartment holding enthusiastic approval and resolutions of endorsement than the one in which the coin of the realm is secluded. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1 *net;* postage, 10 cents.

SOME SAMPLES OF TOLSTOY.

Three "Tolstoy books" lie together on my review table this month. Of these *Sevastopol and Other Military Tales* is the most peculiarly timely and will interest the largest circle of readers. Written almost fifty years ago, by the young Russian nobleman who was then serving as an army officer at the focus of the Crimean war, it endures—and will endure—as in many respects the most penetrating and convincing picture of what war really means to the actual fighters that has ever

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been drawn. It is the more effective for the absence of passion or special pleading. An unglamoured vision and a fearless directness of speech are the qualities that give these studies their power. The volume in hand is the first of a new edition of Tolstoy's works, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude, with the special approval of Count Tolstoy. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. $1.50.

In the Sebastopol days, no one—least of all the young soldier himself—could have suspected that the military cloak was presently to give place to the robe of a Prophet, repenting and calling all the world to repentance, a preacher of a new and startling economic, social and religious creed. This is the character in which he is presented by Ernest H. Crosby in *Tolstoy and his Message*—a compact and lucid study, by an ardent sympathizer. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 50 cents *net*.

The last of the three is *The Kreutzer Sonata Reviewed by a Woman*, by Adelaide Comstock. An Explanatory Note states that the book, written fourteen years ago, has been withheld from earlier publication in the hope that some one else might "come to the rescue of the noted author and advance his effort for good by defending the motive that prompted the publication." This critic finds the central lesson of the book to be, "Woman must rule in the domain of sex." Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

So far as I know, H. Irving Hancock's *Japanese Physical Training* is the first attempt to give in English such details of the amazing science of *Jiujutsu* as would enable a searcher for athletic prowess to make a competent beginning at it. Mr. Hancock has qualified himself to write about it by taking instruction through more than seven years from expert Japanese teachers, and, in turn, giving lessons to some of his friends. There is good reason, therefore, to accept the book as a competent treatment of a subject which would be of interest at any time, and is particularly so just now while the world is watching the little Jap and the big Slav at clinch. Lafcadio Hearn described this "art of conquering by yielding" some years ago in words which have not since been bettered.

> Jiujutsu is not an art of display at all; it is not a training for that sort of skill exhibited to public audiences; it is an art of self-defense in the most exact sense of the term; it is an art of war. The master of that art is able, in one moment to put an untrained antagonist completely hors de combat. By some terrible legerdemain he suddenly dislocates a shoulder, unhinges a joint, bursts a tendon, or snaps a bone—without any apparent effort. He is much more than an athlete; he is an anatomist. And he knows also touches that kill—as by lightning.

Needless to say, Mr. Hancock's book does not instruct in methods of bursting tendons or killing as by lightning. But it does give much information, as to both the general care of the body and its special development for particular purposes, which is very well worth having. G. P. Putnam Sons, New York. $1.25 *net*; postage, 10 cents.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

According to Mary Foote Henderson's *Aristocracy of Health*, it is essential to the noblest and most useful existence that the use of tobacco, wine, or any liquid containing alcohol, tea, coffee, pepper and all other spices and condiments, and all flesh foods (including fish, oysters and lobsters), be at once discontinued. I gather that there are also serious objections to milk, bread, salt, cane-sugar, pies and preserves. A dietary quoted with approval consists of "Some whole grain, generally prepared in hard form; a vegetable—preferably baked potatoes; a little fat, possibly cocoanut cream or butter; fruits. For drink, water; or, for a warm drink, a little almond cream diluted in hot water." The physician using this diet found two meals a day sufficient—as most of us would.

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Pages 758–772 are occupied with suggestions for a National and an International League for the Advancement of Physical Culture, and a Constitution for the government of the national body. Its headquarters are to be at Washington, and every man, woman and child in the country may join on payment of two dollars a year. The Colton Publishing Company, Washington. $1.50 *net.*

Mrs. Henderson quotes quite freely from Louis Cornaro's treatises on *The Temperate Life*, and with justice; since who should be a better authority on the way to live than a man who followed his own rules up to the age of one hundred and two. But she singularly omits to give his dietary, as stated by himself at eighty-six. Here it is:

> First, bread; then bread soup or light broth with an egg or some other nice little dish of this kind; of meats, I eat veal, kid and mutton; I eat fowls of all kinds, as well as partridges and birds like the thrush. I also partake of such salt-water fish as the goldney and the like; and among the various fresh-water kinds, the pike and others.

And she has also entirely overlooked his words concerning wine, "truly the milk of the aged." These four treatises, the last written when Cornaro was ninety-five, are now published in a good translation, together with other appropriate matter, under the title, *The Art of Living Long.* The Moody Publishing Co., New York. $1.50.

PERSISTENTLY CONTUMELIOUS WIDOWS.

Perhaps the most interesting document translated in Vol. X of *The Philippine Islands* is the *Relacion de lo que se le ofrece sobre el estado de las cosas en las Islas Filipinas*, written by Don Antonio de Morga in 1598. This caustic and sweeping report, with its 160 concise paragraphs, would be reasonably conclusive, had any doubt existed before, that though the name "graft" is of recent invention, the thing itself is no modern device. Governor Tello, like a predecessor, is "brought face to face with the great evil that is done in this land by the marriage of elderly widows with whomsoever they may choose;" by which means "old soldiers, honorable gentlemen, and noblemen have been defrauded." After conference with "grave religious persons," he proposes as an efficient remedy "that the childless widow who shall marry after the age of forty years shall hold but a life interest in the encomienda." The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, O. 55 volumes; $4 *net* per volume.

INCLUDING THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

Dr. W. J. Holland's magnificent *Butterfly Book* is fully matched by *The Moth Book*, just published. Dr. Holland modestly "recognizes the imperfections" of his beautiful and scholarly book; but for all ordinary purposes there *are* no imperfections. Moreover, he offers the portly volume, with its 48 colored plates containing more than 1,500 figures, as only "an introduction to the study;" but it is complete beyond the requirements of any but professed entomologists. It is startlingly at variance with the uninformed opinion to discover that the moths of the United States and Canada not only vastly exceed the butterflies in number of species, but are more interesting for the variety and beauty of their form and color. I have already referred to the "Nature Library," to which this volume is the latest—I hope not the last—addition, as indispensable; *The Moth Book* is one of the series least to be spared, since there is nothing else to take its place even approximately. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $4 *net.*

The author of *The Fat of the Land* introduces himself to his readers as a man past sixty who had been, up to 1895, a successful physician and surgeon in a large city. Then a failure of health drove him out of his profession, and he bent his energies to farming. His book tells, in much detail and interestingly, how he built up his "factory farm" and how it

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succeeded. Dr. Streeter appears to have demonstrated conclusively that a successful professional man, of marked executive ability and a natural taste for farming, having more than $100,000 to invest, able to wait three or four years for the annual balance of accounts to turn in his favor, and concentrating all his attention on the farm—that such a man can get both profit and pleasure out of farming. But somehow this does not seem to be a complete solution of the problem as it presents itself to most would-be farmers. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Edmund Vance Cooke's *Impertinent Poems* I find very pertinent indeed, though at one point or another Mr. Cooke's good-naturedly malicious probe will find a tender spot in most of us. The closing stanzas will serve excellently as a sample.

> And though you be done to the death, what then?
> If you battled the best you could,
> If you played your part in the world of men,
> Why, the Critic will call it good.
> Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
> And whether he's slow or spry,
> It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
> But only how did you die.

Forbes & Co., Boston. 75 cents.

Vol. 9 in the "Historic Highways of America" series is entitled *Waterways of Westward Expansion*, and deals with the Ohio River and its tributaries in very interesting fashion. Vol. 10 takes up *The Cumberland Road*—built by the United States Government from the Potomac to the Mississippi at a cost of $7,000,000. It will be news to many readers that we came close to having national ownership of railroads—or at least a railroad—more than half a century ago. In 1836 a House Committee reported in favor of using the money appropriated for completing the highway west of Columbus, O., to build a railroad instead, arguing powerfully the advantage of a railroad (even with an estimated speed of travel of only fifteen miles an hour) over a turnpike, for military purposes. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.

From the heart of Charles Kirkland Wheeler's recapitulation of his *Autobiography of the I or Ego*, I pick the following gem:

> . . . that the idea only which I am or to which refer is but this of subject and which as that is nothing in or of itself and something at all only as relative to something else, and an abstraction, so am I, too, necessarily, as being or referring to it (the subject), I, too, as it is, nothing in or of myself and something at all only as relative to something else, and an abstraction.

The purpose of the author is to prove that neither himself nor the reader is self-conscious or even conscious. I imagine that any prolonged study of this book might be likely to produce that condition. Published by the Author, Boston. $1 *net*.

Fanny Burney, by Austin Dobson, is one of the best in the series of "English Men of Letters"—which already contained much brilliant and competent work. It is not only a thoroughly good and sympathetic biographical study—it opens a most entertaining window upon the life and manners of the days when George the Third was King and Dr. Johnson was Oracle. Recommended without reserve. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents *net*.

D. Appleton & Co. offer a reproduction in facsimile of the edition of *Aesop's Fables* printed for T. Bewick & Son in 1818; also a new edition of the *Second Tour of Dr. Syntax*, founded on the first edition, published by R. Ackerman in 1820.

A Lieutenant Under Washington is one of a series of stories for boys, by Everett T. Tomlinson. It is distinctly light-weight. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.20 *net*.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

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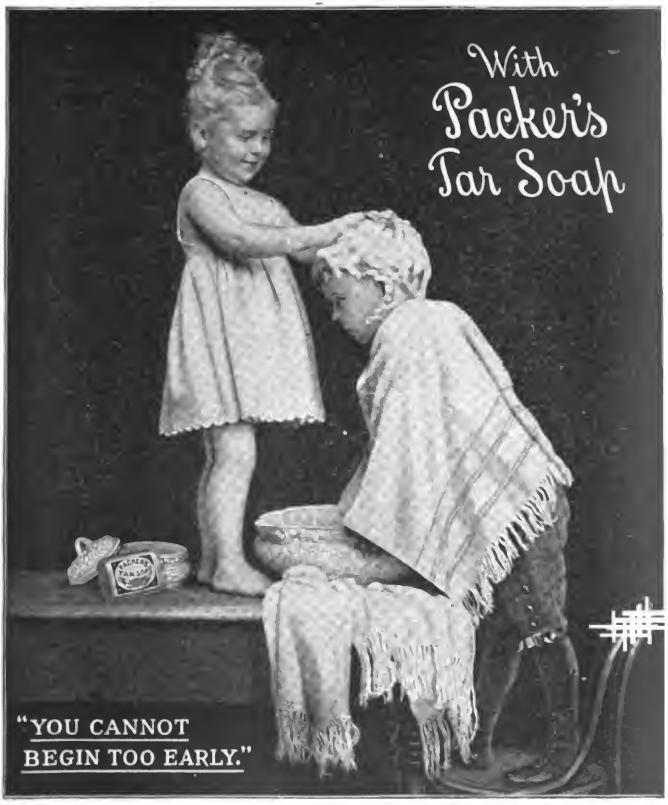

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"Young Americans who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty."
—*New York Medical Record.*

With Packer's Tar Soap means healthy hair and scalp—and you cannot begin too early. To get the best results, specify

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Our Leaflet:—"The Value of Systematic Shampooing," sent free. Address
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C. A. MOODY, *Vice President and General Manager*

PUBLISHERS OF

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(Formerly THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

Edited by CHAS. F. LUMMIS

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

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We will send you full descriptions of specimens in which you are specially interested, with our references as to responsibility.

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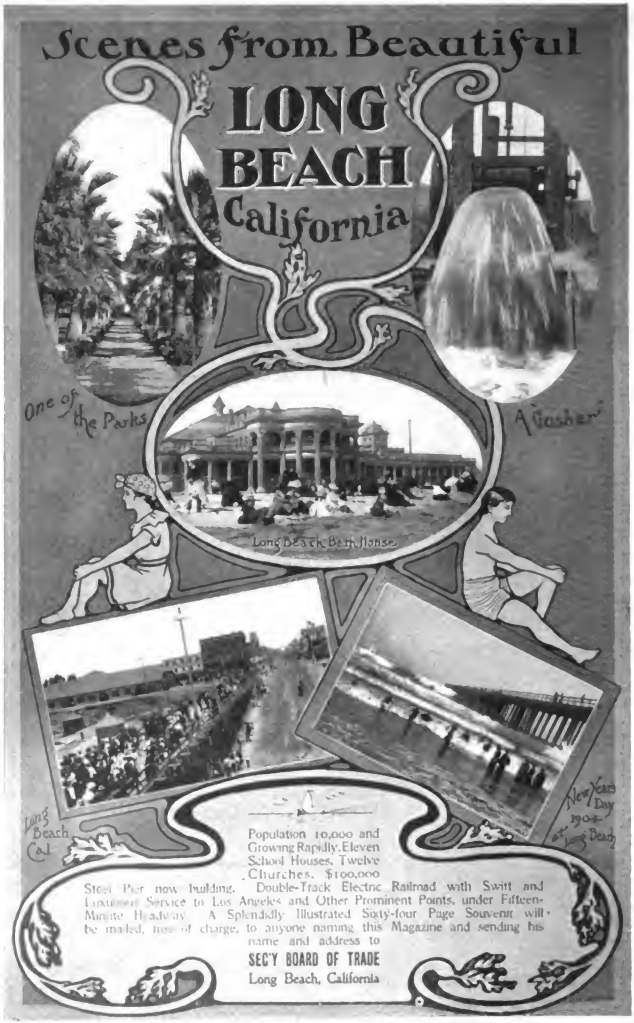

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The Board of Trade of LONG BEACH

has been enabled to run the attractive page of advertising facing this column by the generous public spirit of the following citizens and firms of Long Beach:

P. E. Hatch, Banker
C. J. E. Taylor, Real Estate, Notary Public
G. H. Blount, Real Fstate.
The Townsend-Robinson Investment Co., Real Estate
L. A. Pierce, M. D., Physician and Surgeon
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Clewett Bros., Laundry
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T. A. Stephens, Lumber Dealer
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R. W. Dawson & Co., Real Estate
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T. G. Schulze, Long Beach Ice Co.
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S. H. Wheeler, Real Estate
Hazelwood Smith Bros., Real Estate
First National Bank
Citizens' Savings Bank
E. H. Jackson, Druggist
E. L. Covert & Co., Real Estate
L. J. Kennedy & Co., Livery
M. A. Hanna & Co., Real Estate

LONG BEACH

I have a few choice investments of from $1,000 to $5,000, which will double inside of two years.

Also some good buys in the **KNOLL PARK TRACT,** lots 50x150, sidewalks and curbing. These can be bought right

Two or three good mortgages that will net from 6 % to 8 %.

For full particulars regarding LONG BEACH properties, write me.

☞ *See Opposite Page.*

G. H. BLOUNT

36 PINE AVENUE
LONG BEACH

DANCING MASTERS RECOMMEND IT

Dancing Masters all over the United States recommend Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax. It makes neither dust nor dirt, does not stick to the shoes or rub into lumps on the floor. Sprinkle on and the dancers will do the rest. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento, and F. W. Braun Co., Los Angeles.

BOWDLEAR'S FLOOR WAX

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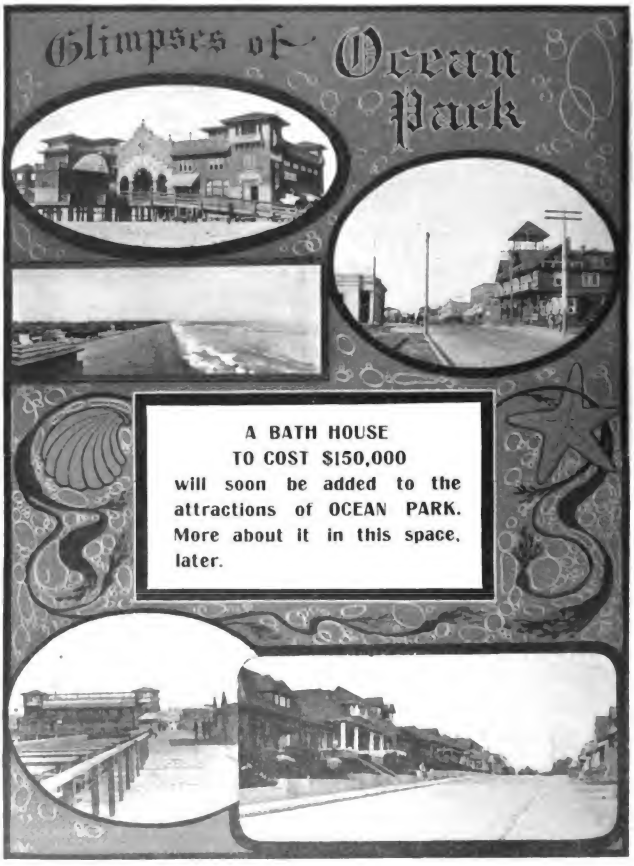

Full information concerning the past, present and future of Ocean Park can be obtained from any of the persons or firms named below—whose public spirit has made this page possible.

I. E. WARFIELD & CO.,
Real Estate and Investments
SMITH REALTY CO.,
Real Estate and Investments
OCEAN PARK BANK
JOHN W. LINCOLN, Real Estate
E. J. VAWTER, Carnation Grower
DAVIS M. CLARKE,
Real Estate and Investments

MRS. GEO. SIBLEY,
Real Estate and Investments
FRASER & JONES,
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ROCKHOLD GROCERY CO.,
Real Estate and Investments
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The Heart of the

FORD

is the Motor

The popularity of the Ford is due to the power, simplicity and correct mechanical design of its double opposed motor.

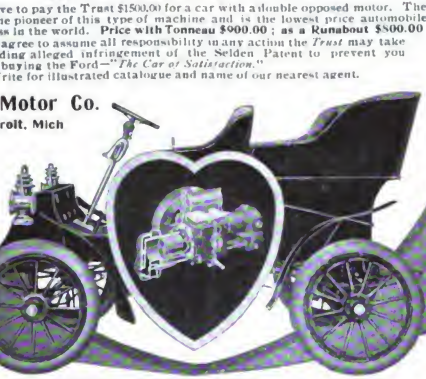
***The* Ford Keeps the Price Down**

You have to pay the Trust $1500.00 for a car with a double opposed motor. The Ford is the pioneer of this type of machine and is the lowest price automobile of its class in the world. **Price with Tonneau $900.00 ; as a Runabout $800.00**

We agree to assume all responsibility in any action the *Trust* may take regarding alleged infringement of the Selden Patent to prevent you from buying the Ford—"*The Car of Satisfaction.*"

Write for illustrated catalogue and name of our nearest agent.

Ford Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich



Ocean Park

A few gilt edge **MORTGAGES** that will net 8 %, ranging from $500 up, can be bought at par.

Also some **INVESTMENTS** that will net 20 % during the next 6 months.

I handle only the choicest property—One or two **ocean front lots** at prices that will double shortly.

The New $150,000 Bath House, of which I was instigator, is now an assured fact, and will be built in time for this season's use. **A small block of this stock can be bought at par,** and will be worth double as soon as Bath House is finished.

I will cheerfully give any information regarding **Ocean Park.**

See opposite page.

MRS. GEO. SIBLEY

Real Estate and Investments

171 Pier Ave., OCEAN PARK, CAL.

I. E. WARFIELD & CO.

REAL ESTATE, RENTALS, ETC.

OCEAN PARK, CALIFORNIA

Knowing that many will be coming to California the coming season, we wish to get into correspondence with them and tell them of Ocean Park, giving any information that may be helpful before leaving home.

Ocean Park is considered the finest beach on the Pacific Coast, most delightful climate, and surf bathing all the year round ; 400 new cottages built this season, churches, school, etc.

We sell our choice lots purchased by us when Ocean Park started up, also do a general Real Estate and Renting Business both at Ocean Park and nearby cities. Rent cottages furnished and unfurnished. The furnished cottages are thoroughly equipped for housekeeping, having electric lights, gas, heat (when needed), etc. Rates to suit all purses. If you think of coming, write us. Mention On t We're and your letters will be fully and promptly answered.

Hummel Bros. & Co. furnish best help. 116-118 E. Second St. Tel. Main 509.

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San Pedro

THE GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

No city on the Pacific Coast has the same reason to expect so great a proportionate commercial development as *SAN PEDRO.*

The Deep-Water Harbor

makes that secure, and coupled with its natural advantages will convert it into one of the great seaports of the world.

But Don't forget that San Pedro is also delightfully situated for residence, and that the mere presence of those who come to live there just because they *want* to live there would assure rapid growth.

ALTOGETHER

it will be very well worth the while of anyone who doesn't already know about San Pedro to write for information about it. This can be obtained from any one of the following public-spirited citizens and firms:

GWALTNEY & GWALTNEY, Physicians
GEO. H. PECK & CO., Real Estate
H. E. HULIT, Druggist
SAN PEDRO REAL ESTATE CO.
BANK OF SAN PEDRO
MCDERMOTT & QUINN, Real Estate
JOHN HAGERMAN
SEASIDE WATER COMPANY
E. MAHAR
EDWARD H. BANTZER

W. E. KITZMAN — *CORRESPONDENCE*
E. P. CRONEN — *SOLICITED*

The San Pedro Real Estate Co.

Cor. Sixth and Beacon Sts. SAN PEDRO, CAL.

We have the most extensive list of individual property for sale in San Pedro, consisting of lots, blocks, and acreage unimproved. Cottages and lots in all parts of the city, manufacturing sites, business property and business opportunities of every kinds. Property rented and taxes paid for non-residents. Have you money to loan on gilt edge mortgages on San Pedro property that will pay you 6% interest net? If you have, we can place such money in amounts from $500 to $10,000.

San Pedro today offers just as good opportunities as did San Francisco, Chicago, New York, or any first-class sea port half a century ago, and the realization of such opportunities will materialize in one-tenth the time in which these cities of commerce have been built up. Within twelve months the Salt Lake Road will be completed, giving us unlimited raw material for manufacturing purposes, such as coal, pig iron and hardwood lumber. With these commodities there is no spot in the universe to compete with San Pedro as a manufacturing and distribnting center. Having a population of 400,000,000 people in the Orient, which draw more and more from the product of the United States, what port can compete with San Pedro for this trade with the completion of our deep-sea harbor? With the opening of the Panama Canal, where will a competitor for the vast commerce passing through it be found, beside San Pedro?

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:

The First National Bank. — The State Bank of San Pedro.
The Bank of San Pedro. — The Merchants Savings Bank.

Write for Map and Circulars. *Read opposite page.*

SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

Flower and Garden Seeds, Roses, Palms and Decorative Plants, Cactus Dahlias, Cannas, etc. Choice Flower Seeds a specialty.

California Giant Sweet Peas—Collection of 12 varieties, 50 cents; 28 varieties, $1.00—*mailed free.*

THEODORE PAYNE
Nurseryman and Seedsman
440 S. Broadway
LOS ANGELES

Hummel Bros. & Co. furnish best help. 116-118 E. Second St. Tel. Main 509.

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POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The renaissance of bicycling brings with it one of the finest mechanical devices invented since the beginning of this industry.

THE TWO-SPEED GEAR CHAINLESS BICYCLE

Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.	Western Department, Chicago, Ill.
"Columbia" "Cleveland" "Tribune"	"Crescent" "Rambler" "Monarch"
"Crawford" "Fay Juveniles"	"Imperial" "Crescent Juveniles"

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

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Largest National Bank in Southern California

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF LOS ANGELES

Designated Depositary of the United States.

Capital Stock	$ 400,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits over	360,000
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J. C. DRAKE, Second V.-Prest.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier

DIRECTORS

J. D. Bicknell, J. M. Elliott, H. Jevne, F. Q. Story, J. C. Drake, W. G. Kerckhoff, J. D. Hooker

All Departments of a Modern Banking Business Conducted

Los Angeles National Bank

N. E. Cor. First and Spring Sts.

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Capital,	$500,000.00
Surplus and Profits,	275,000.00
U. S. Bonds carried at Par,	650,000.00

Modern Safety Deposit and Storage Vaults. No city or county deposits. No interest paid on deposits.

W. C. Patterson, President.
G. E. Bittinger, Cashier.

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We deal in all kinds of Real Estate, Orchard and Residence Property. Write for descriptive pamphlet.

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All varieties of Land and Water Fowls. Oldest Poultry Establishment on the Pacific Coast. We guarantee ¾ hatch on all eggs we sell. We pay express on eggs.

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IN REDLANDS
BUSINESS BLOCKS, HOUSES AND LOTS
FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.

Fifteen years of intimate knowledge of Redlands property enables me to help investors select wisely a grove or a house or a good paying business property in Redlands and vicinity. For information address

JOHN P. FISK
First Nat'l Bank Blk. REDLANDS, CAL.

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I SELL ORANGE ORCHARDS

That pay a steady investment, with good water rights. I have them in the suburbs of Pasadena, finely located for homes, also in the country for profit. Fine homes in Pasadena a specialty.

M. E. Wood
REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE, LOANS,
INVESTMENTS

16 S. Raymond Ave Pasadena, Cal.

LINEN COLLARS
and CUFFS
ARE STAMPED
"Warranted Linen"
ARE YOURS?

RAMONA TOILET SOAP FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 N. Main St., Los Angeles

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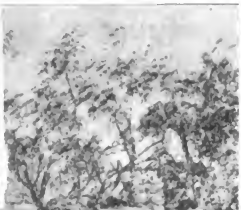
PALENQUE RUINS

About two leagues from the village of Santo Domingo del Palenque, in the State of Chiapas, Mexico, can be seen one of the most extensive of all the ancient prehistoric ruins known to man. They were discovered in 1750, and exploration has been going on ever since; but not the thousandth part has been unfolded. Estimated to be several times as large as New York City, and to ante-date the Flood. The buildings are all made of stone, one called the Palace is 280 x 310ft. and has fourteen archways; hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs everywhere, with not a word interpreted, not even a tradition.* Surrounding the ruins is a beautiful valley, no doubt the most fertile in North America, such being necessary for the support of so large a population. After thousands of years rest, that valley is again being brought into a high state of cultivation. Every product known to man can be grown there, coffee, chocolate, bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, rubber, and an endless variety of other tropical fruits, grains and vegetables.



TAPPING A WILD RUBBER TREE

RUINS IN SOUTH MEXICO

Rubber growing is conceded to be the most profitable of any of the tropical products. The **CONSERVATIVE RUBBER PRODUCTION CO.** own 6,700 acres of the choice of that valley, and are developing a coöperative rubber orchard.

We have now 300 subscribers, and offer you an interest, with seven years to pay for it' in monthly installments. That valley being the native habitat of the wild rubber, it matures very early—only five years.

A mature orchard will yield a net profit of $250 per acre for a lifetime. Five acres will support your family, while you continue your present occupation. You cannot be "frozen out;" each shareholder has *one vote only*, regardless of the number of shares he holds. The payments are easy, and you can afford it.

If you pay all cash you get 6% interest, payable semi-annually, while you wait for your orchard to come to bearing.

Write today for literature telling all about rubber growing.

Address Dr. O. V. SESSIONS, Genl. Agt.,
533 So. Cummings St.,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

* For further description of the ruins, see reports of Stevens, Humboldt, Waldeck or Charney in Public Library.

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The EHMANN Emulsion of Pure Olive Oil

is just what you want. Perhaps you can't take olive oil because you can't bear the taste. In the Ehmann Emulsion the oil taste is eliminated and the effect heightened. It will cure Consumption, Constipation, all Lung and Stomach Complaint. If your druggist don't keep it, we will send you a large bottle prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. Send for our booklet, anyway.

EHMANN OLIVE CO., Oroville, Cal.

BAILEY'S Rubber Massage Roller

MAKES, KEEPS AND RESTORES BEAUTY IN NATURE'S OWN WAY

THE cup-shaped teeth have a suction effect on the skin that smooths out wrinkles, rounds out the beauty muscles, and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

It is so constructed that it treats every portion of the face and neck perfectly, even to the "crow's feet" in the corners of the eyes.

A jar of skin food given with every roller.

For sale by all dealers, or Mailed upon receipt of price, 50c.

Rubber Catalogue Free.
Agents Wanted.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.
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Supplying Agents

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F. W. Braun Co., 501 N. Main, Los Angeles

KIND OF WINE "HERMES" VINTAGES
ISSUED TO H J WOOLLACOTT
THIS LABEL MUST BE SO APPLIED THAT BY DRAWING
IN ACCORDANCE WITH ACT OF MARCH 7, 1887.
ADDRESS LOS ANGELES
CONTROLLER OF STATE
THE CORK OF THE BOTTLE THE LABEL WILL BE DESTROYED
PURE WINE
C. P. Colgan

"HERMES" VINTAGES

Perfect California Wines. Each bottle bears the State of California's official label (as above facsimile) guaranteeing its contents to be true and pure California wines.

These are the finest wines California produces, aged naturally from 4 to 20 years old, and unexcelled for the table or for medicinal use. Shipments East Freight Free.

Write for price lists, etc.

Established 1880

Los Angeles, California

H. J. Woollacott

LEADAM'S SHOE TREES

Take the curl out of the toe.
Hold the sole flat.
Prevent ill effects of wet leather.
Drive wrinkles out of the uppers.
Insure comfort.
Prolong the wear.
Keep the shoe like new.

Shoe Trees become an indispensable article with you.
Name on every pair.

For sale by
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Wetherby-Kayser Shoe Co.,
319 S. Broadway, Los Angeles,
59 E. Colorado St., Pasadena.
Rosenthal Bros. (Inc.),
107 Kearney St., San Francisco.

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LAMP-FITS.

How do you know what chimney fits your lamp?

Your grocer tells you.

How does he know?

He don't.

Do you then?

That's about how lamps are fitted with chimneys by people who don't use my Index; and they complain of bad chimneys! Lamp-Fits indeed! Do you want the Index? Free.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

THE PHOTO-MINIATURE

illustrated monographs on photography are the most popular of all photographic handbooks because they really help, give plain and practical information on everyday work, are interestingly written and beautifully illustrated. You should know about them. Ask your dealer for the list. 56 numbers; 25c apiece.

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BOOKLET OR INFORMATION ON REQUEST

TENNANT & WARD, Publishers, NEW YORK

MODENE

HAIR ON FACE NECK AND ARMS INSTANTLY REMOVED WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN

IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. IT CANNOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supersedes electrolysis.

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by those who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing-cases (securely sealed), on receipt of $1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage-stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

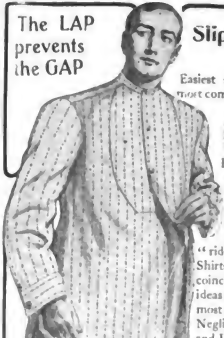
MODENE MANUFACTURING CO.

DEPT. 90, CINCINNATI, OHIO

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED

We offer $1,000 for failure or the slightest injury

The LAP prevents the GAP



Slips on like a coat.

Easiest shirts to get into, most comfortable after you're in—correct.

MODEL SHIRT

Roomy. Fits everywhere; binds nowhere. Bosom lays flat. Specially designed collar band, one that will not "ride up." Model Shirts are modeled to coincide with the newest ideas of America's foremost Custom Makers. Negligee, Stiff Bosoms, and Plaited Fronts made in all styles from a complete and large variety of the latest designs in all fabrics from Foreign and American Mills. Model Shirts are perfect fitting, equal in every detail to "Made-to-order-shirts."

Ask your dealer.

A VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE. Tells how to know a good shirt, and select them for all occasions. *Write for it to-day.*

Special Shirts built to order.

MODEL SHIRT COMPANY, 28 Century Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

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The Children so love **Jell-O** that they take it into their play room and not only learn to spell but to prepare this, the nicest of all desserts. It has become a household necessity and is the most popular dessert in millions of happy homes. Requires only 2 minutes to prepare, simply add a pint of boiling water to a package of **Jell-O** and set to cool. At Grocers. 10c.

Send for **New Book of Recipes with colored illustrations** of many attractive desserts that are easy to prepare. Address, mentioning this magazine, THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

The King of Refrigerators

THE "OPAL"

The beautiful snow-white material which is used for lining these Refrigerators is a solid enamel all the way through, and is beyond question the best and most ***SANITARY*** that can be used for this purpose. It is non-absorbent, and the strongest of vegetable acids have no effect upon it. The walls are insulated with a two-inch layer of mineral wool and two sheets of special air and water proof sheathing, resulting in the "***OPAL***" consuming less ice than any other make on the market.

Remember that a poor refrigerator is as dangerous as a bad sewer, and that imperfect insulation will quickly waste in ice any supposed saving in first cost.

The *Best* is the *Cheapest!* The "*Opal*" is the *Best!*
Consequently the "*Opal*" is the *Cheapest!*

JAMES W. HELLMAN 161 N. Spring St., Los Angeles

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 N. Main St., Los Angeles

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SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

Made in two forms: ***Biscuit*** and ***Triscuit.*** The only light and porous foods made from wheat without the use of fats, yeast or chemicals of any kind. Made in the most Hygienic and Scientific Food Laboratory in the world, a Veritable Home of Purity, a place where contamination cannot occur.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is the standard all-day cereal and makes appetizing combinations with fruits, preserves or vegetables—250 varieties of all-course dishes.

Triscuit, the ***New Cracker,*** is so baked by electricity that all the rich, nutty flavor of the whole wheat is retained. Served with soups, preserves or cheese Replaces crackers, bread, toast and waters.

HEAT BEFORE EATING.

"I most cheerfully indorse Shredded Wheat as a healthy and highly nutritious food. Especially is it adapted for those suffering with weak digestion and mal-assimilation." W. Carey Allen, M. D., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Sent FREE, our beautiful illustrated cook book, "The Vital Question.

The Natural Food Company,

Makers of Shredded Whole Wheat Products

Niagara Falls, New York.

To
The
Natural
Food Co.,
Niagara Falls,
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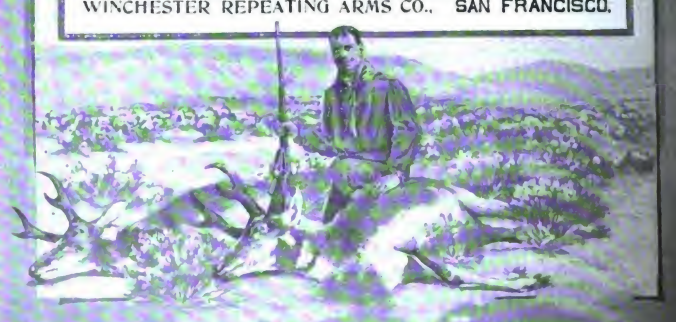

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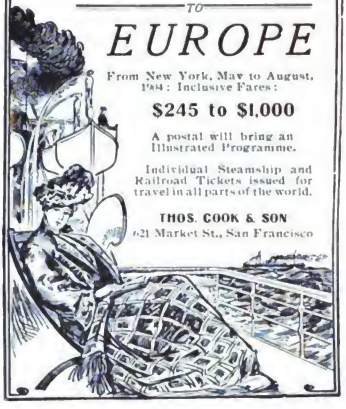

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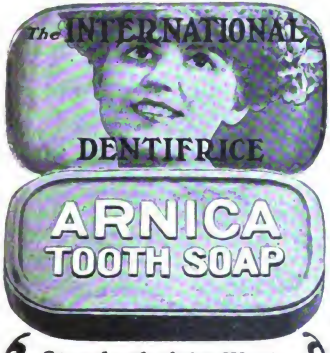

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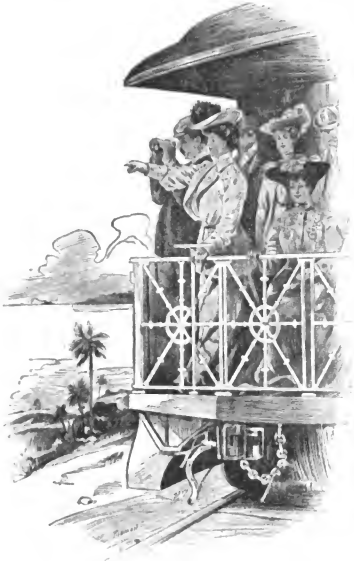

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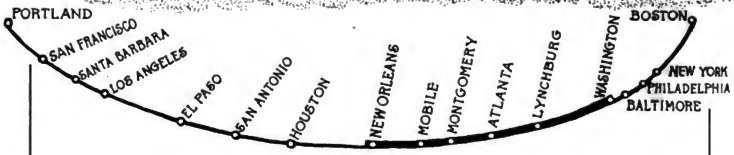

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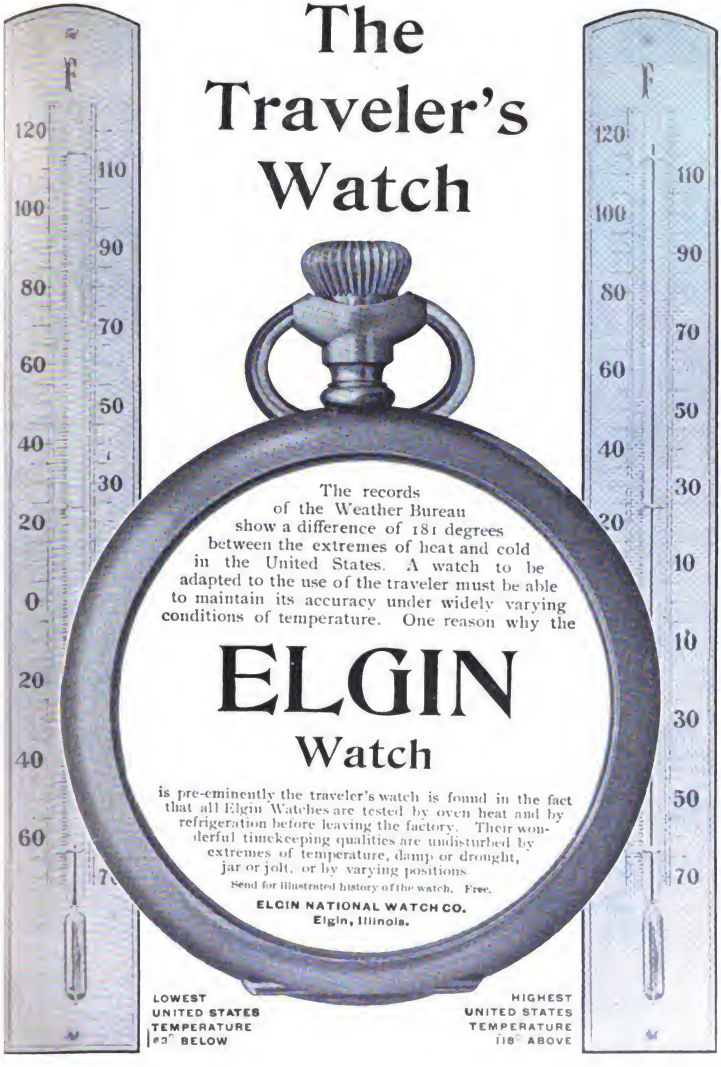
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TWO MODELS

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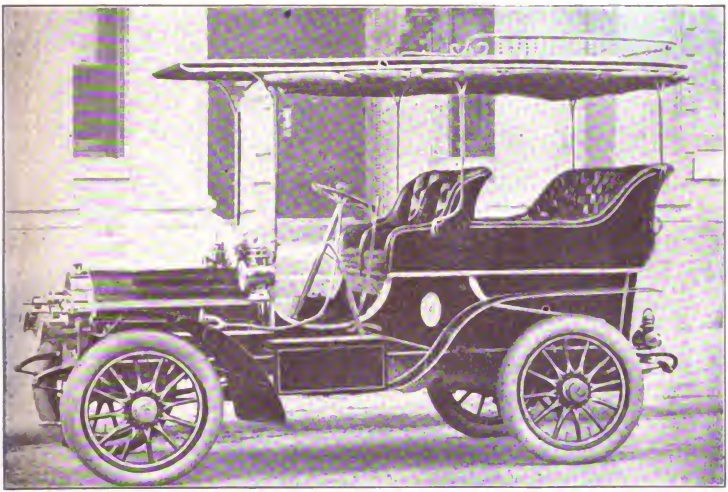

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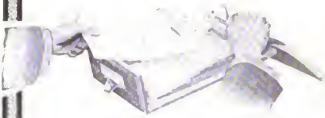

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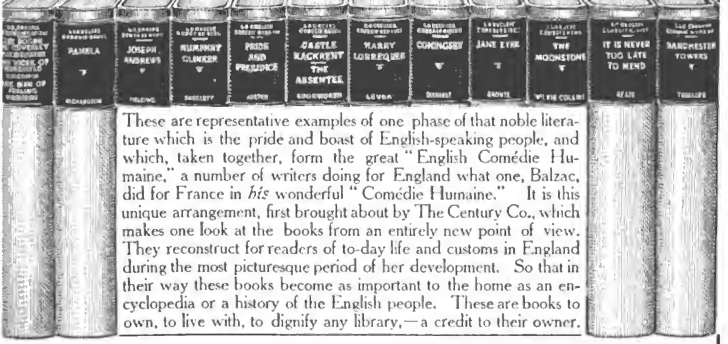

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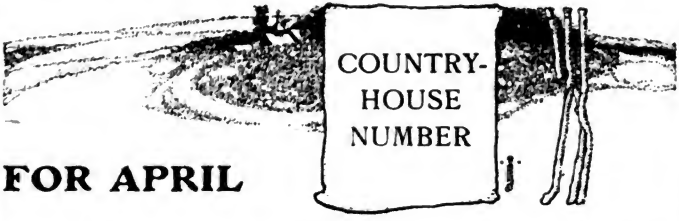

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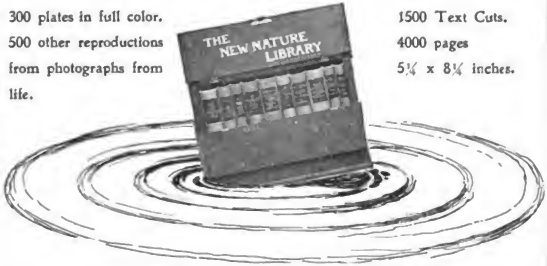

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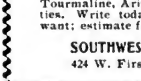

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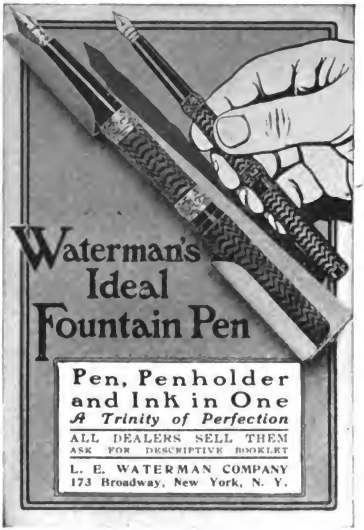

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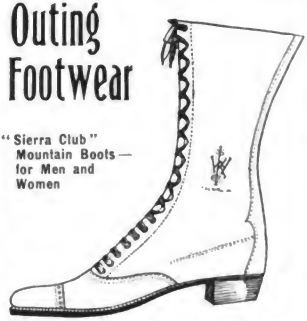

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Lake Lanuta—In an Old Crater on Upolu Island.

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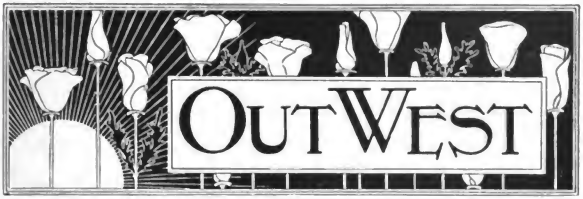
Formerly
The Land of Sunshine

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT.



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SAMOA.

By VERNON L. KELLOGG.

THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.

SAMOA is to some people a political problem; to some a place made memorable by the four years' abiding there of Robert Louis Stevenson; and to a few others a group of tropical islands whose natural history needs exploring. To most of us, it is simply a map name—a geographical fairyland, without remembered capital, principal town or chief exports. But Samoa does have a capital—at least, in a small thatched hut, under the palms of Mulinun village, a two-thirds naked king sits on a cocoanut-leaf mat and switches flies from the royal naked two-thirds of him with a fly-flapper. And it has a principal city named Apia, memorable as the place where an impatient hurricane blew its breath on a certain Gordian knot of World politics and made ropy spindrift of it. And lastly it has chief exports, the name of which is that magic word of South Sea tales, copra. Volcanoes make the mountains and gorges and solid land of Samoa; two hundred inches of rain a year and an ardent tropic sun make its wonderful forest and bush and graceful palms; the "coral insect" makes its white shore-line and cruel reefs; while

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copra makes its enduring smell and is responsible for its civilization. About it all is the abiding presence of the Ocean. From every vantage point one sees the blue water meet the blue sky. Ever in one's ears is the low growl of the water beaten back by the guarding reef. In every direction is it ocean-wide away to the World!

Samoa, a few tiny land specks in a waste of blue waters, became a political problem simply because in that neighborhood three world-powers rubbed elbows, i. e., the muzzles of six-inch guns. As a business proposition, the islands are not worth even the most refrained and by-your-leave sort of elbowing. All the copra that all the seductive wiles of all the traders of Samoa can get together is worth, gross, something less than half a million a year. And beyond copra the exports of Samoa consist of cheerful talk about some hoped-for cacao. A Morgan would keep the accounts of Samoa among the "miscellanies" in the back pages of his pocket note-book. But where world-powers touch elbows, each must come away the winner by something from the others. And so came to pass Stevenson's "eight years of trouble in Samoa," followed by more years of the same, upon which the sympathetic eyes had closed forever. If the gobbling of the little in this world by the great is inevitable, then the final obsequies of free Samoa were probably not the worst that might have been arranged. But in the long, senseless, criminal making ready for the finish, great mischief was done. The Samoan people, an impressionable and quick-seeing race, learned to know the white man in his lowest estate; saw him a petty wrangler, a disciple of sharp practice. The Samoan found, besides, that, sharp as the white man was in his practice, he was by no means immune from being played a bit sharply himself. So the common, native, untutored wit of the brown man began to try itself out against the schooled diplomacy of the white. And now the Samoan civilization, of the "beach," is a shining example of what we can do—but ought not—for the brown man when we undertake his burden for him. The voyager on the San Francisco-Sydney liner, who spends his few hours at Pago Pago in being rowed about the fairyland harbor, and thinks to reward his three-parts-naked, savage boatman with an obviously-colored bandanna kerchief or a four-bit Barlow knife, will learn that unsophistication is not synonymous with nakedness.

But the world politics of Samoa is presumably settled now. The final decision of arbitrator King Oscar officially and publicly affirms our shame. We are to pay in eagle-stamped tokens for our misbehavior in one of our too-eager imperialistic flights.

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The proprietary interest of the United States in Samoa today consists of the ownership, by agreement with Germany and England, and by direct cession from the natives, of two tiny islands known by the soft Samoan names of Tutuila and Manua. In Tutuila is the admirable harbor of Pago Pago, a great crater with one side, the harbor mouth, broken out to open ocean. Here we have established a naval coaling station, building a wharf, coal sheds, store-house, customs office, and commandant's residence. Long before our ownership of Tutuila, which came about when Germany and the United States divided the Samoan islands, Great Britain giving up Samoan interests for value received in the Tongas and Fijis, we

PAGO PAGO HARBOR.

had received the coaling-station concession from the Samoan kings. Indeed Pago Pago is our first over-seas colonial holding, our first imperialistic venture. The ruler of American Samoa is the commandant of Pago Pago station; at present, Capt. U. Sebree, than whom there will be no better. Capt. Sebree's beneficent tyranny is better compensation for our early mischief than all the money King Oscar commands us to pay.

Of the present political relation of this tiny American colony to the mother country, the less said the better. For nothing very understandable can be said. The simple trouble is, that the colony-managing officials of a nation which has colonies but has no provision for their government, are apparently left to their own devices—to manage "somehow". In the case of Tutuila the managing so far seems to be a successful policy of

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trusting largely to the personal representative of our government, the naval commandant of the port. But without precedent of statutes the commandant has, at best, a ticklish berth. Fortunately honesty, common sense and vigor may well supply the place of tradition, established policy and diplomatic training. And the present commandant has these native qualifications in good measure.

To reach our picturesque American colony of cocoanut palms and breadfruit trees one has simply to embark on one of the Oceanic Company's San Francisco-Sydney liners, and enjoy a pacific voyage of two weeks. One day of the fourteen is spent in Honolulu; time enough to drive through summer showers to the picturesque, wind-swept mountain pass of the Pali, to have a surf bath at Waikiki and tiffin at a good hotel. On the

HARBOR AND TOWN OF APIA.

fourteenth day your ship steams slowly into the mouth of Pago Pago crater, and you realize that you have exchanged oak trees for cocoanut palms, prunes for bananas, and tailored men and women for scantily girdled children of nature. Still, the first child of nature I met on Pago beach was smoking a fat cigar and carrying a lantern and a disreputable umbrella. But his clothing was a lava-lava of tapa (mulberry-bark cloth), and his skin was brown and shone with cocoanut oil. He was a Samoan in process of making over into an American. He wanted to sell me a war club which he had whittled out since seeing the steamer's smoke, and he could say "damn."

Away from the beach, though, (and "beach" means only that part of the shore line of a South-Pacific island invaded by whites), the Samoan native is a glorious specimen of kindly,

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UNDER THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

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honest, care-free, wholesome, child-witted, primitive man. Almost uniformly superbly developed physically, holding up straight and free six feet of stature, and looking from clear eyes out of open, intelligent faces, the Samoan men are among the finest of the anthropologists' living specimens. Never confound the tall, brown, straight-haired Polynesians of the Marquesas, Society, and Samoan Islands with the under-sized, wooly-haired, black "boys" of most of the hundreds of South Sea islands in Micro- and Melanesia. They are races apart. The Samoan women have the same attractive race-characteristics, but their physical development is not so uniformly good

as in the men; the anthropologist, if collecting "methodically at random," will capture more undesirable specimens in the gentler sex.

The missionaries have mostly conquered the South Seas. In each little village of toadstool huts, the biggest mushroom of all is "mijinery house"—South Pacific for church. And Sunday is a day, the South Pacific over, devoted to earnest howlings of adapted gospel hymns by fantastically clothed barbarians. A Samoan attends from four to seven services each Sunday, beginning at seven o'clock in the morning. He comes dressed in a white lava-lava, white-duck jacket, fly-flapper, and serious countenance; she comes in a gaudy Mother-Hubbard, gaudier little green-ribboned, blue-feather chip hat, and white-

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In the "Bush."

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toothed smile. Each carries a cocoanut-leaf mat to sit on and hymn book to sing from. All can read, and all can sing. It is mostly singing, though a vociferously spoken sermon by the native preacher finds its appropriate place. And the singing is tuneful for the most part, and oh, so heartily enjoyed. Any South Sea islander will praise God (perhaps any god) willingly if he may sing his praises. And the missionaries have wisely found this line of least resistance.

The missionary and the results of his labors are the subject of constant debate the world over. In the South Pacific the

A Samoan Bungalow.

missionaries have wrested the natives from the hands of adventurers and beach-combers, speaking by and large. But they have delivered the natives into the hands of an awful enemy of tropic-people, called Clothes. From Monday to Saturday he and she have gone healthfully, naturally and without self-consciousness mostly undressed. The swift showers have beat on their oiled, naked shoulders and limbs as harmlessly as on the duck's preened plumage. The perspiration induced by the tropic sun has swiftly and coolingly evaporated as fast as it oozed out. But on Sunday the cheap cotton clothing is put on to make him and her self-conscious and immodest, and to lie

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soaked with rain, or between showers with perspiration, in sticky folds over the body. Result, morally disastrous self-consciousness, and physically disastrous pneumonia. Truly it is a question whether clothes do not carry the natives as swiftly and certainly into the presence of their new-found God, as does the awful heritage of loathsome disease bequeathed them by the dissolute whalers and beach-combers of pre-missionary days. What in the name of sane things have indecent Mother Hubbards and appalling green-ribboned chip hats to do in the great work of leading tropical heathendom to Christianity?

From Monday to Saturday, with no church services to en-

On the Beach.

gage the attention, our Samoan compatriots mostly do nothing! They get a little foretaste of Sunday's pleasures by holding repeated and protracted choir-practice in the evenings, and they are busy enough, in a way, on the infrequent steamer days. There is business then in fans, seed necklaces, tapas and war-clubs. The exigencies of life also demand a certain irregular gathering of breadfruit, green cocoanuts and taro. Indeed the taro has to be mildly cultivated. And then there are the chief exports to be looked after. As the production of copra, however, consists of a long waiting for the cocoanuts to ripen and fall to the ground (sometimes they are climbed for), then in a short working spurt of cracking them open, cutting out the

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"meat" in small strips, and spreading these strips out in the sun, with another waiting for the sun to cure them, and finally getting them into sacks and to the beach to be picked up by traders' boats, it is obvious that even the responsibility for the statistics of chief exports leads to no very strenuous life. Samoan days are chiefly a pleasant monotony of "dolce far niente." On the Pago wharf and around the coal sheds, there is usually plenty of hard, grimy work to do, and this is done by imported Tongans. Over in the island of Upolu, where the great German trading and planting firm has thousands of cocoanut palms for copra production and constant need of laborers, the work is done by wiry, little, frizzle-haired "black boys" from the Solomon Islands. And only last summer the German governor went to Berlin to get the imperial permission to import the world-conquering Chinese coolie into Stevenson's fairyland. But after all why should the Samoan carry tons of coal into and out of black and unlovely holds of ships? He might get fifty cents or a dollar a day—to be spent for things which he can mostly get for nothing. His rain and sun are reliable: the cocoanut palm and bread fruit, the taro bulb and kava root grow lush and swiftly. And they give him his food and drink, his modest wardrobe, his toadstool house, and his material for tourist war-clubs. The veteran trader Moore—friend, adviser and business man of Robert Louis Stevenson—says pithily: "A Gilbert Islander wakes in the morning naked, hungry and thirsty. He rises, climbs a cocoanut tree, and comes down clothed, fed and drunk." Why then should he carry coal?" Perhaps there are abstract reasons why every man should carry coal; but to the Samoan the concrete ones are lacking, and the others haven't led to action.

There are customs and scenery in Samoa, and there is natural history. But the editor of Out West would hardly allow me to describe new species of bugs or fishes, or to catalogue the formal etiquette of kava drinking and council meetings, in these pages. Kava, the national drink of Samoa, is non-alcoholic, but has its own peculiar manner of intoxication when drunk in large quantity. The drink is made by simply pouring water over the freshly pounded-up dry roots of a plant of the pepper family. The liquid is drunk immediately, not being allowed to ferment, as often stated in books. The effect is due to the presence of an alkaloid, which produces first a local anaesthesia of the throat, then a slight stimulation of the mental faculties, and if much kava is drunk at one sitting, a loss of control of the legs. But it can be used moderately with apparently little harm. Around its drinking much ceremonial has gathered,

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A Trail Through the "Bush."

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and one of the most delicate adjudications of the American commandant last summer was in the matter of a neglect of ceremony to the chief of one of the American islands by the chief of the other.

The council meetings with barbecue accessories are the occasion of much speech-making, all done by official "talking men" and usually at long range, the orators standing about fifty yards apart, and leaning on long staves. At the banquet succeeding one of these oratorical displays I had the fortune to sit near the attractive queen of Tutuila. The banquet board, which was made of great, smooth, fresh banana leaves was covered with roast pigs, chickens, fish, squid, breadfruit, taro, and polisami (a mixture of taro tops and milk of green cocoanuts). The

VAILIMA IN STEVENSON'S DAY.

queen asked me if I would "have a bit of chicken." I would, but wondered how she would carve the bird, as there were no knives in sight. But the carving was easy. Taking firm hold with both hands, one vigorous jerk carved the fowl in two, and two more jerks rended it into four pieces.

The wondrous picture of tropic forest and palm-fringed shore, of fern-banked cascades and cloud-wreathed mountain tops cannot even be suggested by my lame pen. Tahiti and Eimeo are said to be the most beautiful of South Pacific islands, but Upolu and Tutuila are ocean gems exquisite enough to satisfy all of the South Sea voyager's expectations. Abrupt mountain masses, rising green and sun-lighted out of a blue

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ocean, and ringed with the thin white line of breaking waves on the outer reef edge—they are choice emeralds set in the great tropic circle.

Lastly, in Samoa are the one-time home and haunts of Stevenson, the Vailima Tusitala. And there, on the summit of a spur of Mt. Vaea, are his ashes. Pushing back and up from the Apia beach along a road that is a veritable tunnel through plantations of cocoanut, bread-fruit and banana, one comes, after a warm hour's tramp, to Vailima, now owned by a hospitable German, and considerably enlarged since Stevenson's death. Over the wide-verandahed house lifts the steep side of Mt. Vaea, and up this winds the narrow zig-zag path hewn out of the tropic bush that densely clothes the whole mountain. A thousand feet above Vailima, one comes suddenly out of the

bush on the open, narrow, flat top of the mountain. Here is the low simple grave-stone, made after the fashion of the Samoan chiefs' tombs, and bearing on one side in Samoan, Ruth's speech to Naomi:

> Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.

and on the other Stevenson's own verse,

> Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live, and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> *Here he lies where he longed to be,*
> *Home is the sailor, home from the sea*
> *And the hunter home from the hill.*

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A Village Under the Cocoanut Palms.

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A Samoan Club Woman.

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The tropic sun bathes the hill-top in warm light, the bright-feathered birds sing loudly in the nearby bush, the little lizards lie content on the gray tombstone. One looks far down to Vailima and across through the clear air space to distant higher mountains, equally green and inviting. A pair of pure white tropic birds float slowly far above Vailima. To the north the slopes, covered with great cocoanut plantations, stretch down to Apia and its crescent harbor. Enclosing the green water of the harbor is the white reef-line, and the low muffled roar of the charging breakers persists even here. And beyond stretches the measureless blue water of the tropic Pacific, out and up to the sky line. Everything is beautiful and bright: nothing sombre, nor soiled, nor ugly. The world, from Stevenson's grave, is full of beauty and clean life, as it ever was when seen through the brave and hopeful eyes of the living poet.

Stanford University.

NIGHT WIND, WAKE!

By MARY AUSTIN.

NIGHT Wind wake! now the cattle leave the trail for us.
Huddled on the hill slope by the stony water-scar,
Get you down along the steep
Where the moon-eyed gilias keep,
To go walking in the meadows—
Silver runnels in the meadows—
Where the blossoms star the shadows and the hidden waters are.

Night Wind wake! now the laden vine is calling us,
Calling with the incense of its green and misty blooms,
Now the milk-white alders quake
Where the dark lies like a lake
On the musky scented meadows,
On the many-lilied meadows,
On the chilly mountain meadows where the throaty hylas blooms.

Night Wind wake! I am coming up the trail to you,
Up and past the gullies where the midnight shadows lair
Past the tangle by the creek
Where the trail is all to seek,
To the damp and dusky meadows,
To the willow-skirted meadows,
To go walking in the meadows with the pleasant Night Wind there.

Independence, Cal.

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ACROSS THE SIERRAS ON HORSEBACK.

By JAMES H. McBRIDE, M. D.

OUT FOR HIS HEALTH.

THE Sierras are highest near their eastern limit, gradually falling toward the west and breaking down into rounded hills that lose themselves in valleys. Entering the mountains from the west one rises from semi-tropic valleys where snow never falls to the higher eastern summits where snow-fields that never wholly melt drop their icy waters into the desert.

Porterville, on the eastern side of the San Joaquin Valley, is twenty miles by stage from the trail that enters the mountains by the cañon of the north fork of the Tule River. There are many beautiful ranches and orange orchards, in this vicinity, where oranges ripen a month earlier than in the more southerly counties—a hint of the freaks of California climate. Ranchers hereabouts pump water for irrigation by electricity, certainly an evidence of progress, though it suggests that civilization is gradually extracting much of the picturesqueness from life.

At the foot of the trail, one sees the beginnings of the Sierras. It strains the imagination to grasp it—that these heights were once a level ocean-bed. In a single cramping in the growing pains of the planet this submerged plain was crushed and lifted—and the ocean dashed its waves on new shores, two hundred miles away.

The people of California missed the ice-period by coming late. Great ice sheets once thrust their arms down the giant earth creases, cutting gorges and cañons and carving the chief mountain features upon which frost and stream have since worked their will.

At the foot of the trail we took riding horses and pack animals and began the slow ascent of the cañon down which the Tule River has cut its riotous way. The fall of the river is so rapid that through much of its course it is the twin brother of a cataract. It tumbles over great boulders, slips through channels in its rocky bed so narrow as at times to bury it from sight: it darts into whirling pools and spreads like gossamer over some shelving rock, then plunges into a great basin where trout find grasshoppers and exercise.

The trail follows the stream closely to Nelson's Valley, and, though there is a general rise, there are steep climbs and equally steep descents. At times we are on a level with the river, then up again over a "hogsback," then climbing around a jutting peak, then up a mountain side, the stream very small so far below but with a roar that seems to have grown by borrowing a hundred echoes. Hour after hour we climb the cañon to the organ-notes

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of the river and the drum-beat of the horses's feet on the rock. These sounds emphasize the prevailing quiet, and we realize that we are already far from civilization, and feel a new companionship with nature. Why is it that one is always calmed and rested by the forest, feeling a fellowship with these mindless forms that sooth us with hushed music and lay quieting hands upon our hurried lives? It is not wholly scenery, nor isolation, nor the majesty of these towering columns of green. I suspect that it is, in part, the awakening of ancestral memories that reach back beyond civilization's dawn. Our untamed forefathers hunted and fished and had their homes near or among the trees, and their oldest and deepest associations were of the forest. When we quit our civilization and go out with nature,

IN CAMP AT NELSON'S. *Photo by Millbank*

those primitive experiences that are a race inheritance rise dim and vague in consciousness, and we feel something of the old freedom and peace that the elder man felt as he sat beneath his roof of sky and pines.

After a ride of twelve sobering miles Nelson's Valley is reached —a picturesque basin rimmed by mountains that rise thousands of feet above it. The mountains gradually recede, in successive benches covered with oak, fir and pine. Beautiful mountain streams sing their way to the Tule gorge through fields and groves and apple orchards; quail whistle in the meadows; mountain grouse, forgetting spring is gone, hoot their discordant love-calls far up in the pines; black bear search the valley nightly for Nelson's hogs, and deer haunt the mountain slopes, though sadly shy of even the most friendly observation.

The altitude here is 4,700 feet, and the climate wholly different from that of the valley. In winter snow falls, from two to four

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feet deep, and nature sometimes recalls the glacial period for a day, and sends the mercury down to zero. Summer days are cool and delightful. The morning evaporation from the mountain meadows in the cañon forms clouds that sweep to the summits and hang in broken, restful masses above the white peaks. If clouds could be stocked and sold (and why not along with oil lands?), what would I not give for a share in those Sierras of the sky, that form, and rise, and drift away over the quiet heights at Nelson's.

John M. Nelson, who owns this mountain park, is a pioneer of the fifties. He comes of a family of doctors and had he been

NELSON'S PET. *Photo by Millbank*

college-bred might have been a scientific man of note. He is wise in woodcraft and loves nature. Neither tree, nor bush, nor flower, nor habit of animal or bird escapes his notice. He rarely returned from a walk without some flower to show us, or a strange herb in whose medicinal powers he had confidence. I envied his therapeutic faith. Nelson is irrepressibly cheerful and now (at seventy-three) is singing his way through life. Men of the mountains have this spirit; for here at least care can not shut out the fair views that lie for all upon life's landscape. If I were an artist and wished to generalize in a portrait the features of the best type of the pioneer, I would go to Nelson's Valley and paint the strong and kindly features of my friend.

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After a two day's stay and with Nelson for a guide, we climbed over the valley's steep rim and were soon in the heart of the Sierras, 6,000 feet above the breakers of the Pacific and still rising. Here, and for two or three day's travel beyond, the evergreen growths are at their best. The pines and firs are the Alpine climbers of the forest; they seem to thrive on altitude and severities of climate. We rode through miles and miles of magnificent forest, mountains full of huge pine trees and infinite stretches of fir, so dense of growth as to leave little standing room for humbler trees.

The mountain meadows are among the most beautiful features of the Sierran landscape. The more level kind that are the

A Mountain Meadow. *Photo by Staats*

survivals of glacial lakes are so smooth as to give the appearance of cultivation. Owners of cattle pasture their stock by thousands on the meadows. The practice of the government of giving permits for such use of the meadows should be discontinued, as the stock injure the pasturage and pollute the streams.

The cowboys of the Sierras are sufficiently untamed and picturesque in appearance to satisfy even the tenderfoot tourist—if, by chance, he penetrated so far. The cowboy is not wholly bad. A few desperadoes who have "shot up the town" have brought them all into disrepute. As a rule they are civil and have strict notions of fair-play and honor.

I was a companion in a three days' hunt in the Sierras with a man who had herded sheep and cattle in the mountains for many years. He is now growing old, and, having abandoned the

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strenuous work of herding, comes here every summer for a three months' lonely hunt for game and mines. The hope of finding a rich mine has probably made life much easier for him during many a lonely winter in the valley. Stark was rough to the glance and touch, but kindly and a gentleman by instinct. He was a temperate man, never swore, and had a beautiful affection for his horses. There was a romance in his life—a girl he had loved and had left in Indiana and who died soon after. He still plans to go back and visit her grave, over which the flowers of forty summers have spilled their perfume. Stark was a man of sentiment and a dreamer: who would not be? He is confident that he will some day find a rich mine in these mountains. May those fair and unrealizable dreams be ever yours, my ex-companion and rugged friend. May the girl you loved come down to you "on stairways quarried from the mines of night," and bring back in dreams the happy yesterdays of life—with promise of ever brighter tomorrows.

At Salt Trough Meadows we camped 7,600 feet above the sea and awoke next morning, July 12th, to find ice a quarter of an inch thick. Soon after leaving this camp we had our first view of the snow peaks many miles to the north. Far down below the ridge on which we were riding, the north fork of the Kern winds its way through the gorge of a wide cañon, the waters of the stream coming chiefly from the snows that marble the sides of the peaks. Black looking fields of forest, ending abruptly, mark the limit of timber-growth on the mountains. Above the timber-line the mountain peaks rise several thousand feet, looking deceitfully smooth and calm in the distance. To the east the view extends across the canon of the North Fork to the range of mountains separating it from the Big Kern.

These great Sierra cañons, that are many miles wide, with their guardian mountains thousands of feet high, were once occupied by glaciers that filled them to their brims with Amazons of slow-moving ice. As milder climate came and the glaciers melted, the gulfs were for ages filled with torrents that cut the mountains down, grinding the rock to powder and freighting it in cubic miles of sediment and soil to the valleys of California.

Later in the day we came in sight of the Kern, which curved, a white line, in the distance far below us. We went down, down, two thousand feet over the almost perpendicular face of a bluff, and, landing on the quiet Kern flats, pitched our tents on the banks of the Grand Canal.

Sidney and William were the expert fishermen of the party, and trout would have become a glut had we not developed a capacity, not only for punishing food, but for annihilating it.

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The expert fisherman is certainly a specialist of a daring and exclusive kind. When he takes his rod in hand, he is seized with a strange eagerness and aloofness. He does not speak; he slips noiselessly behind bushes that grow on the banks of trout streams, wearing his front clothes out creeping over rocks. He falls over boulders and banks, unconscious of injuries that at home would demand an ambulance. He stands in an icy stream in an ecstacy of expectation, and when he falls into a pool he

LOOKING INTO THE VALLEY OF THE LITTLE KERN.

comes up dripping with smiles and water if he has only hooked a fish. He lives apart from other men in an imaginary world. His thoughts are all of fish, his figures of speech are borrowed from those swimming thousands that only exist to bite a hook and furnish him with a story that will be the "royal flush" of the day's incidents. He is probably the only person who clearly realizes that this world swims in space; and when for others the heavens are ablaze with stars, he sees little fish swimming in the sky's blue sea, emblems of the glorious five-pounders that were too big to be landed.

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For business and for books they said
They'd ceased to have a wish;
No school to them was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

We stayed here several days hunting and fishing and dreaming, and in that brief time had years of peace and recovered decades of health and vigor. The amateur mountaineer cannot find a better place to conduct a campaign than the Kern flats. The surroundings are picturesque, the fishing is excellent and there is unlimited room for hunting—more room, I found, than game.

The Kern is a clear, cold, swift stream with a roar that can be heard a mile as it rolls over boulders and beats against its

THE HURRYING KERN. *Photo by Staats*

granite walls. Even where it flows through the meadows of the Kern flats, it runs at a mad speed; and further down the stream, where the valley passes into a gorge, the river is turned on edge, and, thundering through a narrow gateway, dashes in foaming whiteness over black islands of rock.

Where water oozes from the sides of little gulleys, miniature meadows spread their spring green; flowers in countless numbers sweep among the boulders in streams of blue and yellow; birds nest and sing in the willows that bend over the foaming river; and, above this turbulence and its fringe of greenness, stretch the arms of sheltering pines.

After a long day's hunt, and when one recalls that his only deer swung unharmed over the ridge, he inventories his weariness and his bruises and thinks of home and a soft bed. But a

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night's sleep in the frosty air brings back his boyish delight in the freedom and the companionship of the mountains. Down at home the rumbling of cars and wagons, the noisy scramble of men, the infinite discordances of civilization leave little room for thoughts that are higher than a sky-scraper or bigger than an income. Up here one sits and walks with Nature. He is part of her quiet and unhurried life, and sees her vast order go serenely on. The life history of a decaying tree is appealing in its slow tragedy; the crumbling rocks that time has chiseled to strange forms have almost a human interest. Common objects have new attractions, and common sounds are music in the forest corridors. Across the meadow the cow-bells are melodies: the bird's song, that falls from the top of the pine, emphasizes by mere contrast the magnitudes of the mountain world and the

ONE CAMPING GROUND. *Photo by Millbank*

vastness of the spaces. Those towering heights, where eagles are soaring as mere black specks and clouds tear their way over jagged peaks, rise from our quiet meadow campground. The moon never seemed quite so near, nor so neighborly, as its light streams through the broken roof of forest; and, now that one can think of it without missing a train, how real it seems that this earth is one with those planets shining in the still West, nightly passing with their procession down the avenues of the stars.

The Edison Company is erecting extensive plants further down the stream, to utilize the river for light and power. We shall soon have new fancies when we turn on our electric light that streams through cables 125 miles long—visions of power-houses and great engines will pass; in place of these our light will be a message from Nature's reservoirs on the Sierra's sum-

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mits. The light that falls on our book will have been but a moment before in the energy of the cataract, companioned by the Kern's wild song.

The Kern was very high, for the season of the year, from melting snow; but we finally crossed without accident and went on five miles to Hot Springs. Even Nelson's Jack Posey opened his idiotic eyes and carried his little pack and big ears across the wild rapids in safety.

No enigma of the Sierras will haunt me longer than the possible goings-on of the mysterious "innards" of Posey's consciousness. The Sierras have their charms and their mysteries, vast

FORDING THE KERN. *Photo by Staats*

forests that clasp hands in an unbroken family line from Alaska to Yucatan, streams whose beds were laid beneath the sea and chiselled by rivers of ice, mountains whose pinnacled heights were here before man was born and have seen empires rise and pass in fatal change; but I am sure no more enduring memories nor greater mystery will remain to me from my experiences in the Sierras than the strange conduct of Nelson's jack, standing, for instance, hungry and thirsty, immovable for hours, in a beautiful meadow and only fifty feet from water; or refusing to associate either with mules or horses, and yet when they passed out of sight immediately shaking the earth with his dissonant and brassy bray. Surely the ass never evolved. The special creation hypothesis alone accounts for him.

A number of hot mineral springs, bursting from near the banks of a cold mountain stream, where meadows stretch for acres on

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two sides of the ravine, in a valley enclosed by high mountains, makes a glorious camping place at Hot Springs. These springs are remnants of others much larger, now extinct, that once flourished here and deposited thick layers of soda and lime in terraces upon the sides of the streams. Trappers who winter here, having a faith in muddy therapy, have dug a bath-tub in the ground by a spring which fills it with water at 110 degrees. This is cooled to a comfortable temperature by a cold spring that occupies the same room, so to speak, only ten feet away.

If there is a more delightful camping place within the Sierran leagues than Hot Springs, our trail did not pass it. The camp is in a grove of magnificent firs and pines and within a hundred

HOT SPRINGS. *Photo by Staats*
Showing incrustations from extinct springs.

feet of it a clear mountain stream runs with furious and noisy swiftness. This stream furnished our fishermen with infinite sport, and our appetites with a satisfaction only known to those who have felt the "camper's" consuming hunger. Fabian, our cook, was an expert in cooking trout, and, in fact, was an expert in everything that can be compassed by shift or skill of the chef in camp. No more faithful cook ever contemplated a dinner, and such meals as he devised and executed are worthy of mention in any history of camp achievements. I see him now, with quick movement and deft hands, broiling those trout to a desert brown, the sight of which multiplied appetite by two, while his tenor voice rings out musical and clear, making a fine chorus with the furious stream and the softer echoes of the forest.

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Our memories of Hot Springs will always be associated with perfect days and moonlit nights. From the amphitheatre of our little valley the mountains swept in forest-covered sides to heights of rugged grandeur. Green meadows with beds of yellow flowers lay in pastoral quiet on the sides of ravines, while innumerable streams, rushing in cascades or cataracts, carried the leading part in that mountain chorus that in after years will still fall for us upon the ear of fancy.

As one lives in the mountains and learns to love them, he finds they take on a sort of personal and conscious life. Their massive forms, standing out against the purpling evening sky as it

GLACIAL BOULDERS.

darkens to night, suggest a world power that looks beyond man's small horizon. These heights seem to call to each other across the plains of the sky in those finer voices of the imagination that echo among the stars and help one to realize that, after all, only a small part of life is bounded by cities, and houses, and books, and work. The songs of these mountain rivers are not all rocks and water—irrigating ditches have this. To me the river is always telling the story of earth-making and mountain-carving—of springs that trickle from crevices in walls of granite and trachyte; of meadows that are hung far up on mountain sides; of flower-beds upon old glacier-moraines or at the edge of snow fields in the early spring days of July; of glaciers that carved mountain

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forms and laid the course of streams and then passed on to recommence their never-ending cycle of wave and cloud and storm. There seems to be some spirit that has a local habitation in this mountainous order—that knows the secrets of Nature's harmony, and gathers the roar of the cataract and the hum of the breeze and the song of birds into the symphony of mountain sounds.

From Hot Springs the trail passes over yet higher mountains and through beautiful forests and innumerable mountain meadows nine thousand feet above the sea. The camp on Monache Meadows affords fine views of distant peaks. Beyond, the trail passes through a volcanic region, where only yesterday, by the geologic calendar, a perfect pyramid of a mountain, 2,000 feet high, was built up, with many other mountains of lesser height. For miles we passed among volcanic hills and over masses of lava looking so fresh and threatening that one might easily expect to meet a live volcano just around the corner. But these volcanic mountains are older than they look, by thousands of years. Forests have come and gone upon their sides like crops of grain, since the turbulent days when the Sierras, and their companion ranges from Alaska to Mexico, were pouring out thousands of square miles of lava. These western mountain-ranges were sowing their wild oats in those days, and things were happening worth mentioning. It was the last act in the making of America; and, when the smoke cleared away, the work was finished and a continent settled down to the geologic quiescence of old age.

Not far from these meadows Whitney Creek runs near the trail for several miles—a beautiful stream over which Isaac and I grew enthusiastic, if not sentimental. The South Fork of the Kern and Whitney Creek both finally join the Big Kern. Throughout their course they run far apart, except in this locality, where, South Fork bending far to the west and Whitney to the east, the two streams get the backs of the bends so near together that they are separated by less than two hundred feet. Some enterprising ranchers on the South Fork once cut through the thin partition and attempted to divert Whitney into the other creek, but the courts interfered and judicially turned off the water.

Whitney Creek divides its time between busy rapids and quiet pools, whose fish population made our fishermen lay their hands more than once on their rods, but the caravan moved on and they desisted. This little stream, I hear, carries its head high in Sierra society. It comes from gorges where snow lingers in June and Spring comes in August, from peaks that tower skyward above the timber line and from those farther heights and

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those perpetual springs, the snows and glaciers that lie among the clouds on Whitney's summit.

Turning from Whitney Creek, the trail passed out of the large meadows, and at four in the afternoon, after a climb of hours on a mountain side that was so steep it seemed the trees would lose their balance, we reached the crest of the Sierra divide, where water flows east.

Our barometer got out of breath at 11,700 feet and refused to register, but we estimated that the summit was over 12,000 feet high. On the eastern face of the crest snow lay in great heaps, and Sidney and Isaac took a turn at snow balling for Auld Lang Syne on July 22nd.

From this point we looked out over the eastern wall of the

NEAR THE SUMMIT. *Photo by Staats*

Sierras to the desert, where lay other mountains, range on range, rolling away to the eaves of the eastern sky. Back of us lay the central range of the Sierras, beyond the basin of the Kern, lying in far and dim blue masses, with lofty peaks and snow-covered ridges, and extending a hundred miles north and south. Mt. Tyndall, illusively near, rose in a mass of rocky-pinnacled grandeur above a multitude of other peaks that stood shoulder to shoulder along the crest of the range. The meadows where we had camped the night before were little spots of level green between the volcanic mountains, now shrunk to mere knolls, as we saw them from the heights where we were islanded among the clouds.

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We camped that night on Cottonwood Creek, whose ice-chilled waters flow into the desert of Owens River Valley. From Cottonwood it is but five miles to the basin of Sheep Mountain, where lie the so-called Enchanted Lakes. The trail winds up a gorge—the ancient roadway of a vanished glacier. When within a half mile of the basin, the trail approaches the perpendicular wall of a mountain, over which pours a roaring waterfall. Climbing over this rim, we are in the lake-basin of Sheep Mountain.

I am ashamed to use this vulgar name for one of the culminating peaks of the Sierras. Why do Americans daub imposing mountain peaks with a coarse nomenclature? How long will

ONE OF THE ENCHANTED LAKES. *Photo by Staats*
Altitude, 12,500 feet.

barnyard names designate the monuments that nature has reared above the clouds. Two hundred years ago the Spaniard, with a sense of fitness and a fine sentiment, wrote epitaphs for his heroes in "San Antonio" and "San Bernardino." We whitewash his works of art by saying "Old Baldy" and "Gray-Back."

Sheep Mountain, over 12,000 feet high, and its companion peaks that rim this little bowl of a basin a mile in diameter, form as strange a region as ever survived the scourge of glaciers and the wreck of geologic wear. There is a beautiful meadow in the basin, flowers are blooming everywhere and birds of several species sing as merrily as if snow fields were not their neighbors. Firs grow in the basin and on the sides of the peaks, though they are not large, the struggle for existence being too

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severe to permit of the surplus energy that makes bigness. It was interesting and almost tragic to see them growing in meager clusters and thinning files among the masses of soilless rock far up on the sides of the peaks, fighting their way toward impossible summits where they are beaten upon by bleak winds that never rest, and worn by storms of arctic winters.

The one open side of this rim of mountains is on the east where the stream that carries the lake-waters makes a wild leap into Cottonwood Cañon. This basin was made by a glacier, the

LAKE AT SHEEP MOUNTAIN. *Photo by Staats*

eastern wall being its terminal moraine; the great boulders that are scattered about are fragments broken from the once higher summits of Sheep Mountain, now reduced to the modest height of 14,096 feet. There are sixteen lakes in the basin, some of them well stocked with trout.

There is a fine distant view from the eastern side out over the Sierras to the purple desert-mountains. We seemed to have climbed to the roof of the world. The Inyo Mountains and Sierra Gordos, that rival the Sierras in height, are piled in uncountable folds and peaks against the sky, with here and there

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spots of pale yellow desert, all seeming to be wrapped in an atmosphere of purple and old gold that has set in unchanging hues.

The ride to Lone Pine on the desert plain is over rugged mountains, dizzily steep, down which the traveler drops out of the Sierras 7,500 feet in four hours' ride. The mountains gradually take on the sombre aspects of the desert. The high peaks of the summit have squeezed the western winds dry, and they float in cloudless aridity out over the waterless region beyond. The evergreens that thrive in the high, moist regions disappear; even the small shrubs cease with the flowers and grasses—for the

HOMEWARD THROUGH THE DESERT. *Photo by Staats*

desert creeps up the mountain-sides and sows sage-brush and desolation three thousand feet above the plain.

Lone Pine is a slumbrous little village, in an island of irrigated greenness, in the desert valley of Owens River. Owens Lake, twenty miles across, is a vanishing remnant of an immensely larger lake once occupying this entire valley. The dry air of the desert long since drained it to clouds.

From here to the railroad at Mojave, the stage road passes for a hundred miles over a picturesque region of desolation, over seas of sand, between hills and mounds and long ledges of black lava that the uncounted centuries have left as fresh as yesterday; by the walls of ancient lakes whose soft layers of colored stone have been carved by frost and tempest to strange and beautiful architectural forms; over stretches of alkali plains and basins

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whose snowy whiteness and sedimentary floor tell the story of the unequal contest of forest and stream and lake with the consuming desert.

Those glorious days of our brief boyhood of yesterday in camp have gone upon Time's swift wings; but they will come back in reminiscent hours when we wake the memories of trail and bivouac that we love. When we are weary with grinding care and tired of the hurry and strife of life's journey, they will come in thoughts of the sweet rest and free life of the mountains; in memories of the quiet peacefulness of the meadows, with their encircling heights, and the roaring streams, the multitudinous voices of the forest, the night skies and their passing caravans of stars, and the scenes of the camp-fire with the songs and bursts of laughter that are echoing still among the cliffs and gorges of the Sierras.

The Song of the Kern.

From heights where flaming snow-flowers grow,
  From grassy flats and far ravine,
From fields of snow and ice I flow
  Through granite gates to join the plain.

Through ages I have kept my way,
  From their vast years my record bring;
My time-piece does not note the day,
  But takes a century at a swing.

I flow unchanged in outward form,
  To-day I go, to-morrow come;
Up from the sea in cloud and storm,
  My slow, unending cycles run.

These mountains age—my youth shall last;
  My life's renewed with each new morn.
When man and all his works are passed,
  In unworn years I'll still flow on.

Pasadena, Cal.

CALYPSO MOUNTAIN ORCHID

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THE EUCALYPTS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

*By ALFRED JAMES McCLATCHIE.**

"BLUE GUM" SEEDLING.

WITHOUT the Eucalypts, California would be a very different state. What she owes to them it is impossible to fully estimate. Nothing short of being entirely deprived of these trees would enable her citizens to realize how much their presence means. Much of the charm of the state is due to these Australian immigrants. Without them, landscapes now varied and softened by their presence would be comparatively monotonous and unattractive. Winds would sweep unchecked over regions where their progress is now impeded by avenues and groves of Eucalypts. Orchards that in the shelter of Eucalypts are profitable would be unproductive. Had not these trees been introduced, the fuel problem would be a very different one. Were some agency to destroy all the Eucalypts now growing in California, the price of real estate would fall at once. The men who were influential in introducing these trees were public benefactors, who added untold millions to the property value of an already richly endowed state.

And there is every reason for the belief that other portions of the Southwest will come to realize, partially at least, the great benefits from the Eucalypts that California has experienced. The present increased interest in the planting of these trees will no doubt result in their eventually becoming to the entire Southwest and to Mexico the blessing that they have been to California. For it is believed that, as the merits of the Eucalypts shall become more fully understood, they will be planted much more extensively, and with increasing discrimination and profit. To clothe untilled and treeless stretches in the semitropic sections of America with groves of Eucalypt trees that will yield timber, fuel, and other useful products, and at the same time furnish protection from the sun, from winds,

*Many of the illustrations for this article are from photographs made for the Department of Agriculture.

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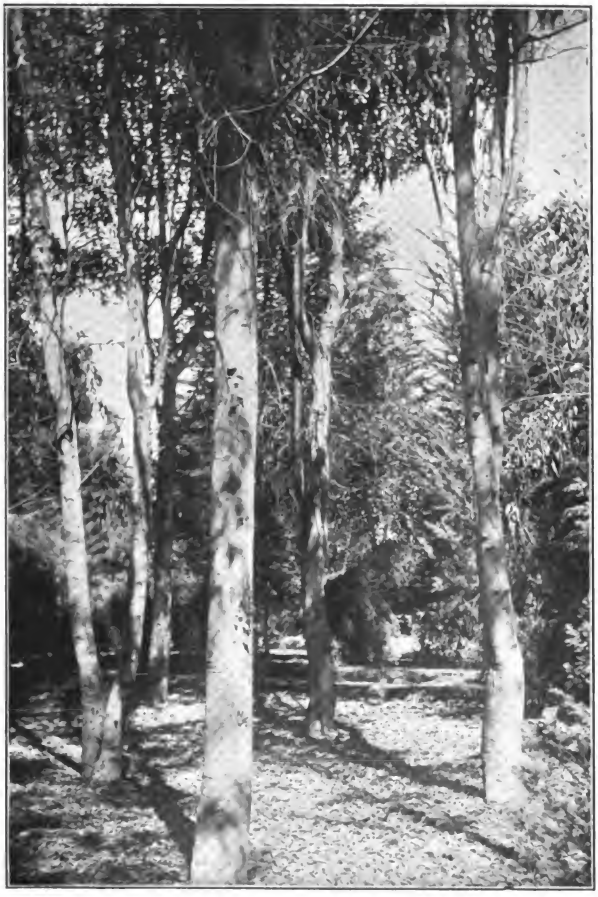

EUCALYPTUS ROSTRATA.
Eastlake Park, Los Angeles.

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and from torrential floods, and otherwise ameliorate existing climatic conditions, will certainly be an economic triumph.

In their Australian home the Eucalypts constitute a considerable part of the natural forests, giving a characteristic appearance to the landscape of the regions in which they grow. They are scattered over the deserts, throughout the swamps, over the plains, among the hills, and up the mountain slides to near their summits. They have attracted the attention of scientists, of horticulturists, and of foresters, as have few other members of the vegetable kingdom. Prominent scientists of France, Germany, England, and Italy have devoted much time

"Blue Gums" Near Alhambra, California.

to a study of the genus. Baron Ferdinand Von Mueller was attracted to these trees, soon after adopting Australia as his home. This great man devoted, with remarkable energy and enthusiasm, a large share of his time for nearly half a century to the study of the genus, and died a few years ago regretting that he could not have more nearly exhausted the subject and given to the world more nearly complete works than the ones he left behind. His prophesy was that, "The Eucalypts are destined to play a prominent part for all time to come in the sylvan culture of vast tracts of the globe." His work is in a sense being continued by Joseph H. Maiden, director of the botanical gardens at Sydney, New South Wales, who is doing much to

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EUCALYPTUS LEUCOXYLON. Echo Park, Los Angeles.

further accurate knowledge concerning the Eucalypts, from both a scientific and an economic standpoint.

As a result of the interest awakened by the work of such men, the Eucalypts were introduced into and are now successfully grown in the semitropic parts of Asia, Africa, Europe, and

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the Americas, a portion of each continent of the globe thus receiving the benefits of this useful genus. More Eucalypt trees have been planted, away from their native habitat, than all other forest trees combined. But their culture and the benefits resulting therefrom have probably only begun. Other parts of the earth are yet to be benefited by the introduction and extensive planting of suitable species of these trees. Experiments made by the writer during the past five years indicate that there are many promising species as yet little known, that are available for culture in regions supposed to be unsuited for the growth of Eucalypts.

The merits of these trees were early recognized by Califor-

EUCALYPTS AT FORESTRY STATION, SANTA MONICA.

nians. Who first introduced them is not definitely known; but within the first decade after the discovery of gold here, Eucalypts were planted at many points. Several public spirited citizens were influential in disseminating knowledge concerning these trees, several were influential in distributing seeds and seedlings, and a few have rendered valuable service in both lines. Two have been ardent apostles of Eucalypt planting ever since settling in the State.

When Ellwood Cooper came to Santa Barbara, thirty years ago, and found Eucalypts growing as shade and ornamental trees, he at once saw in these trees possibilities that few others realized. He recognized their prospective value as forest trees,

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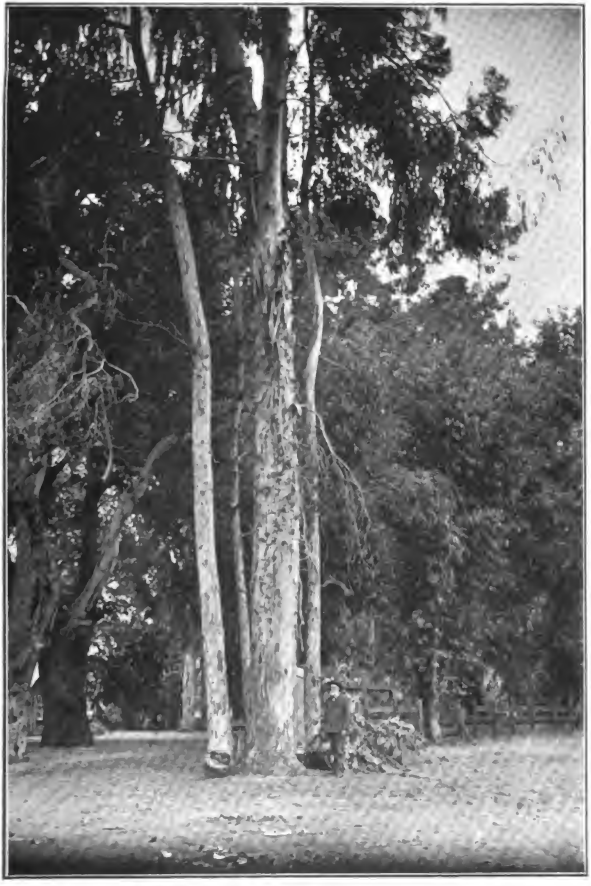

EUCALYPTUS GLOBULUS, ON RANCH OF ELWOOD COOPER, SANTA BARBARA.
Trees are 24 years old; the largest equal in diameter to oaks over 200 years old.

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and began planting them on an extensive scale. He set them in cañons, on steep hillsides, along ocean bluffs, and on other waste land, as well as along roads and upon his grounds. About two hundred acres of his ranch are now covered with forests of these trees: and here is the best place in the Southwest to see a large variety of Eucalypts grown as forest trees. Species cultivated elsewhere as botanical or ornamental specimens can here been seen growing by the acre. One can stroll through his groves as through primeval forests. In the cañons, Eucalypts twenty-five years old tower high above oaks that have been growing there for over two centuries. On hillsides that were formerly bare are dense forests in which ferns and other shade-loving plants find a home. Wind-swept plains that

EUCALYPTS SERVING AS WINDBREAK FOR A CITRUS GROVE.
Near Yuma, Arizona

formerly gave small returns in the crops to which they were planted yield abundantly since they have been sheltered by groves of Eucalypts. For over a score of years Mr. Cooper has been reaping the reward of his foresight. Besides enjoying the beauty, the shade, and the shelter of his groves, he has received from them directly a good financial return for his expenditure.

During the past twenty years the planting of Eucalypts has been very much furthered by the work of Abbot Kinney of Los Angeles. As chairman of the Board of Forestry during the '80's, he was influential in greatly extending the planting of these trees throughout the State. Several of the desirable species now cultivated in the Southwest were disseminated under his direction. A Forestry Station was established at Santa

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EUCALYPTUS VIMINALIS, PASADENA. (26 years old.)

Monica, where a great variety of species was planted for experimental purposes. That these trees are now the principal windbreak, shade, and fuel trees over much of the State is to a great extent due to the example of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Kinney. And from California the planting of Eucalypts extended into Arizona and other parts of the Southwest. The finding of species suited to the various climatic conditions has been somewhat slow, but the time is probably not far distant when they will be as generally cultivated throughout much of southern Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, and throughout Mexico, as they are in California.

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The Eucalypts are surprisingly varied in their appearance, their qualities, and in their relation to soil and climate. They agree in being evergreen and in sprouting if cut back. Also, the wood of all of them is hard. In most other respects they differ widely. Some are trees of great girth, towering high on fertile plains and hillsides; while others are dwarfed shrubs struggling for an existence in desert and alpine regions. Some grow only in swamps, while many thrive in parched deserts. Some species endure the frosts and snows of mountain sides; others grow where the mercury rises at times to 125 degrees Fahrenheit.

Of some Eucalypts the trunks are gnarled and crooked; while of others they are even and straight. As a rule, they hold their size well to great heights. The bark varies from very smooth to very rough and deeply furrowed. Of some the bark is soft and stringy; of others it is hard and brittle. Some retain their bark permanently; from others the outer layers fall away in large sheets or strips. The bark of many changes from quite smooth during its early years to very rough in later years. Trees whose bark remains permanently smooth are commonly called in Australia "Gum-trees;" those with fibrous stringy bark, "Stringy-barks;" those with scaly and slightly furrowed bark, "Box-trees;" and those with hard and deeply furrowed barks, "Iron-barks." While the Eucalypts are all what are termed hardwood trees, the wood of the different species varies considerably as to the degree of hardness. Of several the wood is so firm and heavy that it sinks in water.

The leaves of the infant trees are in many cases very different from those of the adults, in some cases changing from very broad to very narrow, and in other cases from very rough and hairy to very smooth, thus producing striking changes in the aspect of the foliage. In color, the foliage differs from bluish to grayish green. Of some, the leaves are highly scented; of many, they are delicately fragrant; of a few, they are almost entirely without odor. The leaves of some full-grown trees are round or oblong, but of most species they are long and slender. As to the texture, they are thin and papery, or thick and leathery. Of a few species the leaves spread out horizontally and are darker above than below, as is the case with most flat-leaved trees; but of the majority, the leaves stand with one edge to the sky, the two surfaces consequently having the same or nearly the same appearance.

The Eucalypts all bear more or less conspicuous flowers. Of some the bloom is a prominent feature, being profuse and showy. In color the flowers range from white, through vary-

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ing shades of delicate cream or pink, to a bright yellow and a brilliant red. Different species bloom at different times of the year, making it possible to have Eucalypt flowers the year round. Some species bloom for but a short annual period, others bloom during two distinct periods of the year, while a few remain in blossom throughout a large portion of the year. The unopened flower buds are hermetically sealed by a close covering that corresponds to the calyx of other flowers, thus suggesting to L'Hertier, the botanist who discovered and named the genus, the name Eucalyptus—"well-concealed." The conspicuously-placed stamens with which the open flowers are so abundantly furnished constitute their prominent feature.

EUCALYPTS IN ELYSIAN PARK, LOS ANGELES.

In some species these floral organs are highly colored, giving to the flowers a pleasing unique beauty.

As has been already indicated, the Eucalypts differ considerably as to their climatic requirements, but the majority of them prefer a moderate amount of rain, a fairly dry atmosphere, plenty of sunshine, warm summers, and mild winters. A few species endure temperatures as low as 10 degrees to 15 degrees F., but most of them are injured by temperatures much below freezing. A small number of species will continue to grow during weather when the mercury falls to or below freezing each night, but the most of them cease growth during the coolest weather of winter. No useful species can grow in re-

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gions where the mercury falls to zero. This restricts their culture to the semi-tropic portions of the globe.

With the possible exception of the palms, the Eucalypts serve a greater variety of useful purposes than the trees of any other genus existing on the globe. While growing they serve as a forest-cover to mountains, hills, plains, and swamps, as windbreaks, and as shade trees, and are the source of honey and of many gums and resis. When cut, they furnish valuable timber, excellent fuel, and a very useful oil. Besides this, many of them are ornamental, and all the larger ones ameliorate the climatic conditions of the regions in which they grow. In short, the uses of the Eucalypt are equal in number to the combined uses of a great variety of other plants, including several

AVENUE OF "BLUE GUMS."
Cooper Ranch, Santa Barbara. (22 years old.)

trees, shrubs, and herbs. By reason of their rapidity of growth, it is possible to obtain from them many useful products within a few years after planting them, in the meantime having enjoyed many of their uses while the trees were growing. In several parts of California the successful culture of fruit, of grains, and of other crops is due to the protection afforded by Eucalypts; and in many sections they are the principal, if not the sole, source of fuel. Most of the increasing quantity of Eucalyptus oil that is being consumed in the Southwest is produced in California; and the piles of many of her wharves are from her Eucalypt groves. As a source of honey, the usefulness of these trees is increasing annually.

Phœnix, Ariz.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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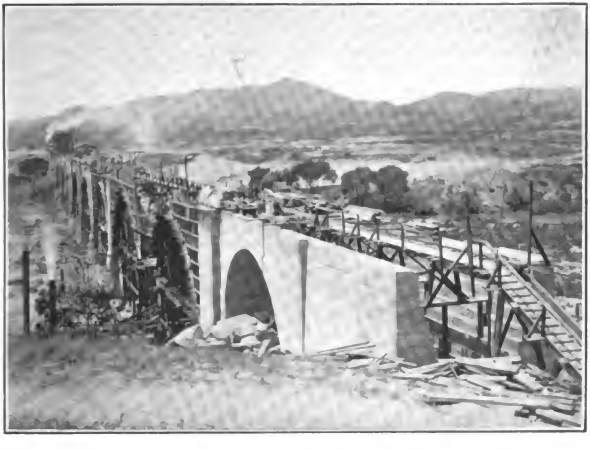
THE CONCRETE BRIDGE OVER THE SANTA ANA.

By ARTHUR MACDONALD DOLE.

SINCE the needs of railroad-builders stimulated constructive engineers in the work of bridge-building, the general use of steel for massive cantilever and other bridges across river and gorge has made it appear to many that the old arched bridge of masonry (the product of the experience of ages) has been finally superseded. But the people who pay for the bridges have discovered that the cost of construction does not count for so much as the expense of maintenance, and the economy of the use of steel has come to be challenged on this ground. One well-known engineer recently committed himself so far as to say that the expense of the steel bridge just begins when the bridge is finished. Masonry on the other hand gains strength with age, thus reducing to a minimum the cost of maintenance. Accordingly there seems to be a growing opinion that it is the preferable material when conditions allow it to be used.

A striking modern example of a masonry bridge is the big concrete structure lately thrown across the Santa Ana River near Riverside, on the transcontinental line of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad, at a cost of nearly $200,000.

This bridge—the largest of its kind in the world—is about a



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fifth of a mile long, with a maximum height of seventy feet. It has been built from designs by, and under the direction of, Harry Hawgood, chief of the engineering department of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railroad.

When it became necessary to consider spanning the Santa Ana—which some jocose tenderfeet have the audacity to term more of a creek than a river—concrete was decided upon as the material best suited to span the gap, economically and substantially. A factor in this decision was that neither the present nor anticipated navigation on the Santa Ana demanded a drawbridge. Another consideration was that it would not have been possible to obtain structural steel when desired, all of the large eastern steel companies being months behind with their orders. The splendid rusting qualities of steel and the need of repairs and paint were other strong arguments.

Those master builders whose marvels of mason-work have endured through the centuries had neither elaborate mathematical formulæ to calculate stress and strain, nor powerful and exact machines with which to test the strength of materials. They worked "by rule of thumb." The modern engineer can plan his bridge to the smallest detail, computing the limit of endurance and capacity of all sections of the structure, and safely providing in each case for the heaviest of strains to which the parts could possibly be subjected. If his work shall stand the test of the centuries as has that of his elder brothers of the craft he may well be content.

The first of last year (1903) 200 men began actual work upon the Santa Ana bridge, which is now open for traffic. It is composed of ten huge arches, eight of which have a clear span of eighty-six feet each. At each end of the bridge is an arch spanning thirty-eight and one-half feet, flanked by huge concrete abutments. In the construction of one of the latter, natural conditions have been taken advantage of, by using a portion of the granite ledge, which juts from one bank of the river, for part of the base. The bridge arches, built in seven distinct segments, including a center key, are supported by heavy solid concrete piers. These rest upon bases 16 x 30 feet, having for their footings the bed rock of the river itself, which has been reached at depths varying from fifteen to fifty-five feet. As the pier excavations were carried down far below water-level, cofferdams and steam pumps had to be used to keep out the water during the work. Each base supports a weight of over 1,000 tons. There are 15,000 cubic yards of concrete in the entire structure, each cubic yard weighing about two tons. Adding to this the ballast of the railroad bed on the top of the bridge,

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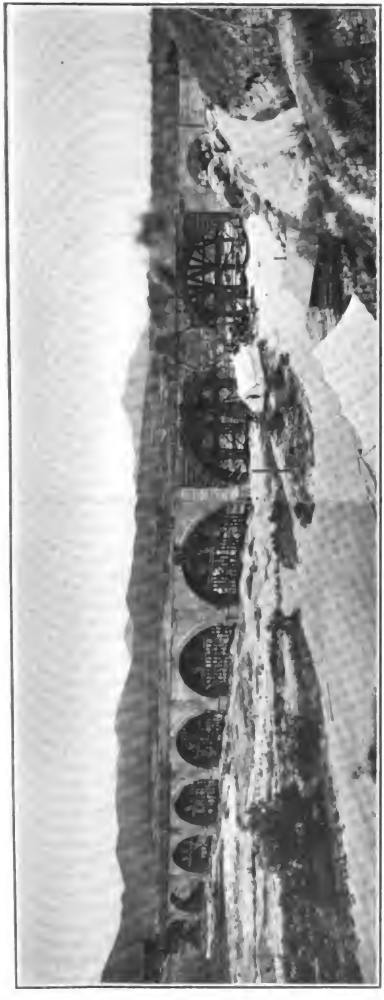

which will weigh approximately 4,000 tons, the total dead weight of the bridge will be nearly 34,000 tons.

Great care has been exercised in the selection of the material—broken stone, sand and cement—used in manufacturing the concrete. A clean, white, crushed limestone, free from foreign dust, was obtained from the Colton quarries, and sand, washed of all silt by means of a specially-erected steam washing-plant, was taken from the river bed. Samples from every tenth sack of the cement were tested on a cement-testing machine, a marvelous contrivance by means of which a small block of mixed cement may be subjected to different degrees of compression, tension and torsion. The proportionate strength of larger blocks is thus determined.

When work was commenced on the bridge, a large, steam-power, concrete-mixing plant was erected by the contractors. This was ingeniously arranged in three sections, several stories high, each section having the capacity of turning out seventy-five cubic yards of concrete every ten hours. The broken stone and cement were unloaded at the plant into small tram-cars and carried up an inclined cable-way to the top of the mixer. The sand was also sent by steam-power up to the plant, and the three materials dumped, in regularly measured quantities into separate hoppers. These opened down into the rotating mix-

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ing-chambers, where water was added and the mixing mechanically accomplished. Then, as the finished article in its plastic state, it was emptied from the three outlets of the different sections into waiting cars and carried on a miniature railway out over the bridge to whatever pier or arch was being constructed. Here the concrete was emptied and tamped down to conform to the outlines defined by the wooden forms. The work, for the most part, was pushed in day and night shifts, light having been furnished at night by a series of electric-arc lamps, supplied by a temporary electric plant, which also lighted the contractor's camp—a small village in itself of canvas tents and houses perched on the high bluff of the eastern bank of the river where scores of workmen made their homes for months. So well did the contractors carry out the plans that upon the removal of the timber centering, used during their building, the arches stood perfectly without crack or settlement.

The only delay encountered was at the seventh pier, where, in seeking the bed-rock a false bottom was struck at a depth of thirty feet. This proved to be huge boulders, which in some epoch had rolled from the river bank and lodged in a gully in the stream. These boulders compelled the workmen to go many feet deeper in the face of unforseen obstacles before the pier could be established solidly upon bed-rock. The viaduct has already been inspected by many sightseers; likewise tested by one earthquake. Not until one stands below in the river bed, and looks up to the towering heights of the abutments, can the vast magnitude in anywise be sensed. Then it will be realized not only as something well worth seeing, but as a lasting credit to its designers and builders.

Pomona, Cal.

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LA COLORADA.

(An extract from the autobiography of Jerry Murphy, prospector.)

By PHILIP NEWMAN.

STRUCK Tucson in eighty-two, a devil of a young buck, just off the grass. It was up to me to make a rustle for meself, so I climbed the boot of a Concord, and was off, with the breeze in me face, for the Silver Bell—a little camp near the line in the southern desert country. For three days we hit the grit, staging it to camp. Out in the silence and light of the bare-rock country, the green sap thrilled in me veins. And at last, when the road wound up from the valley like a snake track, and hid in a dark ravine, I thought me days were over. There was no secret for Murphy, then, in the naked hills.

But it was a different story when the driver whipped up, and we swung round an overhanging rock into camp in style. The whole camp was lined up the street to see us. Setting his leaders on their haunches, the driver rolled off his seat to wet his whistle, and the boys flew out to unhook the team. I sat dumb in me seat, catching me first music of falling stamps. Over on the hillside, opposite the camp, the mill was chewing away, the waft of steam on her roof melting into dry air, and the roar of the stamp rising and falling on the breeze—everything in camp went to the tune of it. The camp itself was a scattering of 'dobe cabins and rock dug-outs, hid in the mesquite that lined the wash.

"Come along in, pardner," says the boys to me, and I followed the drift of them into the squatty 'dobe saloon. A bunch of young bucks soon had me up to the bar, wanting to know the news on the inside and what I was out for. Did I want to get on in the mine? I got to feeling easy about meself, and showed one of me friends a letter from me tenderfoot boss. He handed it back.

"Don't make a flash like that here," he says. "Just come out in the morning; tell the boss you're a miner; he'll put you on. Make a bluff—there'll be plenty of us there to pull you through."

I took me rest on a shake-down in the corner of the saloon, and next morning, at the crack of the whistle, I was at the collar of the shaft, watching the shift go down. The boys pointed out the boss, and I struck for a job.

"Are you a miner?" he says.

I was a hefty chunk of a young fellow, and I straightened up as he looked me over. "Yes," says Murphy.

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He took me over to a lad leaning against the gallows-frame. "Here's a pardner for you, Slivers," says old Dan.

Slivers was a tall slip of a lad; his white skin and slim figure looked out of place in his muddy digging clothes. He was pretty as a girl. It used to make me heart ache to see the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of him, knowing the underground work would cut the lungs out of him before he had hair on his face. He took a straight, square look at me. "Come along with me, pardner," he says, taking me off, arm in arm.

We got on the cage, and me stomach was under me hat as we dropped into the dark. It stopped with a jerk at the lowest level, and I got off in a cold sweat. Everything was dead still and pitch black. I bumped me head at every turn. Back in the stope was a weaving of lights—the boys going to their work.

"We're drilling in the shaft," says Slivers, and I climbed down the ladder after him. Finding tools behind the timbers, he handed me me hammer, and threw the drill down before us to the bottom.

Leaving me standing like a fool, he pointed a drill here and there, figuring out the holes to himself; then he picked up his hammer, and made sparks fly, starting a hole in a slip of ground, cutting in from a corner. When he had it deep enough that I couldn't spoil the point of it, he turned to me.

"Here's your first lesson. Powder breaks about two feet of ground. You see the lift I'm giving this," he says, pointing the drill in the hole. "It's a strong hole; it won't break bottom—it will leave a boot-leg—but it will square out the corner. Sit down here, smash this drill, and say nothing—I'm looking out for you. The push comes down in a few minutes. The Super is mighty particular about this shaft; if he catches you not knowing what to do, you'll get hit with a natural the first rattle out of the box. Dan won't see anything he don't have to. He knows well enough you never saw a mine before. He put you down here to keep from starting you out mucking with the Mexicans. It takes a miner to swing an upper in the roof of a stope; but any greenhorn can hit a down-hole, if he has some one to show him."

I was born with a hammer in me hand. When the push came down, I was throwing on me weight, making her talk. The Super cast his weather eye around, and hiked it back up the ladder without a word. Dan waited until the old man reached the level. "How's the new partner, Slivers?" he says.

"Damme, old son, 'e some beauty, you," says Slivers in the Cornish lingo. "'E 'andles 'is' ammer 'zactly same old-country lad."

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Dan laughed—Slivers was his pet. "You look out he don't kill you off, boy," he says, winking at me and going up the ladder.

Slivers laid down his hammer and rolled a cigarette. "How long are you going to stay?" he says.

"As long as they'll keep me," says Murphy.

"That's the talk, boy, that's the talk. You're the strong lad for me—you take what comes, and you say nothing. You can bring your blankets to my cabin tonight. Travel with me, and I'll make a thoroughbred of you. 'Damme, we'll play 'igh stacks and sleep in the rocks."

Slivers had been born and raised in the mines—the boys had given him his bringing up. From the time he had been able to pack drills to the miners, he had worked underground, and the quartz dust in his lungs was killing him. The camp knew he was bleeding at the heart over his disease, and loved him because he hid his hurt like an Indian, and made no sign. He was a proud lad; he would never take the worst of it in any deal.

To be apart by himself, he had built his cabin in a branch of the ravine, a little away from the camp. I lived there with him the winter through. It was a proud day for Murphy when I was caching me first month's pay in the ground under me bed. Slivers had been out against the games and got skinned, and was sitting on the edge of his bunk, taking in me work.

"That's a good system you've got, Murphy," he says. "I think I'll follow you for a few deals, and win something."

He surprised me next pay-day by walking in and throwing his pay on me bed. "Salt that down along with yours, Jerry. We'll soon have a little stake for ourselves."

No young mother ever watched over her baby's cradle like Slivers and meself watched that little stake grow. I had never had any money and Slivers had never saved his, so it was a fine new joke for both of us to have that good piece of money hid away.

The April pay-day there was a great jabbering and excitement among the Mexicans—a lot of them quit. Soon after we went on shift, Slivers went up to the level to get steel, and I could hear him chewing the lingo with a crowd of them. He came back without the drills.

"Where's the sharp steel?" I says.

He began to make things ship-shape in the shaft. "Never mind about steel—we won't need it. How much have we got in the sack, Jerry?"

I wondered what he was driving at. "You've got five seventy-five."

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"Never mind whose is which, either—we're pardners. How much is it?"

"Eleven fifty," I says.

He began figuring up with the point of candle-stick on a slip in the wall. "And a hundred and fifty this month makes thirteen hundred. It's enough," he says to himself. "We can outfit, and get out a thousand strong."

"What is it?" I says: "What's up?"

He laid his hand on me shoulder, looked in me eye, and laughed. There's no use in a man being a working stiff all his life, Jerry—let's get out and make a little money."

"You're me pardner," I says: "whatever you say goes."

"In a couple of weeks," he says, "the Cinco de Mayo fiesta comes off in Hermosillo. Every hombre in Sonora that's got a 'dobe dollar will be there. If we go down this thousand strong, and open bank, we can handle any greaser play, and we'll come back with all the gambling money afloat. I've got a month's lay-off from Dan for the two of us. But we'll never work any more, boy; we'll come back with money enough to make a burro sway-back to carry it."

We outfitted in Tucson, and set off down the Santa Cruz river for the line, bumping along in a buckboard, with Murphy handling the ribbons over a peppery little span of mules. The fiesta was in full blast about two miles out from town, in the river bottom. There was a great mix-up of big Injuns, sulky little cholos in big hats, and polite jabbering Mexicans. Spread over a half-acre was a flat roof of green willow, held up by cottonwood poles, and walled round, and partitioned off inside, by mesquite bush. Gambling games and chile-con-carne joints looked out from the four sides of it: squared off in the center was a dancing floor. All the while there was music, and the dance never stopped, day and night. And many a little Senorita stole a look, as she was whirling by, at the two Gringo lads, dealing bank on the side.

Rigging himself for the fiesta, Slivers had bought a gold-braided sombrero and velvet suit to match. A dandy caballero he looked, as he sat pulling the cards from the box. The excitement fanned the color in his cheeks, and his eyes danced bright.

"Now, Jerry," he says, "remember there's nothing to lose but the money; and there's plenty more where this came from."

Sitting up in me look-out chair, with me hat on the side of me head, and with the music and the whirl of the dance in me ears, I caught the fever of it meself, and I told the lad to let her go as she looked—I was with him.

At first, the lucky greenhorns we were, we skinned everything in sight. No matter whether it was a big Injun, giving up his

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money with a grunt, a wicked little cholo, cursing every check he lost, or a crack sport of a Mexicano, making a splash—the drift of the play was all our way. The night of the fifth we found ourselves a little over two thousand strong.

That night, in piled a fierce old hombre with a beard as long as your arm, and a hat on him like Sugar Loaf Mountain, drunk as a lord. He had a wad of bills like a roll of blankets, and had been making great fun for the crowd, going the rounds, making a bluff to tap the games. None of the Mexican dealers would take the play. Squaring up to our table, he tossed his roll on the jack. "Tap," he says, "tap!"—that was all the English the old pirate knew.

"Don't turn for it, Slivers," I says.

He gave me a look. "Murphy, I talk to you with tears like mule's ears in my eyes, trying to make a man of you, but it's no use. We'll take the bet—I'll never have it said I took water."

The old hombre was sure surprised: the sweat stood in drops on his face while Slivers made the turns. The jack fell by the box—we won! Slivers took our money from the drawers, sized it up on the table, opened the roll of bills, took out pay, and handed back the few bills left. "Muchas gracias, Señor," he says.

Slivers ordered drinks for the crowd. The old Señor threw his mescal down his throat, and went out like he was sent for. Slivers watched him steering through the crowd. "The old man of the hills has got his wing around our necks—we can't lose," he says. "Not even to the Señor Alcalde Mayor, drunk as he is. That old boy, Jerry, is the high-e muck-a-muck of a little town in the up country; I know him.

The gambling slacked off after we made the big winning; most of the sporting element had shot its wad. But the night of the fifth was the big time at the dance, and the floor swarmed with dandy laddy-bucks and proud beauties. I had to watch close to keep Slivers from overlooking bets and making double pay—he kept looking away from the game. Glancing around to see what was catching his eye, I sighted something across the dance floor—something with eyes. It was a girl in a red dress—a blooming beauty—one in ten thousand. She pulled every woman in sight out of shape when she got on the floor. And whirling in the dance, whenever she could steal a look at him, the poor little girl couldn't keep her eyes off me flash-dandy side-kicker.

That girl was a hoodoo. From the time he caught her eye, Slivers lost interest in the game, and it seemed we couldn't win a bet. And of course, while our luck was bad, up jumped the devil! There was a big buzz and hurrah among the crowd out-

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side, and back came the Señor Alcalde with a bunch of cholos trailing after him, every man of them with a sack of 'dobes on his shoulder. The Señor piled up his silver on the table, put a marker on the jack to flag the whole of it, and stood puffing and blowing with the sweat dripping from his bushy eye-brows. "Tap," he says, "tap!"

I was paralyzed; there was no way out except to give him a chance for his money back. But Slivers had gone up at too many games to lose his head. "The Señor is sure a dead game sport, Jerry," he says. "He's not going to let a Gringo get away with him on his Fourth of July, if he knows himself. Win or lose, he's entitled to the money."

Digging up a couple of twenties from my jeans—the last money we had outside the bank—I sneaked them to a bystander, and made him sabe I would give him a 'dobe to bet them along with the Señor. I knew in me heart we were going to lose. Slivers' hand shook as he made the turn—and the jack popped right up in the box! He made quick work opening the sacks and counting the silver to see if we were taken in, but it was no use—the old hombre had us skinned a mile.

There was dead silence. Slivers stood up and stretched himself, looked at me with a bit of a laugh and went out. I sat dead in me seat. Every hombre that had a dollar of our money began flashing it before the crowd. "Dinero Americano, dinero Americano!" yells the black devils, and I had to get out of there to keep from fighting. The Señor sat down, and began dealing monte, that drunk he couldn't see the cards.

Taking a walk in the river bottom to cool me head, the sounds of music, and the coyote yelps of cholos followed wherever I went. The moon rose beyond the silver-rimmed bulk of dark mountains, and I got homesick to get out of the country. Going over to camp, I gave the mules a feed and rub-down, packed our camp-kit into the buckboard, and went back to hunt Slivers up. I had had me fiesta; I was for getting out right on the jump to avoid the heat of the day.

There's not much mañana about a Mexican when he sets out to enjoy himself. When I got back, things were going with a whirl as only a Mexican dance can go. The old Señoras were piled up drowsing on the side benches, and all the young blood was on the floor. With the fiddles going like a crazy woman singing, every little Señorita, with eyes like stars and lips blooming apart, was hoeing it down with the lad she loved best. A bunch of drunken cholos, hanging together as limp as dishrags, were watching the dance. "Viva la Colorada!" yells one, and "Viva!" shouts the whole bunch, to see Slivers dancing with the girl in the red dress. After losing the money, he had won

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out the belle of the ball! Whenever he spoke to her, she looked down her cheek and blushed like the heart was melting in her, and after the dance her eyes followed him across the floor.

When Slivers came strolling out, I got hold of him, and told him I had everything ready to jump out—I had had all the fiesta that was coming to me. He looked at me with a quick laugh, rolled a cigarette, and looked away in the distance, thinking.

"That's my pardner," he says at last—"you always have the play right. You know the opening in the mesquite where we camped first? Hook up, Jerry, and wait for me there; I want one more dance with me true love."

The fiddles struck up "Sobre las Olas," and the girl looked over to Slivers and dropped her eyes. I watched them make a turn of the floor, and struck out for me team. When I had hooked up, and picked me way to the open place by the road, I found Slivers there with the girl the cholos called "La Colorada." A putty-faced black 'n' tan—the kind that goes with every Mexican girl—was looking on with a face like the full moon, keeping cases on the play. Slivers was standing close to the girl, making a begging talk, as far as I could understand, for her to go with him. I felt sorry for her, as she stood crying and wringing her hands. Her feelings finally got the best of her; she piled into his arms, and hid her face on his shoulder with a total giving-up that made me turn me head away. Slivers picked her up, put her on the back seat, and sprang in after her. "Skin those mules, Murphy," he says.

I started up, but the cholo girl jumped and grabbed a wheel, letting a cry out of her that went through me.

"Never mind that Injun, Jerry," says Slivers. "That's nature. She'll get over it. Skin those mules!"

"How about this deal, Slivers?" I says. "I don't mind playing the tin-horn, but dirt to women don't go."

"The deal's square," he says, looking me in the eye. "This little Señorita and I strikes hands before the first Padre we run across. And the Padre will write a nice letter home to the Señor Alcalde, telling him his children are making a big splash above the line."

"What the devil—" I says, whirling in me seat.

"Yes, Jerry. This is the daughter of the hombre that took us in. It makes no difference to me; she stood ace high before I knew who she was. But I've made a hard play to win her, and it's up to you to put us even on the fiesta. If you're a man, you'll pull for the line."

The girl roused up and spoke to the bunch of calico crying by the wheel, begging her not to tell where she had gone, and she would send for her. "Si, Señorita," says the little chola,

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drying up with a whimper, and hiding down in the mesquite. "Dinero Americano, dinero Americano!" was still ringing in me ears; I shook the ribbons over me team, and we drove off with the Señorita.

I used no judgment with me team, but put 'em through, and got over a big stretch of country. Along in the afternoon, the road ran by the base of a high range that threw its shadow over us. A mule is no hog—he knows when he's got enough. As soon as we struck the shade, they set back their ears and I couldn't whip them on. At the same time we sighted a trail of dust coming down from the mountain. Thinking the Mexicans on our trail had made a cut-off on us, we spent an anxious hour waiting for the party to declare itself. Not until they were nearly on to us did we recognize them to be a couple of white prospectors on horseback, driving a pack animal.

One of them tossed his bridle-rein to his pardner, and came alongside on foot.

"Why it's Slivers," he says. "Eh, Johnny," he calls to his pardner, "do you mind the boys who were doing the sinking on the Bell last fall? Here they are. Been to the fiesta, boys? We're going down. That's our camp up in the Sierra there; there; got fine placers," he says, wagging his head. "Do you happen to have a drop with you, Slivers?"

Slivers handed over a flask, and, as there was a lady present, he hid behind his hat to drink.

"That will take the kinks from the road until we get down, Johnny; then there'll be a couple of old terriers sized up before the bar, taking side-laps with avidity."

The old fellow thawed out with the liquor, and began to pity the mules. "What have you been driving like that for?" he says, about to take off my head. "That's a fine pair of animals, Johnny; just the rig we need to bring out our stuff." He nosed around, rocking the wheels, and rubbing the mules down. "Your team's give out, boys," he says; "they won't be able to travel for a couple of days. How will you trade?"

We sure traded. The girl could ride like she grew in the saddle, and with the three fresh animals, we made a hard night ride, rested the day in a little town, and made the line next jump. I stood up with the couple to get them married, playing booster like I did all through the trip. We made Tucson, sold the plugs, and staged it back to camp.

The camp went wild over the young couple. The boys chipped in to build him a house and the few old women of the camp had a talking match, setting the girl up housekeeping. Dan hung up the stamps to give them a send-off. The last pic-

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ture of the trip that comes to me mind shows Slivers dancing among the old women with his beauty of a girl, togged out in the caballero rig he won her with at the Fiesta.

As soon as I had a road-stake, I went over to an excitement in the Dragoons, and I never went back to the Bell while she was running. I heard, a couple of years later, that Slivers died there, and the girl went home to her father.

Passing through the old camp, many years afterward, I found everything changed. The mine had caved to the surace, making a big hole in the hill, and the mill was standing silent, an empty shell. As we pulled in, the wild birds scattered in the brush, grown in the street of the old camp. On the bank of the wash I found a grave with a weather-beaten head-board. "Sacred to the memory of Henry St. Clair," stood out on it in dim letters, where the paint had preserved the wood. I knew whose grave that was. Standing there, me mind went back, over the many a trail I had been over, to the Silver Bell as I had known her, and I was a lad again. I broke down, and cried like a woman over the grave of me boy pardner.

At the wind-up of the same trip I was in Guaymas. About nightfall I met a woman whose walk seemed familiar to me. At first, with her black dress and shawl, and face as sweet as the evening, I took her for one of the Sisters. But a bright-eyed kicker of a boy, looking up asking questions, was trotting by her, with his fist in her skirt. It was the woman that had been the girl, La Colorada, living in memory of the winning Slivers made at La Fiesta del Cinco de Mayo, in Hermosillo, in eighty-three.

CHIEF RED CLOUD.

By ELIZABETH GRINNELL.

HE has taken his land in severalty,
His citizen's right is sure;
In a few short feet of Dakota soil
His title is made secure.
He has finished his strife for a bit of ground,
And all that he won is—an Indian Mound.

Pasadena, Cal.

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THE BLOSSOM OF THE YLANG-YLANG.

By KATHRYN JARBOE.

JASPER CRAIGIE lay back in a steamer chair on the deck of his yacht "Alicia," as she rounded Diamond Head bound for the harbor of Honolulu. The run from San Francisco had been through a sea madly protesting against its pacific name. From white-crested mountain-tops the tiny ship had slipped down into yawning green caverns, only to be flung out and up to the next white-topped summit.

But now the storm had been left far behind and the yacht moved steadily in water as glassy as a mill-pond, with here and there a fleck of foam, left, perhaps, as a flag of truce by the vanished storm-king. The day was just dawning. Off in the east a round ball of light was slowly rising from the sea, rising apparently out of the opaque blue water into a luminous blue sky. Before the light fell into the waiting sea, it tipped with gold the palm-trees fringing the beach of Waikiki; their long shadows fell across the land; then the glistening, sandy shore and the wave-washed coral-reefs flushed rosy red in greeting to the God of Day.

The shore was so near that Craigie could see groups of young girls—dainty bronze bits of life—lying on the shining sand, or drifting over the blue lagoon in tiny canoes, or standing poised on the coral reef ready to spring into the sea; so near that he could hear sweet girlish voices singing a melody at once so sweet, so weird, so filled with minor cadences and barbaric rhythms, and, with it all, so strangely familiar! It carried Craigie back to far-off times, to distant lands, to college days in Germany and long tramps over the Bavarian hills. An aromatic perfume floated out from the shore—unfamiliar, and yet it too was full of vague reminiscences. It was not the oriental odor of the Far East, not simply a tropical fragrance, but sweeter, more insidious than either.

The "Alicia" crept slowly into the bay, and Craigie, with a few parting orders to Carter, his first mate, went on shore. He walked up the wharf, looking with idle curiosity at the motley crowd of foreigners, eager for a word from the outside world; but he ignored their friendly advances. He stopped for a moment to watch the little bronze children, with ebony hair and ivory teeth, who lay at full length on the wharf or tumbled pellmell into the water. Then a whiff of perfume floated past him, distant note of music sounded in his ears and he walked on out toward the sands of Waikiki.

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The place was full of color, of perfume, and of melody. Purple blossoms rioted to the very housetops, scarlet and gold flamed in every roadside garden, while over all waved the royal palms. Jessamin and heliotrope mingled their odor with tropic plants, but permeating all was the perfume that had floated across the sea.

Craigie walked on and on, unconscious whither he was going but seemingly impelled to follow the long white road winding toward the beach. The sun was hot; the air was heavy with moisture and oppressive fragrance. It was almost noon. Craigie had spoken to no one, had seen no one. He was apparently alone in a tropical paradise. At last, utterly overcome with the heat, he sat down under a wide-spreading, big-leafed tree and in a few moments was asleep. Aroused by a rippling melody of laughter, he opened his eyes and saw a dozen brown-skinned maidens grouped about him. They were crowned with flowers and every movement of their lithe bodies was revealed by the single cotton gown they wore. It might have been a stage ballet, but Craigie knew instinctively that these were the bathing-girls he had seen in the early morning, the girls whose voices he had heard. Now the young women were chattering volubly in a melodious tongue; they laughed softly and looked at him, half shyly, half curiously. He attempted to rise, but fell back, unable to overcome the lethargy that possessed him. Again the merry peals of laughter rang out. One of the girls swayed to and fro in imitation of a drunken man and all the others clapped their hands and shouted. Once and again Craigie tried to speak; but, although his lips moved, no sound came from them. It was as though he were held by some spell in an enchanted land. There was a sound of silvery bells and the girls in chorus cried:

"Oumaoula! Oh, Oumaoula!"

They stood aside, and down an avenue of palms Craigie saw a woman walking slowly. She was taller than the girls who stood around him, her skin was not so dark, but like them she wore a loose white gown that revealed the lines of her supple, slender body and the movements of her slow languorous walk. As she came nearer, the air seemed suddenly to grow full of the perfume that had floated out across the sunrise sea. Attracted by the clamor of the girls, she came quickly toward the little group. Her long, black hair fell almost to her knees, the flowers on her head and around her neck were the yellow blossoms of the ylang-ylang, and on her arms and bare ankles were hundreds of infinitesimal silver bells. When she saw the man stretched in the shadow of the tree, she gave a startled cry, then drew her long hair about her. She touched his hand and looked with

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closer scrutiny into his wide-open, staring eyes. He tried to speak, to move, but his efforts were all in vain. The spell still held him in its grasp. With one imperious word spoken in the melodious tongue that they had used, Oumaoula sent the girls away; then she called aloud twice or thrice. Bending over Craigie, she spoke in English.

"It is the heat and you have slept in the shadow of the Ylang-ylang."

Two stalwart men appeared, and, lifting Craigie as though he were a baby, set off on a run through the palm-covered avenue. Up a short flight of steps they carried him, across a wide verandah, into a cool, dark room. He realized that they put him down upon a couch or bed, and then his senses fled.

Hours later he came to himself. The curious perfume, the soft music of silver bells still filled the air, but he was afraid to open his eyes, afraid that it had all been a dream, that with the light would come the realities of a dull, prosaic world. Then a musical voice fell on his ears. It was answered by guttural tones close at hand. Soft fingers were on his head, and he felt the recurrent whiffs of air from a fan. He opened his eyes and an old woman bending over him gave a cry of unmistakable delight. The perfume and the bells and the musical voice came nearer. His eyes fastened themselves on the vision before him. Then the old woman spoke, and the vision—to Craigie, even then, she seemed half angel, half woman—raised her hands and took the wreaths from her head and neck and threw them from her.

"You mustn't try to rise," she said imperatively. "You are all right now, but you are very, very weak."

There followed a hurried consultation between the two women and the old nurse left the room. The girl stood by the couch, wafting the huge fan to and fro.

"You are a stranger and our—our atmosphere is oppressive." The words were spoken slowly and carefully chosen, but the accent was slight. "No, you must lie still until Naki brings the wine."

The tone was firm, but it was the detaining hand she laid on Craigie's breast that held him prisoner, small and light though it was.

The old woman returned with the wine and the girl, raising Craigie's head on her arm, held the glass to his lips.

"If you drink this," she said, "and sleep for an hour, you will be well. In the meantime I will send for your friends. They are at the hotel?"

Craigie shook his head, but she would not let him speak.

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"No, no, you must wait until you have slept. That will be time enough, anyway."

She moved away. The old woman laid her cool, soft hand on his eyes and in an instant he was asleep. When he awoke, the low sun was throwing queer flower-shadows into the room, a soft breeze lifted the window curtains and the sound of breaking waves filled the air. For a moment he was dazed. Then he remembered where he was, and sprang to his feet. The blood surged into his head and he staggered, but, quickly recovering himself, he walked toward a door opening upon the wide verandah.

It was more an outside summer-room than a porch. Chairs and tables stood here and there; large vases were filled with wonderful flowers; and on one table was a pile of English magazines. Beyond lay a garden, through the vistas of which Craigie saw the blue sea, with now and then a flash of white foam when a breaker flung itself upon the reef. There was no one on the porch, but in a moment he saw a woman lying in a hammock swung between two trees, a little way from the house. She was not the white-gowned vision of the morning, or so Craigie thought, for she was clad in cconventional garments, her hair was piled high on her head and her feet were encased in small, high-heeled slippers that spoke of Paris in every buckle and strap.

"I—I beg your pardon," the man stammered.

The girl rose from her hammock and came toward him with outstretched hands.

"Ah, you are yourself again," she cried. "I am so very glad. Sit here! The breeze from the sea will be good for you." She moved a chair a shade nearer the edge of the verandah, giving it that little hospitable, inviting touch with which a woman of the world, anywhere the world over, knows how to make a man feel at home.

Before she had spoken a word Craigie had realized that she was one with the vision. There were the slow, seductive walk, the same half-open, voluptuous eyes, the same pouting, pomegranate lips. The silver bells no longer chimed with her movements, but the indefinable perfume still clung about her and was wafted toward him.

"I must apologize—I have to thank you—" Craigie's words were as incoherent as his thoughts, but his hostess interrupted him.

"Oh, no," she laughed; "you mustn't apologize for what you couldn't help. It wasn't your fault that our sun was too hot and our flowers too sweet. If you apologize at all it must be to my

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Ylang-ylang tree. You have given it a bad name with my—my friends." The color flashed into her cheeks and the languorous eyes opened for an instant as she looked anxiously at Craigie; but she did not see in his face what she feared. "And you must thank old Naki for your recovery," she ran on gaily. "She can cure everything in the world, everything except—oh, except heartache, and that we don't have here. Now, you will have some tea and then my carriage will take you to the hotel and then," she was standing now against a background of scarlet rhododendrons, "and then you will go away and forget all about Oumaoula. I am Oumaoula, at your service," She made a theatrical little bow. "Yes, you'll forget her. But no, I will give you this to remember her by."

She tossed him a blossom which she broke from the branch in her belt. It was a greenish-yellow ylang-ylang flower, and its perfume seemed the very essence of herself, sweet, voluptuous, languorous, intense—the most insidious, penetrating, enduring perfume in the world.

Jasper Craigie did drink his tea, he thanked old Naki with a golden hand-clasp and he did drive to the hotel in Oumaoula's carriage; but no more of her programme was carried out. For at the hotel Craigie stayed. Carter and the yacht were unceremoniously put on waiting orders. Craigie's former plans were thrown to the winds. Oumaoula filled his days and nights. She possessed him absolutely and entirely. He drove to her home in the early morning; the days were spent on her wide lanai, in her garden, in the kiosk-like boat-house built over the water, or on the blue lagoon in a tiny cockle-shell of a canoe. Of other human intercourse he had none. He spoke to no one at the hotel, he saw no one but Naki in Oumaoula's home. Occasionally he heard the laughing voices of the girls he had seen the first morning; once or twice he saw them in the distance, on the beach or wandering in the dusky, shadowed garden. But he wanted them not and spoke not of them.

Oumaoula told him the story of her life. Her father was an Englishman—her mother a native Hawaiian. She had gone to England when she was a baby, and had been educated in a French boarding-school. When she was twelve years old, her father had died and she had been sent back to Honolulu to her mother and—and—and then, soon after that, her mother had died, and— "and, well, and here I am," she had ended, with a little laugh.

And what more did Craigie want? What more than that she, the adorable, the beautiful, the most enchanting woman in the world should be there?

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Then came the night when he told her that he loved her. She was sitting in a low garden-chair, out under the palms where broad shafts of moonlight fell upon her, revealing her to his worshipping eyes, then suddenly hiding her from view as the wide leaves waved languidly in the night breeze. A wreath of red pomegranate flowers crowned her hair, a huge bunch of the same fiery flowers lay in her lap. At first she listened to Craigie's impetuous, passionate words with closed eyes, but every muscle tense and strained. Gradually she relaxed, yielding, with outstretched hands, leaning toward him as though she would drink his words from his lips. She was so close to him that her breath fanned his cheeks, that he was enveloped in the perfume that surrounded her.

"And Oumaoula, you must marry me at once, without delay, tonight, tomorrow."

"Marry you!" Oumaoula had drawn back from him in unmistakable dismay. "Marry you! I!"

"Why, my darling, have I frightened you?" Craigie laughed as he drew her to him again. "What did you think, you sweet child? Don't you know that when a man loves a woman he wants to marry her? Oh, sweetheart, say when you will give yourself to me!"

Oumaoula no longer struggled to free herself. She clung to him, but she was so silent that he was frightened.

"Speak to me, sweetheart! Tell me in words that you love me—my love—my beloved!"

But she only clung to him the more, and he felt that she was quivering as though with fear or pain.

"Oumaoula, child, won't you speak to me?"

She raised her lips to his, but still she did not speak. He put her from him and looked at her in the moonlight. Her eyes were downcast, her lips firmly shut.

"This must be my answer, then." He kissed her once and again. "You will tell me sometime, Oumaoula."

"Oh, leave me, leave me!" she cried piteously, and then added, "No, no, come to me tomorrow." Her voice ended in a sob and she rushed into the house.

But the morrow brought him no nearer to the realization of his desires. His lady received him gaily; but when he spoke of his love, she laughingly refused to listen, and at length told him that she would have none of it.

"I told you that old Naki cured everything except heartache, you remember? Well, we have no hearts here; for if they should ache, what could cure them? That is philosophy, my friend! You mustn't let yourself have the diseases that can't be cured.

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If I had a heart, now, it would ache, ache"—she pressed her hands against her eyes—"and so I have none, and you must have none."

There was little satisfaction in this for Craigie, but he was fain to accept it for the time, hoping to outwear his lady's patience. One night she told him that she could not marry him without the king's consent.

"The king is your guardian, you mean?"

"My guardian!" she laughed mockingly.

"But the king is away," Craigie protested. "Must I wait for his return?"

"The king is on his way home now. Where have your eyes been? The whole country is wild about it. His people are on their knees to him even now. They are wreathing the streets and houses with flowers for him—"

"My eyes are on you, Oumaoula," he interrupted. "I care nothing for your king. Tell me—have I your consent if I gain his?"

But Oumaoula only laughed at him. "You must care for my king. And you will find"—her words came slowly as she watched him through her half-shut eyes—"that you do not need to ask my consent when once you have his."

"Ah, then I have it now," Craigie exclaimed, and in spite of her protests he held her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

The next night she told him that the king would be there on the morrow, that she had preparations to make, that he must leave her at once but that if he would come to her in the afternoon, after the king had been received he should have her answer.

There was a curious constraint in the girl's voice, a twisted, ambiguous meaning in her words; but, when he left her, she put her arms around his neck of her own free will and clung to him for a moment, and then, putting her hands on his cheeks, she kissed him softly twice.

"The first is for you to keep," she said, "and the last is mine." There were tears in her eyes and voice, but her lips smiled. Craigie tried to draw her to him, but she moved away.

"The last was mine," she said, and left him alone on the wide verandah facing the sea.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The flower-decked streets were full of a joyous multitude. The people had flocked from all Oahu's towns, from all the nearby islands, to welcome their sovereign. The king was coming home—he was almost there. His welcome was to be not only

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a royal pageant, but an adoration. His people worshipped him; he was their idol, their god. The royal colors flaunted on every side; flower-arches spanned every street; the wharf was covered with a waving mass of gaudy blossoms and bunting. Royal kahilis filled the streets, the royal band thundered out the national anthem and everywhere, in every heart, its echoes rang:

"Aloha oe! Aloha oe!"

Overhead, the azure sky stretched like a royal canopy above this island sovereignty and its happy, expectant throngs.

A little breeze blew down Nuuana Pass and the people shivered. In the streets and over the houses the royal standards fluttered as bravely as ever, but the flag on Punch Bowl had slipped halfway down its mast. An ill omen that for the home-coming of an adored sovereign! But had it slipped? What were those signals that were being flashed from point to point? What was their meaning? And then, in a single instant, the whole nation knew the truth.

The great grey man-of-war had rounded Diamond Head, her yards aslant, Hawaiia's colors half-masted at her stern. The signal-flag on Diamond Head was dropped. An answer was fluttered from the ship. Then slowly, slowly, the royal flag on Diamond Head was raised. Did it stop? Would it go no further? A wail rose from a nation's heart to the pitiless blue sky. On the big ship came, with the dead ruler lying in state on her deck and with sobs and lamentations his subjects flung themselves upon their faces in the streets.

At last the bier stood upon the wharf, and, in a mad rush, their shrieks and screams rising high above the sobs of the people, came the king's dancing girls, the flowers torn from their dishevelled locks, their scant draperies flying back from their soft brown bodies. They flung themselves on the ground at the foot of the bier, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, calling upon their king. And foremost of them all was Oumaoula—Oumaoula who was only the plaything of a king, only a dead king's dancing girl.

New York City.

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THE Southwest Society, A. I. A., grows as it goes—and it is going at an accelerated gait. During the past month it has made more progress than in any two preceding months, and its prospects are steadily improving. Its membership is already equivalent in numbers—and surpasses in membership fees—several other affiliated societies of the Institute, at a rather later period in their development. Five life and 61 annual members is the roster thus far.

It is believed that in a population like that of the Southwest a membership for this work can be built up which shall surpass that of most of the affiliated societies of the Institute, in populations numerically far greater. The gain for the month has been two life members and twenty-five annual.

The Institute has now "unhesitatingly authorized" the necessary funds for carrying on the work of recording the Spanish and Indian folksongs of the Southwest. These songs are not archaeology today, but in ten years they will be—and it is rather scientific to gather them while they can be gathered. The Society has, within the month, made a large number of phonographic records—including probably the most extraordinary records of Indian songs ever made. Three successful lectures on these songs, all with phonographic illustrations, and two of them with viva voce songs, have been given to delighted audiences; and people over a wide radius are warming up to the interest and beauty of these songs of the soil and to the necessity of saving them before it is too late.

While carrying on this work of recording, the Society is actively engaged in a plan for building in Los Angeles a great Southwest Museum—and on a plan which is sure to succeed. The work is to be done with the most scrupulous attention to science, and along practical business lines. Several valuable collections are already pledged for this museum; offers of very desirable locations have been made—with a proffer to donate a liberal amount of land—and it is already certain that when the first room of this museum can be opened, there will be, ready to fill it, an exhibit of great value and importance.

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In conjunction with the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the Landmarks Club, the Society is now raising a special fund to keep in this city, and for this free public museum, an invaluable collection of oil paintings, mostly very old, which formerly hung in the Franciscan Missions of Southern California; and a collection of books which were once in the libraries of those Missions. At the time of the secularization of the Missions, in 1834, these articles were pillaged, even as the tiles were stolen to roof sheds and pig-pens. About twenty years ago, a man with the right feeling—a poor man, it hardly needs be said—began gathering up these scattered articles, buying them at his own proper cost from the families into whose hands they had fallen. A distant purchaser desired to acquire this collection; the Society felt that it belonged in Los Angeles, and on its presenting the matter to the Chamber of Commerce that body appointed a special committee to co-operate with the Society in raising a fund to purchase the collection. The Society will be glad to receive any contributions for this purpose, and to credit them. The gift should be designated as "for the purchase of the Caballeria Collection." The total cost of the thirty-four paintings and forty-four books is $1,000. The Chamber of Commerce has subscribed $100, the owner of the collection $100, the Los Angeles Public Library $250, and others less amounts. One painting in the lot is worth at least double the price of the whole collection; and the collection as a whole is of the highest commercial as well as historical value to this community. It could never be replaced; and if it were taken away from here we could never be quite free from blame. Contributions in any amount to aid in the purchase of this collection will be accepted and acknowledged by the Society.

The Executive Committee has had the pleasure of entertaining, within the month, Mr. C. P. Bowditch, the First Vice-President of the Archaelogical Institute of America, and Chairman of its Committee on American Archaeology.

All persons who have collections, archaelogical or historical, are requested by the Society to ponder whether they may not aid in the establishment of a free public Museum which this Society will build in this city. The collector in any line, even if sometimes selfish, has generally an enlightened selfishness. He has to think, as a rule, what is to become of his collections finally. Unless he is superhuman, he would not like them to fall into careless hands or to be a feather in the cap of people whom they have cost neither the money nor the anxiety that they have cost him. He does not, however, as a rule, wish to

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sell them. He cannot, as a rule, be secure that his heirs shall love and safeguard them as he has done; and while he may not know "what he owes to posterity," he generally finds, on consideration, that he can continue the spirit in which he made the collections better by passing them on to be a common heritage of those who care, than in any other way.

Before entering upon a campaign to raise a special fund for a museum, the Society desires to have as many pledges of collections as possible. These pledges may be to loan certain collections for a term of years; to give collections to the museum; or to agree to make a testamentary bequest of collections, to date from the testator's death. Such pledges should be made conditional upon the providing of commodious, fire-proof quarters, air-tight cases for the proper exhibition of collections, and competent guardianship of them. These pledges should be made "in trust to the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America for a free public Museum to be established and maintained in the City of Los Angeles, to be known as the Southwest Museum." Clauses may be inserted (and will be respected) that the collection so pledged (to be loaned, given, or bequeathed) shall be known as "The ..... Collection."

As will be seen by the foregoing list of members, the Society has already (March 30, 1904) representation in 16 towns and cities, mostly in California, Arizona and New Mexico; and this membership is increasing every week.

Aside from inviduals, it is expected that every educational institution of serious standing in the Southwest will become a corporate member. Certainly no sober school or college can afford to do without the "American Journal of Archaeology," or to withhold its hand from the work the Society is doing. Every woman's club of real significance will similarly take membership as a club. The Ebell, of Los Angeles, has the honor not only of being the first woman's club to join the Southwest Society—so far as the latest annual report shows, it is the first woman's club in the United States to take membership in the Archaeological Institute of America. Yet every thoughtful woman's club in the United States should be represented in the Institute; and it is safe to predict that of the great number of such clubs in the Southwest, the Society will secure a handsome majority. For California is "different." That it is first to bring a woman's club to this affiliation so natural and logical for this class that is—more than any other non-professional body in America—making for thought and life, may be an accident. It is pleasant to be first; but the important thing is to be in. It is no accident, however, that the Southwest

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Society (the youngest affiliated branch of the Institute, and now four months old) is showing a growth which need not fear comparison with any of its fourteen sister societies. It has, at precisely four months of age, five life and sixty-one annual members—in a population of about half a million (for Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico). The home Society (Boston) is twenty-five years old, and has 104 life and 190 annual members. The Connecticut Society is six years old, has five life and sixty-seven annual members. These two societies cover the five and one-half million population of New England. The New York Society, twenty years old, and for a population of eight million, has thirty-nine life and 200 annual members—or about one-fifth as much in proportion to population as the Southwest Society, to say nothing of sixty times as long a time for growth. The Baltimore Society (covering Maryland, with double our population) is twenty years old, and has eleven life and forty annual members. The Pennsylvania Society, standing for 7,000,000 population, has six life and seventy-two annual members, and is fifteen years old. The Chicago Society, fifteen years old, represents not only the great metropolis of the Lakes, but a mid-West population of fully ten millions. It has five life and seventy-two annual members. The Detroit Society, fifteen years old, has twenty-two life members and 107 annual. The Wisconsin Society is fifteen years old and has four life and twenty-four annual members. The Cleveland Society is nine years old and has fifty-one members—two life and forty-nine annual. The Connecticut Society is six years old and has a total membership of seventy-two, including five life members. The Michigan society, founded in 1900, has seventeen annual members. The Washington (D. C.) Society (1902) has eight life members and 114 annual. The Iowa Society (1902) has one life member and sixteen annuals. The Pittsburg Society (1903) has one life member and sixty-six annuals.

These rather striking comparisons are made in no invidious spirit. They are truths which ought to be of service double-barreled—to encourage the Farthest American Commonwealth in its splendid effort to upbuild, materially and intellectually, at least as well as we knew in the Old Home; to stimulate the elder communities to a generous rivalry, that they be not outstripped by the minors in a race for the higher scholarship. It will do no harm to East or West or the cause, if California can set a new pace for American Archaeology—and that is precisely what California purposes to do.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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PAYING one year's dues makes one a member of the Landmarks Club for that year—and that year only. Many people seem to forget that the continuance of membership depends upon the continuance of the annual fees. Unless you have paid your dues since last November, you are no longer a member of the Landmarks Club, until you turn in the dollar which carries you for this year of 1904.

While the Club has accomplished a very large work, it is but a beginning. It will take many years (and active years) to make the absolutely essential repairs at half a dozen missions—to say nothing of many other activities the Club was incorporated to fulfill. The preservation of the Missions is naturally the most important function, but there are many other things that the Club needs to do, and must do. A dollar a year is not a serious tax on any American for a work in which all Americans should have a hand.

The Club earnestly requests those who have shown their interest in the work, to remember that it is continuous, and to remit their annual membership fees.

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Previously acknowledged—$7,085.75.

New contributions—

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FOR PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE—AND OUR OWN

IF THIS Nation is to count for anything of universal importance upon the ultimate balance-sheet; if it is at last to symbolize any nobler ideal than the apotheosis of the Full Dinner-pail, that something will be Independence—the right of men, singly or collectively, to govern themselves, limited only by the equal rights of others. National dinner-pails have been filled to overflowing many a time before now, though one would not guess it from listening to the "prosperity" shriekers. The scrap-heap of history is littered with all that is left of them. But self-government as a universal right was a new watchword among the nations, and its proclamation is even to this day the best bid we have made for immortality. Not that other peoples had failed to desire independence for themselves, and to fight for it; the record of such desires and such struggles forms the best of history through all the centuries. But we were the first to get our collective eyes open to the fact that no nation could be wholly free while any other remained subject; that independence can be bought only at the price of granting it to all others; that the chain which holds any slave binds his master just as surely—and more potently, since the serfdom of one may be of the body alone, while the shackles of the other bite inevitably into his soul.

These are old truths and familiar—so old that we have forgotten them as a nation, or act as though we had. But there are some who have not forgotten, and who believe that the memory is not dead among their countrymen—only dormant and sure to wake to a call that is loud enough and long enough. From among these has arisen the "Philippine Independence Committee," the purpose of which is to secure from both the great political parties a platform-pledge of ultimate independence for the Filipinos. Here is the full list of its members:

Charles F. Adams, Massachusetts.
Dr. Felix Adler, New York.
Pres. Edwin A. Alderman, Louisiana.
James M. Allen, California.
W. H. Baldwin, Jr., New York.
Gen. R. Brinkerhoff, Ohio.
George Burnham, Jr., Pennsylvania.
Andrew Carnegie, New York.
Pres. Geo. C. Chase, Maine.
R. Fulton Cutting, New York.
Pres. Chas. W. Eliot, Massachusetts.
Philip C. Garrett, Pennsylvania.
Judge George Gray, Delaware.
Pres. G. Stanley Hall, Massachusetts.
Chancellor Walter B. Hill, Georgia.
W. D. Howells, New York.
Rev. W. R. Huntington, New York.
Pres. William DeW. Hyde, Maine.
Prof. William James, Massachusetts.
Pres. David Starr Jordan, California.
Pres. Henry Churchill King, Ohio.
Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, Illinois.
Charles F. Lummis, California.
Samuel W. McCall, Massachusetts.

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Wayne MacVeigh, Washington, D. C.
Bishop W.N. McVickar, Rhode Island.
Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, New York.
Gen. William J. Palmer, Colorado.
George Foster Peabody, New York.
Bliss Perry, Massachusetts.
Bishop Henry C. Potter, New York.
U. M. Rose, Arkansas.
Pres. J. G. Schurman, New York.
Prof. E. R. A. Seligman, New York.
Pres. Isaac Sharpless, Pennsylvania.
Hoke Smith, Georgia.
Judge Rufus B. Smith, Ohio.
Bishop J. L. Spalding, Illinois.
Prof. W. G. Sumner, Connecticut.
Robt. Ellis Thompson, Pennsylvania.
Prof. Henry Van Dyke, New Jersey.
Horace White, New York.

It would be impossible to select another list of equal length which should better represent the educated conscience of the Nation, or one which would be more generally rcognized at home and abroad as standing for sanity, successful achievement, disinterested purpose, and lofty personal and public ideals. That these college presidents, and bishops, and judges, and editors, and princes of industry, among whom would be found the widest disagreement on almost any other subject, should be at one in this matter, means that the question lies at the very root of morality. And—since the United States is not destined to become the leper among the nations—their voice will presently prevail.

The Committee is now working to bring the strongest possible pressure to bear upon the approaching National Conventions, both Republican and Democratic. To this end, it is asking for signatures to the following petition:

We, the undersigned, members of all political parties, join with the above-named committee, in urging upon the approaching national convention the adoption of resolutions pledging to the people of the Philippine Islands their ultimate national independence upon terms similar to those offered to Cuba.

Among the first signers were George F. Edmunds, Philadelphia; Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore; Richard Watson Gilder, New York; Judson Harmon, Cincinnati; Bishop F. D. Huntington of Syracuse; W. H. H. Miller, Indianapolis; Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Cambridge; Robert C. Ogden, New York, and Francis Lynde Stetson, New York. Copies of the petition for signature may be obtained from E. W. Ordway, No. 150 Nassau Street, New York City.

C. A. M.

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EARLY CALIFORNIA REMINISCENCES.

By GEN. JOHN BIDWELL.

IV.

IN 1842 snails six inches long covered the country, for a radius of several miles, so thick that we could scarcely step without stepping on them. They stayed only a few days.

For food we had in those days chiefly beef, game, butter and fish. Salmon came from the ocean up the streams. When the streams had gone down the salmon would remain in the deeper places, which were not more than three or four feet deep; often less. They were caught by taking a cord making a noose on one end, putting it carefully over the salmon's tail and jerking him out. We sent Indians to the sandy places and they brought us strawberries by the bushel. When the time came we picked and dried huckleberries. From the Russian orchard at Fort Ross, apples and peaches were dried and cider made, and through the favor of Captain W. A. Richardson, captain of Yerba Buena, or San Francisco, whose two sons lived with me in order to learn English, I was able to get occasionally a little of a luxury known as brown sugar, generally known in Mexico as *panoche*. I had more luxuries than any one.

Thomas O. Larkin was a prominent American in California when I arrived in 1841. He lived in Monterey and had a store there, probably the largest in California. His children were Americans, the father and mother both Americans (the wife being the only American woman in California, except Mrs. Kelsey, who came in our party). He wished to obtain for them from the Mexican Government a grant of land of ten or twelve square leagues. For this purpose I engaged to find him a tract, and began explorations about July, 1844. I ascended the valley on the west side of the Sacramento River as far as Colusa, having with me one man only, and he an Indian who had been civilized in Mission San Solano, in Sonoma Valley. I encamped for the night on a slough some miles west of Colusa. Before reaching the camp I had killed a large female grizzly bear, and carried with me the only part fit to eat—the foot. The next day we went directly west over the wide plains. The day was hot—terrifically so. We found no water until toward night, and that so salt that neither ourselves nor our animals could drink it, and we were obliged to sleep without water.

We saw deserted Indian villages, deserted because the springs had dried up (I should mention the fact that the summer of 1844 was a very dry one, because the previous winter had been almost rainless.) We were in our saddles by daylight, making our way toward the high mountains that lay to the southwest, feeling sure of finding water there. About 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, from the top of a ridge, we saw a glorious sight, a large, clear, flowing stream. This we reached as soon as possible and our nearly famished horses plunged into the middle of it. We saw at the same time a great number of Indians, men, women, and children in a state of flight, running and screaming. Unsaddling our horses under a wide-spreading oak, they began to eat the wild oats, which were abundant. We were absolutely obliged to give them rest.

In less than an hour, the Indians that we had seen fleeing from us, the men I mean, were seen coming toward us from many directions. The Indian with me became alarmed. I had a gun, but he had none. By certain signs, I gave them to understand that they must not approach us, but still large numbers had come very near. We saddled our horses, jaded as they were, so as to be ready if obliged to retreat.

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Four or five of the Indian chiefs, or head men, came nearer than the others. They understood no Spanish, but my Indian, who came originally from the country between Sonoma and Clear Lake, was able to understand a few words of a very old Indian. They asked what we came for. They said they had never seen white men before.

Here I felt obliged to let them know what I could do by showing them what I had done, and so I pointed to the foot of the grizzly bear which I had with me, and told them I wanted to kill grizzly bear.

The grizzly bear were looked upon by the valley Indians with superstitious awe, also by the coast Indians. They were said to be people, but very bad people, and I have known Indians to claim that some of the old men could go in the night and talk with the bears.

I told them I did not want to kill Indians, because they were good people; but that I wanted to kill grizzly bear, because they were bad people. Under the circumstances, however, I thought it prudent to mount our horses and go on, and we followed the beautiful stream down (that is to say, almost due north, that being its direction), knowing that it must find its way into the Sacramento Valley. To our surprise the number of Indians increased to many hundreds. In one half-day we passed seventeen large villages. They evidently came from the permanent villages and made temporary ones on this flowing stream. These Indians certainly proved anything but hostile. They were evidently in great awe of us, but showed no signs of hostility.

Hundreds were before and behind us, and the villages were made aware of our approach before we reached them. I generally found the ground carpeted with branches and weeds, and made ready for me as a place to stop and talk.

Women ran in great haste and brought baskets full of provisions of all kinds, apparently to pacify me, supposing perhaps, that I was hungry and came to lay in a supply of provisions. In fact I found myself almost barricaded with baskets full of acorn bread, grasshoppers, various kinds of seeds, etc. Among them, however, I found a kind of meal, made by pounding the cone or berries of juniper, which made a kind of yellowish meal, very good, and resembling gingerbread in taste. Its Indian name I well remember, viz, *Mun*.

The sun began to go down over the mountains and we were still travelling in the midst of a vast multitude of Indians, and every village added to the number. The old Indian before mentioned I took care to keep near me, so that through him I could communicate with the other Indians.

I should mention that before, at our first talk with the Indians, I tried to present each of the chiefs with a few beads and fancy cotton handkerchiefs (things I always carried for that purpose when among them). Seeing a conical hill, I determined to make that my camp for the night. I told the old Indian I was going there to sleep and that all the Indians must go to their villages and not come near me in the night, as it would make me very angry if any Indians approached me in the night. In great obedience the Indians were soon all out of sight. I made a barricade near the top of the hill by piling rocks around us and tied the horses near us. The Indian lay awake one-half of the night, and I the other half, but not an Indian appeared during the night; for we had a view in every direction from our position. But soon after daylight the mountain seemed to be alive with Indians, and we thought it best to continue our journey down the stream, passing as before many large villages. At noon we came to the largest of all the permanent villages. There the Indians had built a

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large dance-house in the usual Indian style, using long poles for rafters, and were finishing the roof, the house being circular in form, by covering with earth in the usual way.

Here for the first and last time in my life I saw that the Indians had procured poles for the rafters of the house by cutting down cottonwood and willow trees with stone axes, leaving the stumps a mass of bruised woody fibers resembling well worn brooms. The stone axes bruised rather than cut.

This 4th of July, 1844, seemed to be a gala day with the Indians, or else for my benefit they made it so. Male and female were in the gayest costumes, wearing ornaments of feathers and beads. To cap the climax, they got up the largest, and gayest dance and the best singing I've ever witnessed among the Indians. I still carried the bear's foot, and thought it best to tell the Indians that my desire was to kill bear. They wanted to know what I killed the bears with, and of course I told them, "With the gun." Then they wanted to see me shoot it. This I declined to do, because I did not wish to frighten them or injure them, and bidding them good bye, that evening I reached the Sacramento Valley. The above mentioned stream proved to be what is now known as Stony Creek. The Indian name was Capay (Capi), and by this name it went until Peter Lassen and William C. Moon, in 1845, made grindstones from material found upon one of its branches, after which time it gradually became known as Stony Creek.

The next day, July 5th, 1844, I reached the Sacramento River and met Ed. A. Farwell, with two canoes, coming up the river to begin occupation of a grant located on the east side of the river and south of Chico Creek.

Finding no considerable extent of level land in the mountains, I mapped out the Larkin grant on the Sacramento River above Colusa (the location is well known) in Colusa County.

On my return to Sutter's Fort and describing the country seen and the streams on the Coast Range Mountains, the trappers believed that it was a good country in which to trap beaver. A man named Jacob Meyers raised a company of twenty or more and went to trap the beaver.

The first thing they did, however, was to become alarmed at the number of Indians, and, considering them hostile without proper cause, made war on them and killed a great number. I asked why they shot the Indians who were so friendly to me, and he said that they wore white feathers in their head-dresses or caps, and that they made a great noise, and that he considered these a sign of hostility. He said he had seen an Indian with a white feather and had shot him. I told him they ran and screamed and showed white feathers when I was there, but no one showed any signs of hostility. I was sorry he felt obliged to kill them. They caught some beaver, but not many on account of the Indians.

Before the party went out for beaver, I had made another trip, going up on the east side and returning on the west side, and having five or six white men with me. During that trip we explored to some extent the north or west fork of Stony Creek, and saw some Indians, but found them friendly. Peter Lassen started in the fall of 1843 to take possession of the ranch selected on Deer Creek, but did not get there, the rains detaining him in the Butte Mountains in what is now Sutter County, till January or February, 1844.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, the giant Redwoods of California.

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WITH a man in the White House who Does Things, there has been within the year real progress towards a betterment of Indian affairs. There is far to go; but a beginning counts for much. That more progress has not been made is partly because the Doer has so much else to do; but quite as much because this subject, which awakens the sentiment of many, suggests practical ideas to few. In all the patter of suggestions and beseechment to "do something for the Indians," it is rarely that anything is presented with a clear, business-like knowledge of what is needed or how it can be secured.

Those who have had experience discover that when the President is convinced that a certain thing should be done, in justice to the Indians, and that it can be done, it is pretty sure to be done promptly.

An example was, of course, the personal action of the President in ordering the abolishment of the infamous hair-cutting order, as the result of an investigation conducted by this League. A much more complicated problem was involved in his appointment of Charles J. Bonaparte to investigate the scandals in the Indian Territory. Mr. Bonaparte's report proves the sagacity of the general belief that there has been outrageous corruption among the United States officials in the Territory; and unquestionably sounds the death-knell of the Dawes Commission. As a result of that report, the President has sternly warned all office-holders in the Indian service that they must refrain from land transactions involving the property of their wards.

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Again, a quiet putting down of the personal thumb has probably put a quietus to one of the most barefaced swindles ever attempted through Congress. Congressman Burke, of South Dakota, introduced a bill to sell 416,000 acres belonging to the reservation of the Rosebud Indians, at from $3 an acre downward. The Indians did not consent to the alienation of their lands: the price the government was to pay was not a third of the value of the lands; and everyone knew it—including, of course, Congressman Burke. And a solemn treaty of the Government with these Indians counted as little with the land-grabbers as did the obligations that obtain between honest men.

The Indian Rights Association, however, made a competent showing of the real facts in the case: and the President has given this precious scheme a jolt from which it undoubtedly will not recover.

Another important gain is the President's peremptory order that the law forbidding settlers to "file" on land occupied by the Indians be observed. This law has been absolutely disregarded; and in hundreds of cases the United States Land Office had given patents to American squatters for lands properly and long in the tenancy of Indians.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, head of the Biological Survey, and member of the Executive Committee of this League, called the President's attention to this scandal, and the result was the prompt issuance of the above salutary order.

What may prove quite as important a gain as any of these other betterments of the notoriously bad condition of the Indian service, is the President's appointment of a Supervisor of Indian Reservations. This is one of the most practical devices yet invented to bring Washington into rather more actual knowledge of, and sympathy with, the remote reservations. Hitherto, intercommunication has been merely routine and official; and "official" from the field end has meant mostly the office-holder alone. A reliable man with official authority, and still not a place hunter; one who can win the confidence of the Indians, do business with agents, and get along with the American neighbors of the Indians, and who is known and trusted by the Washington authorities, can do more, probably, to make the actual conditions known to the government than has ever yet been the case. Such a man seems to have been found in Mr. Frank Mead, the first incumbent of this new office. He was recommended by the New York Council of the Sequoya League to the President, and has the acquaintance and confidence of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He is an architect of high standing, who has given up

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his business for the sake of doing a citizen's part in helping to a solution of the "Indian Problem." There is every indication that he is the very man for the place. He has already accomplished much by enabling the Department to assist the Yuma Indians and to put the Mojave Apaches in a comfortable home. And, by the way, the President turned over to these Mojave Apaches the abandoned military reservation of Ft. McDowell.

The Northern California Indian Association has presented to Congress, through Senator Bard, a memorial showing that between 13,000 and 14,000 Indians in Northern California are homeless, having no title to any land; that they have been ousted from the ownership of more than one hundred square miles of valuable California lands, and have never been paid a dollar for those lands; that treaties have been made with over eighty bands of these Indians, but that none of these treaties have been ratified by the Senate—while the Government has seized the lands which it agreed in these treaties to purchase, and the Indian Reservations also, and has sold these lands to settlers. This large number of scattered Indians live by sufferance upon lands which may be sold under their feet tomorrow. They have not been given schools for their children; they have not been paid for their lands, as the Government pays Indians in other States; they have practically no rights before the law, being neither citizens nor in the status of wards, as most Indian tribes are—and in fact their condition is about as disgraceful as anything connected with our national treatment of the Indians, which is saying a great deal. The Northern California Indian Association urges that these Indians be given allotments of land in severalty, the Government purchasing the land for this purpose, of course, as it has sold the lands which belonged to the Indians.

Senator Bard, whose sensible and just standing in all these matters is a matter of familiar record, will champion such action.

It might, of course, be expected that the presentation of such a petition would call for a remonstrance from Pratt's Carlisle School. Whiskey has ruined more Indians; the collective greed of squatters has ruined more; the broken faith of fifty successive Congresses has ruined more—but no one institution in the world has done so much to break Indian hearts and destroy Indian lives as this well-meant peon-factory "run" by people whose brains are all at their eyebrows. Maj. Pratt and a couple of dozen of his hirelings protest against the petition that these thirteen thousand Indians be given lands—each one a small portion of the land of which he has been robbed. To this corporal among statesmen it appears that this "would

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pauperize the Indians." He admits that it may be true that the California Indians are exceedingly poor, but declares that "poverty stimulates healthy effort, and is not incident to the Indians alone—a very much greater number of white inhabitants of California are deplorably and equally poor." It further occurs to this eagle-eyed philosopher, who bears other people's burdens with equanimity, that there is ample provision for the Indians to enter homesteads; that therefore the California Indians could get homesteads and should not be given lands. And, furthermore, that "the people of California have been the pecuniary gainers" by the robbery of these Indian lands, and that, therefore, they should support the Indians and educate them.

There is not space here to deal as it deserves with this extraordinary impertinence. Maj. Pratt writes himself as having been in the Indian service for thirty-six years. The fact that for thirty-six years he has not had "poverty to stimulate healthy effort" in him, but that he has been fattened at the Government expense, and still more at the expense of the Indians, may account for the progressive clotting of a naturally thick brain. Maj. Pratt to this day does not know Indians; he knows the anaemic, tuberculous, ooze-tanned, boiled specimens that are turned out from his print-factory—neither Indians nor white men, nor half-breed—unless (in some rare case) by the grace of God that made a nature strong enough to resist Pratt and all his works. And he knows less about California. It is a common failing of the tenderfoot to look at the generous map of the Golden State and reckon that fat homesteads like those of '61 are to be staked out for the asking. Since Maj. Pratt does not know that there is not one ten-acre piece of Government land in California that any squatter is poor enough to take, what business has he to pretend that Indians could get homesteads where they could live? Since Maj. Pratt cannot put his finger on 13,000 white Californians—no, nor 1300—whose condition can be compared for a minute, by any sane person, with that of these eighty bands, robbed of their homes, robbed of schooling, vitiated with whiskey and the vices of the Superior Race—but, thank God, spared the last indignity of being driven into the Carlisle hopper—what business has he to say that "a very much greater number of white inhabitants of California are equally poor," and that it would be as just for the Government to do for them what is asked to be done for the Indians?

"The people of California" have not been "the pecuniary gainers" by the Government's inhuman treatment of these Indians. A few people have been; but the people of California have been the losers; and in any event, only a Pratt could think

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to let these 13,000 Indians starve until some future generation of Californians shall become sufficiently enlightened and merciful to do for these people what the National Government is bound by every obligation of honor and of treaty to do, and has neglected to do, and is now asked to do by everyone, except the Pratt class.

It may "pauperize" an Indian to give him, in lieu of the valley that was once his own, five or ten acres, with title, upon which he must work if he is to live; but if there is any process on earth, or any plan conceivable which could match the pauperizing influence of a job in the Indian service, and particularly in the Carlisle School, it would take an Edison among philosophers to find it. As a class, the employes of these institutions are persons who could not make an adequate living on the outside even when they began; when they end—God have mercy on their helplessness! In spite of his handicaps; in spite of the fact that he has not generations of progress behind him; in spite of the fact that he is green and susceptible as a child to the first corrupting influence he has ever encountered (for no savage society, no matter how savage, is ever corrupt), no Indian was ever so pauperized and amputated of manhood, so atrophied by rations, reservations, rotten agents, and the whole category of our policy, as the average American hanger-on to a position in the Indian service.

If Maj. Pratt and the small cogs in the wheels under him could be allotted lands in severalty and required to work them, like honest people, instead of harrowing human hearts, one of the most serious obstacles in the way of making Better Indians would be removed. It has come to be understood by all thoughtful people that what we can do is to "make Better Indians," better negroes, better Chinamen; and only paleolithic Pratts go on butting their heads against history and the attraction of gravitation—trying to make Chinaman, darky and Indian into hand-me-down white men.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

IRIS

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TO BRING Madame de Stael to date, "The more I see of Congress, the more I like women's clubs."

The co-ordinate ladies do, indeed, spraddle a good deal, and dint the vain air with many sayings that profit neither for this world nor for the next. But they are as a splash of whitewash upon an Ethiop's face, if you hold them up beside our national lawmakers. For the women are really trying. It is not their fault that they are today freshmen. It is their merit—for they have fought thus far; while we, their Big Brothers, would have kept them indefinite Preps. They are Pushing on the Reins. They Don't Know, they Know they Don't, and they Aim to Learn. And learn they will. If they sometimes cause weariness, they abound in mitigating circumstances.

The Sovereign Sex has had everything his own way for a thousand years. He has had every advantage for himself—and has begrudged every one to his mate. And, So Help Me, he still succeeds in being full as many kinds of a fool as the newly-emerged underling. It is only within my own clear memory that a woman could Talk Out Loud, under pain of excommunication. Today, if you take the United States all together, it is sad, perhaps, but it is true, that five women are audible to one man—and talking not about bonnets and biases, but about literature, art, philosophy, good government, philanthropy, and all the other things that Count. And while in the transition state from intellectual minority it is as much easier for women to talk than to do, as it is easier for our Solons, the women are beginning to Do, just so fast as they perceive how things can be done.

If Shakspere had needed any apology for insisting that "Comparisons are Odorous," when all the other fellows meekly spelled them "odious," he might have come over to California. The proper word is "odorous"—for the disadvantaged party smells ill, in (and after) the comparison.

In California God hath appointed the Big Trees, the hugest growing things on earth; the oldest living things. Most of these giant groves are—under our school-boy laws—"legally"

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the "property" of persons who can wipe them off the face of the earth. Many of these "owners" are of the sort of civilized savages who will do this very thing. They will fell these world-wonders and sell them for fence-posts, unless they are bought off. And Congress would cheerfully let them. The Big Trees have no votes. Why bother about them? Congress has other fish to fry. Any interference with the big office-holder's "patronage" in peddling place to little office-holders—that is something worth the attention of Washington. The very mild allusion by an honest prosecutor to the notorious Congressional traffic in "jobs" calls forth a fit of puerile rage that froths for several days of the People's time—the People's time, because they pay for it. But American trees that were already a thousand years young before any now extant member of Congress can trace his first ancestor—what do they signify to the Congressional mind?

The "Calaveras Groves" of Big Trees contain 1480 of these forest monsters, running up to 380 feet in height and 41 feet in diameter. These were the first Big Trees ever seen by civilized men. They are owned by a lumberman. For three or four years there has been a movement to preserve them. Two bills have been introduced in the Senate to purchase these trees for the public. Both bills were killed in the House.

But if Congress is of that sort, the women are not. Rallied by the Outdoor Art League and its indefatigable president, Mrs. Lovell White, the women of California have determined to save these trees. They have made their cause a public slogan. They have rolled up a petition of nearly a million and a half of names. They have roused a spirit that will not down—for when no one else would do so, they have called upon the heart and head of America; and the power that makes and unmakes the whiffets of Congress is with them. Public sentiment is with them, and the sentiment of those who might have been Only Congressmen. The President has transmitted a special message recommending the petition—and it is said to be the only case in which a President of the United States has ever sent to Congress a special message on the initiative of a woman's club. But the women were right; and the President is right when he says: "The Calaveras Big Tree Grove is not only a California but a national inheritance, and all that can be done by the Government to insure its preservation should be done."

And it must be done. Congress might as well surrender now as later to the demands of decency. The women will wear out the politicians, for the very simple reason that they are right, and know it—and so do we. And they will have all the help they may need.

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FULL OF YEARS AND HONOR.

There are a good many middle-aged men to whom It came to something of a shock to realize that the month just past marked the seventieth birthday of a youngish person whom they used to call "Scar-faced Charlie;" and that this year will round out his thirty-fifth anniversary as President of Harvard College. From our own heads we have counted the hairs deciduous so slowly that we have not realized the total of their shedding; college seems far enough in one way, but not so far by the calendar; and it is a little incredible that that erect, square-jawed, angular, athletic figure of yesterday has today turned the milepost of three score and ten.

A quarter of a century ago President Eliot was not so well understood as he is today. Quiet, perhaps a little shy, certainly a little touched with the frost of New England convention, I think he was largely regarded by the men who should have known him best, as "cold." He was even then the head of the chief American university; but he was not a leader among American educators; even his own faculty held largely against the ideals and the measures to which he was committed. The theory that an American of eighteen or twenty, fit to enter college at all and squirm through its first year, could, by the end of that year, determine for himself in a general way what he ought to study, better than all the college professors in the world could determine for him, was not indeed invented by Eliot, but found in him the man who made it vital and everlasting. The "elective system" was perhaps the most important single step taken in American curriculums; it was certainly the one hardest fought; but one man and the right have again proved a majority; and the institutions which do not acknowledge and profit by that academic common sense are today reckoned as behind the procession.

Today still vigorous, still at the head of the greatest of American colleges, which he has held steadily onward, in advance of the magnificent university growth throughout the country, in advance of easy millions, in advance even of the superior momentum of younger communities—President Eliot is at last understood and acknowledged by his country. There are few men in the United States who could for a moment dispute before any serious tribunal his claim to very near the first place among Americans. It is an arbitration impossible of definite solution, for there are many kinds of greatness and many kinds of great men, and we have our share; but certainly among the first Americans of this generation, history will count Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, the dean of our College Presidents, a citizen and a public man second perhaps to none. God give him action for many another year.

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BROUGHT THEIR FISTS WITH THEM.

The confiding Tenderfoot whose hitherwardness we woo with infinite advertising, and whose hoarded "Boston dollars" we have no aversion to acquiring (so soon as there are coppers enough to make a silver cart-wheel), must have certain rude awakenings, when, after a tearful farewell to home and civilization, he ventures (by Pullman) into the wild, free-handed West. He knows we are rough, of course, but has been assured that we are generous. It can hardly surprise him more to find schools and libraries among us than to discover in too many places a disposition to "prudence" that would do credit to Deacon Hardscrabble of Podunk.

When Hercules first saw the Gardens of the Hesperides he doubtless opened his mouth—but doubtless only for long enough to engulf some of the golden apples, which Aglae certainly did not shoo him off for picking—for neither the tourist in the lion's skin cloak, nor the Princess owner of the orange grove, was a tenderfoot. But doubtless, also, the giant would have opened his mouth in a roar if he had found the garden surrounded by a barbed wire fence, ten wires high, and a bull-dog inclusive. Herein, for once, he would have resembled our Eastern visitor.

Tens of thousands of visitors from all over the world come to Southern California every winter. Thousands of them make tours by carriage, electric car or railroad train through the orange districts. They see the yellow fruit upon the dark green trees, and their hearts swell within them, and their mouths water without. But their hearts would swell more if they had less room to swell—there is something in the old Spanish proverb that "a full stomach makes a happy heart." Mile after mile these bidden visitors trundle through orange groves; perhaps on the Kite Shaped, a day-long railroad ride. Being human, though Eastern, they are not filled by way of their eyes; they would like to prove if those oranges taste as good as they look—and if they were really "Out West" they would not have to wait long to find out. But that is all the good it does them. The train runs past the groves—and doubtless luckily, for only those who have seen the tourist untied can compute how quickly there would be nothing left of a ten-acre grove but stumps, if a Pullman party from Boston or New York were turned loose there for ten minutes. But when there is a stop in the town which is the center of an orange district, itself bowered in orange groves—what then? Any "take one" outlay of fruit that would otherwise rot on the ground? Any counter where the watery-mouthed traveler may procure oranges at even 500 per cent more than their local value? Not at all. He can buy from the "train butcher" or from peanut stands in the towns, at prices as

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high as rule on the stands and railroads of Chicago for better fruit, and that is all he can do.

Now, for the information of the misguided tourist who thought he had come to an open-handed land, it should be explained that Southern California is not yet West, but more Boston than Boston. Probably in time its newcomers will learn something of the lesson the sun and the rain and the soil and the old-timers are all trying to beat into them—namely, that what you give you get, and that you don't get much else.

But for this country itself, which is much more important than any of its visitors, this condition of things is a disgrace. It is a reflection on both the head and the heart of the people responsible for it. No sensible person can blame the owner for barb-wiring his orchard and colonizing bull-dogs within; nor yet for haling before the courts the irresponsible traveler who crawls under or over fences, hypnotizes the bull-dog and strips the branches off the trees; but every orange-growing community which makes no provision whereby our visitors may procure our distinctive fruit, abundantly, easily and cheaply—well, it has not yet thought about the thing either as sensibly or as generously as people in the West ought to. It not only is not Hospitable; it is not even communal Horse Sense.

TURN TO THE RIGHT

It is a long road which has no turning—and the Camino Real has turned soon—to the right. It had to. As was remarked in these pages last month, it is easy to pack a convention, but hard to hold a people. The politicians (and others) who captured the Camino Real Convention have discovered this great truth with gratifying and rather surprising promptitude. Their plan was, as voiced in the convention, to disregard history and to fake a road, under the historic name but without reference to the obligations that name imposes. They were very bitter against "sentimentalists" who insisted on honest dealing, and against "impracticables" who were so absurd as to know what they were talking about before talking.

Almost before the ink was dry upon the reports of their "triumph" they ran against the stone wall of public opinion. They were called to book by the Chamber of Commerce and by general sentiment. They found that the plan originated by Miss Picher and logically upbuilt by ten years of faithful and competent work, would have to be followed; that the public would not stand for a counterfeit Camino Real; and they have been shrewd enough to change their tune. They have absolutely abandoned the position they took officially, vigorously and rather insolently in the convention, and have absolutely adopted the plan they there defeated. At least, this is true if their resolutions now

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adopted to control the State Convention to be held in Santa Barbara, April 19th and 20th, are in good faith, for these resolutions are all that any one could ask. They resolve to "connect, so far as practicable, by such highway, our sacred Missions" and "preserve, as far as practicable, the ancient Camino Real, or King's Highway, as traveled by the padres." And so on, and so on.

One would fancy that they had all along loved and labored for "the sacred Missions" and the Camino Real and the historic associations; whereas, in fact, all they now know about either they have learned since the convention in which they spat upon all. However, a late repentance, and under duress of public opinion, is much better than a continuance in iniquity, and there is no disposition on the part of those who have made what interest in, and knowledge of, the Camino Real are now extant, to rake up old grudges. It is fair to assume that even if selfish and uninformed, these people will carry out their own pledges in good faith; and that is the assumption which will be followed. It is proper to say, however, that they will be closely watched to see that they do, in good faith, fulfill the promises they have given the public of an honest and competent procedure. The known character of some of the "promoters" makes watchfulness necessary, even though confidence in the integrity of many now enlisted in the work makes it hopeful that the initial adventurers have lost their chance to "graft."

"NATURE" AS SHE IS "STUDIED."

The venerable John Burroughs, who has no objection whatever to letting us know that he is Nature's Ownest Own, and Steady Company, while all others are unentitled hangers-on, whose familiarities the Lady does not encourage—and who recently pulled his rhetorical gun on Ernest Thompson-Seton and William J. Long, and "shot up" the quiet shades of the Atlantic Monthly with his vociferous .22—the same Gentleman John startles us by confessing, in the Century Magazine: "Certain things in animal life lead me to suspect that animals have some means of communication with one another." He also fancies that "this may be analogous to telepathy among human beings."

Sho! "There is no ——[naturalist] like an old ——[naturalist.]" A "trained observer" who could watch a hen with her chickens or a cat with her kittens, or a vixen with her cubs, or the birds of the air, and acquire a suspicion that these creatures communicate one with another—why that man would suspect anything! The communal thought of migrating birds, of fish in schools, of the buffalo herd or the locust swarm—this is, of course, a more abstruse subject, and Mr. Burroughs is not to be blamed that he cannot play on it. But to "suspect" that animals have means of communicating simple fact one to another—well, without being so morbidly suspicious as our ancient oracle, certain things in his writings lead us to begin to be tempted to suspect that Mr. Burroughs sometimes comes close to an almost animal intelligence.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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Twenty years ago there might have been excuse for a student to write, and a great house to publish, such a volume as *The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the West* (one of the "Library of Useful Stories"), by Robt. E. Anderson, M. A., F. A. S.—but it is unpardonable now.

It is nearly twenty years since Lewis H. Morgan, the Father of American Archaeology, pricked the iridescent bubble of the Romantic School and left Prescott's magnificent romances—romances sole, and no longer history. Since that dawn of common sense in history and ethnology, respect for Prescott's sincerity and effort to come to the truth has not been in the least affected—any more than the universal delight in his literary style; a medium perhaps never before nor since equalled in history-writing.

But only the Chautauqua-minded look upon Prescott longer as historical authority. It is known by all students that his picture of the Aztec and of the Inca "civilizations," with "emperors" and "palaces" and "blood royal," and all those glittering fairy tales, was an incomparable absurdity. The Incas and the Aztecs were of the same cultural development, practically, as the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, or the Six Nations of New York. They had nothing any more resembling a monarchy or a palace, or princes or nobles, than they had Edison phonographs. They had not, in fact, anything that any person who understands what words mean, would seriously think of calling "civilization"—although it is perfectly true that they had something fully as good, and in some ways better, and in many ways more human.

But now comes this little book, from an English Pundit, apparently of Oxford or Cambridge, selling to young people and to women's clubs, and other of the confiding, a minified reincarnation of this exploded romance.

The booklet is full of innocencies a grown man, within college walls, has no legitimate right to maintain. It is absolutely credulous as to kings, emperors, palaces, capitals and all the other monarchical paraphernalia, among Indians. It thinks that a cacique is equivalent to "chief or prince."

The gentleman who, from the seclusion of his English armchair, writes Useful Stories, would have conferred a much greater benefit on learning, if in this very book he had printed a short paragraph telling us where he discovered the fact that King Ferdinand "honored Columbus with a monument bearing the well-known epitaph:

"'A Castilla y Aragon
Nuevo Mundo dio Colon,'"

for this is a *find*. There is no evidence, in the first place, that the epitaph was ever used; and in the second place, the epitaph that was proposed was the same thing except: "A Castilla y a Leon." That this uproarious blunder is not a slip of the pen, is proved by the author in several places.

It is not worth while, of course, to review in detail the follies of this little book, but since it bears an authoritative face, it is only proper to say that it is worse than useless, that it is (for a historian) ignorant, and for

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anyone, misleading. The author is even unaware that the Peruvians had metal tools, and seems to think that the marvelous sculpture in porphyry was done by rubbing with sand. I don't know what he would think of the engraved emeralds and amethysts the Incas turned out. Everybody, of course, who knows anything about the Incas, knows that they had bronze tools of a temper which would cut any stone except diamond; and that every museum has abundant specimens of these tools.

It really looks to be time for a certain honesty to be demanded of text books, even little ones. It is only fair to say that while in scholarship Mr. Anderson is hopelessly antediluvian, his spirit is manifestly just; and that his characterization of the English pirates who harried the New World does credit to his broad-mindedness.

BY ONE WHO LIVED IT.

One of the most interesting books of the past season—interesting from many points of view—is *Indian Boyhood*, by Charles A. Eastman. It adds a most worthy item to our short catalogue of Indian literature by Indians—that is, in the United States. Under the naughty Spaniards, in Spanish America, there were whole "schools" of Indian authors—theological, historical, philosophical and literary. But under our benign guidance none too many Indians have been *left*, to try to write; and few that are left have cared to try. Sitkala-Za's exquisite reminiscences of her girlhood, and Francis La Flesche's charming little story of his boyhood, have already been noted in these pages. Dr. Eastman adds much more in bulk, and no less in high quality. No white American need be ashamed to have written this very human book. Whether as a story of boyhood or as the work of one of the First Americans, this is equally worth while.

Dr. Eastman is a most interesting personality. A full-blooded Sioux Indian, highly educated, a successful physician and lecturer, he added an uncommon romance, years ago, by marrying the New England poet, Elaine Goodale. During the past season Dr. Eastman has been on the platform, under the direction of the Pond Lyceum, and has won many laurels as a lecturer, his themes covering almost all phases of Indian life from the Indian viewpoint. His book, like his lectures, is a revelation to the ordinary American—who has no dream of the rich humanity of Indian life. McClure, Phillips & Co., $1.60 net.

George A. Dorsey, Curator of the Department of Anthropology of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, adds much to our already notable indebtedness to him by a volume as ponderable as it is ponderous—his fat octavo on *The Arapaho Sun Dance*. This sacred ceremony of the early Americans—so little understood by the public and so ignorantly misunderstood by the average agent and official—is here treated with a thoroughness never before attempted. In over 225 pages of text and with several hundred illustrations from photographs and color drawings, the work is a contribution of genuine importance to American science. Field Columbian Museum, Anthropological Series, Vol. IV., Chicago.

An equally important, though more esoteric work by Dr. Dorsey, in collaboration with Alfred L. Kroeber, of the Department of Anthropology, University of California, is *Traditions of the Arapahoes*. This collection, made under the auspices of the Field Columbian Museum and the American Museum of Natural History, makes an octavo of 475 pages of Arapaho folk stories; Dr. Dorsey contributing 300 and Dr. Kroeber 140. This is Vol. V. of the Anthropological Series of the Field Columbian Museum.

A little brochure, for private circulation, *My Dead*, does credit as well to the manful heart as to the scholarly mind of Dr. J. P. Widney, of Los

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Angeles, one of the quiet but ponderable older scholars of the new California. Los Angeles.

Charles Franklin Carter, whose quiet but dependable work on the *Missions of Nueva California* is well known, has made a pleasant little volume of *Some By-Ways of California.* Grafton Press, New York.

C. F. L.

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

The Citizen is a discussion, by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard and Dean of Lawrence Scientific School, of the relations of men and women to society and to government—of the rights and duties of the individual in relation to the community. Professor Shaler's personal character and scholarly attainment long ago assured respectful attention to whatever public utterance he might make, and this book is filled for the most part with sober common sense keyed up to lofty ideals—just the mental food necessary for young men and women at a time when the fatty degeneration of "prosperity" is so serious a national and individual menace. The more is the pity that the book should be marred by inexcusable proof-reading, by English so slovenly as to be shocking when one considers who is using it, and by a few errors of the kind which are not to be expected from a ripe scholar. As to bad proof-reading, I will cite only three of the most conspicuous samples—*reorganized* for *recognized* (p. 17), *attention* for *alteration* (p. 70), and *effect* for *effort* (p. 128). Of slovenly English, two specimens will have to suffice:

> If men or women are conscious of a peculiar capacity, he or she should not suppose that they ought straightway set about the cultivation of it . . . (p. 182).
>
> So long as men were fed by the chase, which they usually did until a long time after the tribal life began . . . (p. 18).

As to the graver errors, there is a gentleman by the name of Cable who ought to be able to convince Professor Shaler that the French occupation of America has left *some* trace elsewhere than in Canada (p. 53). There are several reliable citizens of California—even college presidents—who would testify under oath that "snow upon the housetops" is not absolutely essential to the welfare of "men of our race" (p. 251).

A little study would have saved him from the unjust intimation that the Spaniards were responsible for the beginning of the negro slave-trade, or its continuance (p. 212). The time when the experiment of State ownership "was thoroughly tried" in France (p. 132) is not spread upon any records accessible to me. Possibly the reference is to the Spring of 1848, when, in the midst of one of the wildest political turmoils, there was a four months' trial of so-called *Ateliers nationaux,* which were not really workshops at all, but only something very like a system of outdoor-relief. In economic discussion, "wealth" and "money" are not convertible terms, as Professor Shaler uses them throughout the chapter on Wealth—and such a use of them vitiates the entire argument. And, finally, there is not the slightest justification for the following—indeed, it is demonstrably false:

> The commonest cause of panics, that which has produced nearly all of these disturbances that we have had in this country, is fear as to the soundness or value of the money with which debts are to be paid.

I have taken the pains to examine the writings of some forty recognized students of economics without finding the cause named by Professor Shaler suggested as responsible for even one panic, here or elsewhere. It can only be classed with the amateur opinions reported by Labor Commissioner Wright

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in 1886, which named as causes for "hard times," "Withholding franchise from women"; "Want of training girls for future duties"; "Faulty laws relative to the guardianship of children"; "The custom of issuing free railroad passes," and "The use of tobacco"; or those which Mr. Jevons discovered in England for the bitter hardships of 1878—which included war; peace; want of gold; too much silver; Lord Beaconsfield; Sir Stafford Northcote; the Glasgow Bank directors; Mr. Edison, and the electric light.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Professor Shaler will give the book the revision it needs—not a serious task—and let us have another edition. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, $1.40 *net*.

OF THE FEW THAT ENDURE.

An excellent plan has been judiciously carried out in the "English Comedie Humaine," so far as that series has been extended. It may be assumed that it is not yet complete, since an attempt to depict the life and manners of England in the eighteenth century at the hands of her masters of the novel could hardly omit Fanny Burney's *Evelina;* nor could Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens and Kingsley be overlooked in the next century. Just as they stand, however, these twelve handsome volumes, containing fifteen of the approved masterpieces of English fiction, form a worthy addition to any library. The bare list of titles, with the assurance that the *format* is excellent, will make praise unnecessary. Here are Addison and Steele's *Sir Roger de Coverly, The Vicar of Wakefield,* Mackenzie's *The Man of Feeling,* Richardson's *Pamela,* Fielding's *Joseph Andrews,* Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker,* Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice,* Maria Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee, Harry Lorrequer, Coningsby, Jane Eyre, The Moonstone, It is Never Too Late to Mend* and *Barchester Towers.* The set is remarkably "good value" at the price. The Century Co., New York, $12, payable $1 monthly and including a year's subscription to *The Century* or *St. Nicholas.*

WHAT BANKERS DO.

In *The Modern Bank,* Amos K. Fiske tells clearly, concisely and completely what an up-to-date bank does and how it is done. Introductory chapters treat briefly of the general principles of banking; and, in conclusion, the history of banking and its condition in other countries are briefly outlined. The single point at which I am inclined to challenge Mr. Fiske is in his derivation of "bank." He follows Conant *(History of Modern Banks of Issue),* who makes the word signify originally a "pile" or "mass" of funds, relying largely upon a quotation from Blackstone's *Commentaries.* Now, Sir William was a great lawyer, but etymology was not his long suit. Unless "bank" (in this sense) traces directly to the German *banc,* Italian *banco,* French *banque* or *banc,* meaning "bench" and referring to the money-changer's table, the specialists in all four languages are wholly mistaken. D. Appleton & Co., New York, $1.50 *net;* postage, 12 cents.

A CLEAN BULL'S-EYE.

No recent book more exactly fits a place which had long been waiting for it than does Irene Grosvenor Wheelock's *Birds of California.* It hits upon just the right middle-ground between the manuals and check-lists, cryptic save to the initiate, and the popular bird-books in which enthusiasm and an engaging style cannot quite make up for a lack of range and precision. Mrs. Wheelock introduces her readers to 300 of the more common California birds, both by accurate technical description and (at greater length) by entertaining personal comment mostly the result of her own observations. The text is assisted by ten full-page plates and seventy-four text drawings, by Bruce Horsfall. It should enable even the unaccustomed to identify his bird neighbors, or frequent visitors, anywhere in California. And, in spite of its more than 600 pages, it is a wholly comfortable companion to take afield. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, $1.20 *net.*

Shells of Land and Water, by Frank Collins Baker, Curator of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, is a handsome octavo, beautifully illustrated with colored plates and engravings in both half-tone and line. It is offered as a "familiar introduction to the study of mollusks," and is both entertaining and reliable. It ought to result, as Professor Baker hopes, in "stimulating an interest in this neglected but intensely interesting type of life." Yet it seems to me a pity that "for reasons which the author has acquired through his connection with the public" he should have thought it necessary to sugar-

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coat his scientific meat. Any reader whose interest can be caught and held only through such lay figures as "Harry" and "George" and "Howard" will hardly make a serious student. A. W. Mumford, Chicago, $2.50.

A considerable part of Vol. XI of *The Philippine Islands*, covering the years 1599 to 1602, is taken up with the coming of a Dutch naval adventurer to the archipelago, bent on plunder and destruction, with his defeat, and with the subsequent charges of cowardice and bad judgment against Don Antonio de Morga, in command of the Spanish fleet, and his defense and counter-charges. The latter affair is not wholly unlike a matter of more recent memory—though it does not appear than any one proposed to nominate Don Antonio as Governor of the Islands. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, $4 *net*.

The Oligarchy of Venice is a careful and well-balanced historical study—or so appears to me, who am not able to check it in detail. The fact that its author—George Brinton McClellan, Tammany Mayor of New York and possible Democratic nominee for the Presidency—has had opportunities for personal study of the workings of a political machine of more modern type than that ruled by the Council of Ten, adds something to the interest of the book and will doubtless assist its sale. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, $1.25 *net*.

In a single volume of the "American Sportsman's Library," Caspar Whitney tells of his expedition into the Barren Grounds beyond Great Slave Lake in search of musk-oxen; George Bird Grinell tells of the bison and its savage extermination by "civilized" hunters; and Owen Wister gives bits of his experiences with the mountain sheep and the white goat. This is a blend calculated to make the connoisseur smack his lips in anticipation—which the actual flavor will fully justify. The Macmillan Co., New York, $2 *net*.

Of the nine essays and magazine articles by Henry A. Beers, Professor of English at Yale, collected and published as *Points at Issue*, perhaps *Literature and the Civil War* may be described as the most thoughtful, *Dialect on the Old Stage* as the most curiously scholarly and *The English Lyric* as the most affectionately intimate. But not one of the nine can be skipped without loss. The Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50 *net*.

Consolatio, the lofty ode written by Raymond Macdonald Alden in memory of those members of the class of 1903 of Stanford University who died during the month of their graduation, has been published in worthily attractive form by Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco. The same publishers offer, separately, selections of the best things that have been said about, *Friendship*, *Happiness*, *Nature* and *Success*.

That High-born Lady who admitted so many of us a few years ago to the intimacy of her German Garden—anonymously, to be sure, and at a distance, but none the less delightfully—now condescends to allow a renewal of the acquaintance with *The Adventures of Elizabeth in Ruegen*. It is an exceedingly pleasant acquaintance, too, and well worth renewing. The Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50.

Personalia is a volume of reminiscences of the last forty years in England. It is richly packed with anecdotes concerning most of the men who have been conspicuous in the political, professional, artistic or literary life of the tight little island within that period. The author's identity is concealed under the pen name "Sigma," but he is clearly of the inner circle. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, $1.25 *net*.

Tillie; a Mennonite Maid, is a really delightful story of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Humor, wit, character-drawing, a delicious dialect, a pleasant romance and a happy ending combine to make the reading agreeable beyond the average. One of the author's names—she is Helen Reimensnyder Martin—helps to account for the convincingness of the atmosphere. The Century Co., New York, $1.50.

Dan Beard's *Moonblight*, first published a dozen years ago, now appears in a revised edition, with introduction by Louis F. Post, editor of the *Public*, and illustrations by the author. It is a protest, in the form of somewhat

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fantastic fiction, against the "vested rights" of the coal barons and their methods of enforcing them. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J., $1.25 *net*; postage 10 cents.

Cap'n Eri will be apt to hold the attention of the readers from the opening sentence, in which Joseph C. Lincoln allows that hardy Cape Cod mariner to introduce himself as "tryin' to average up with the mistakes of Providence." Humor is the keynote of the story, but it becomes dramatic at points, and the love-interest is by no means neglected. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, $1.50.

In the "Unit Series," twenty-one of Poe's stories appear under the title, *Tales of Mystery*, with brief biography and notes. Paper cover, 21 cents; cloth, 51 cents; leather, 71 cents. Also George William Curtis's *Prue and I*, at 7 cents for the paper-covered volume, with the same additions for cloth and leather bindings. Howard Wilford Bell, New York.

Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin, which is Vol. 8 in Archer Butler Hulbert's Series on the Historic Highways of America, treats of the campaign led by George Rogers in 1778 and 1779 against Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and of those against the Indians of the Northwest in 1790, 1791 and 1793-4. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, $2.50 *net*.

How Tyson Came Home tells of the return to England as a wealthy mine-owner of a young man who had left three years before as a poor lad. Disaster on Wall Street and at the mine cuts short his wooing of the niece of an English Bishop, and he returns to marry the daughter of a United States Senator. John Lane & Co., New York, $1.50.

The Nature of Goodness, by George H. Palmer, Alford Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, is based upon lectures delivered at various universities. It is a search for a rational and convincing answer to the first question in ethics. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles, $1.10 *net*.

Janet Young's *Psychological Year Book* consists of "quotations for every day in the year, showing that the power of thought and a right use of the will may attain good results, improve conditions and bring success." Which seems to be an unassailable position. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, 50 cents.

R. M. Johnston, lecturer in Italian History at Harvard, has written a short biography of Napoleon Bonaparte, which is justified, despite the immense mass of Napoleonic literature already existing, by its concise clearness, its accuracy and its grasp of essentials. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, $1 *net*.

T. S. Van Dyke's *The Still-Hunter*, first published more than twenty years ago, now appears in a new illustrated edition. It is *the* classic in its field, and is so thorough, so authoritative and so interesting that it is not at all likely to be superseded. The Macmillan Co., New York, $1.75 *net*.

Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*—that delightful selection of English lyrics and songs—is now published in a convenient and satisfactory pocket edition, uniform with the "Pocket Series of English and American Classics." The Macmillan Co., New York, 25 cents.

Cyrus Townsend Brady describes his *Little Traitor to the South*" as a "wartime comedy with a tragic interlude." It is as readable as is usual with Mr. Brady's stories, though less gory than some of them. The Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50.

A Broken Rosary is a melodramatic and sensuous story of France in the days of Louis XV. An impossible priest, a more impossible courtesan and a most impossible physician are the leading characters. John Lane, New York, $1.50.

The success of the dramatization of Zangwill's *Merely Mary Ann* is responsible for the republication of that clever story, with illustrations from the play. The Macmillan Co., New York.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

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(Formerly THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

Edited by CHAS. F. LUMMIS

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

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Size of columns 2½x8 inches—two columns to the page. Last advertising form closes on the 15th of month preceding date of issue. Advertisers are earnestly requested to instruct as early as the 5th whenever possible.

All manuscript, and other matter requiring the attention of the editor, should be addressed to him. All letters about subscriptions, advertising, or other business, should be addressed

OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ON April 1, 1904, the offices of publication of this magazine will be removed from 115 South Broadway to 207 New High Street, Los Angeles.

Furthermore, OUT WEST COMPANY no longer owns any interest in the magazine, having sold it to the new OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY. All correspondents of the magazine are requested to take notice of this fact, and address their letters accordingly.

Two things should be plainly stated in this connection. First, that in spite of the similarity in name—which will be done away with later on—the separation is genuine, definite and complete. The management and ownership of OUT WEST COMPANY and OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY are, and will remain, in entirely different hands. OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY will concern itself solely with the publication of the magazine. OUT WEST COMPANY will devote itself entirely to its large and growing business of printing, binding, engraving, stationery, etc.

Second, this parting of the ways was not caused by any personal disagreements, but was agreed upon by all concerned as a prudent business step and for the advantage of everyone in interest. The relation between the two companies is the friendliest, and OUT WEST COMPANY continues to do all the printing, binding and engraving for OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY.

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HOUSECLEANING
-With Soap
Old fashioned Way-Hard Work-Back Ache-tired women cross men-an odor of moving dirt rather than approaching cleanliness.
with Pearline
-Intelligent Way
easy quick-thorough work-no dread-no temper an odor of Perfect Cleanliness.
Pearline is Modern Soap
WOMEN DREAD MEN HATE HOUSECLEANING

S.152

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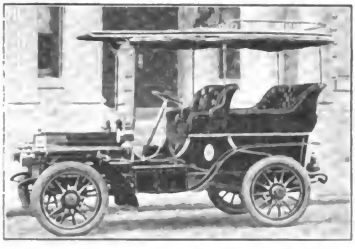
TWO MODELS

1904—Light Touring Car

HAYNES

AUTOMOBILES



"An automobile must be *very* good or it is *no good*."—SIMEON FORD.

To *reach* your destination—to *have* the promised joy and freedom of automobiling—to avoid roadside labor, disappointment and expense, your car *must* be *very* good, AND in seventeen official awards the HAYNES CAR has been declared the VERY BEST. This unmatched record—made by stock cars—is at once the envy of competitors and an assurance to purchasers—to you.

Tonneau, $2,550

HAYNES-APPERSON CO., KOKOMO, IND., U. S. A.

The Oldest Makers of Motor Cars in America

Members of the Assn. of Licensed Auto Manufacturers. Branch Store 1420 Michigan Ave., Chicago. EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES: BROOKLYN AUTOMOBILE CO., 1239 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 66 W. 43rd St., New York. Agency for Southern California: C. A. Kroesteel, Los Angeles. BUFFALO AUTO EXCHANGE, 401 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y. Western New York Agents.

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Pre-Columbian Relics

Genuine Ancient Pottery, Ornaments and Implements, **DIRECT FROM THE RUINS** in Arizona, etc. Collectors supplied. *Your choice.*

"An unique ornament for the Library, indispensable feature of the Collection, unfailing inspiration for the Student of American Antiquities."

We will send you full descriptions of specimens in which you are specially interested, with our references as to responsibility.

Address

REAMER LING

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LONG BEACH

I have a few choice investments of from $1,000 to $6,000, which will double inside of two years.

Also some good buys in the **KNOLL PARK TRACT,** lots 50x150, sidewalks and curbing. These can be bought right.

Two or three good mortgages that will net from 6 % to 8 %.

For full particulars regarding LONG BEACH properties, write me.

☞ *See Opposite Page.*

G. H. BLOUNT

36 PINE AVENUE
LONG BEACH

AND 618 BRYSON BLOCK
LOS ANGELES

Tourist Hotels

"The Angelus," Los Angeles.

The "Knutsford" Hotel, Salt Lake City.

The Angelus, Los Angeles

American and European plans. Corner Fourth and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal. Fire-proof, strictly modern and elegant. The newest of the first-class hotels of the State. Opened December 28, 1901, by G. S. HOLMES, also proprietor of

The Knutsford, Salt Lake City

Tourists and others going Eastward will find that a stop-off of a few days at Salt Lake City can be most pleasurably spent. The "Knutsford" is the only new fire-proof hotel, for the better class of trade, in the city Every place of interest is nearby this hotel. Do not be misled, but check your baggage direct to the "Knutsford," Salt Lake City.

N. B.—An interesting illustrated booklet on "Zion," will be mailed to anyone addressing G. S. HOLMES, Proprietor.

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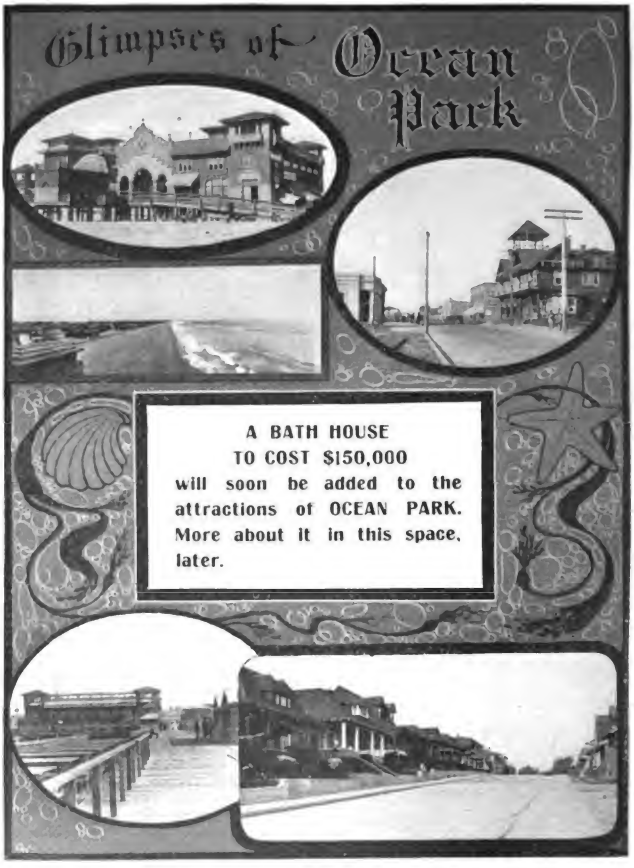

Full information concerning the past, present and future of Ocean Park can be obtained from any of the persons or firms named below—whose public spirit has made this page possible.

I. E. Warfield & Co.,
Real Estate and Investments
Smith Realty Co.,
Real Estate and Investments
Ocean Park Bank
John W. Lincoln, Real Estate
E. J. Vawter, Carnation Grower
Davis M. Clarke,
Real Estate and Investments

Mrs. Geo. Sibley,
Real Estate and Investments
Fraser & Jones,
Real Estate and Investments
Rockhold Grocery Co.,
Real Estate and Investments
Ocean Park Water Co.
Waite & Berryman,
Real Estate and Investments

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Out West Co.

OF LOS ANGELES

INVITES YOUR ATTENTION TO THREE IMPORTANT FACTS:

I.

This Company has now the only complete plant in Southern California, with departments "all under one roof" for Printing, Binding, Engraving, Stationery, Plate-printing and Embossing—and with capacity for prompt and satisfactory delivery unexcelled in the West. Prices are reasonable on everything; and very close on specialties, of which the Company has many.

II.

This Company has the agency for the celebrated Yawman & Erbe cabinet filing devices, and carries a large stock at all times. While of superior finish and workmanship, these goods are made for hard service, and are great time and labor savers.

III.

This Company is always ready to furnish suggestions, designs, estimates, etc., promptly on request, and can offer the customer an exceptional line of stock, material, cuts, and up-to-date ideas in its manufacturing departments. It solicits correspondence, which please address to its office, 115 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

I. E. WARFIELD & CO.

REAL ESTATE, RENTALS, ETC.

OCEAN PARK, CALIFORNIA

Knowing that many will be coming to California the coming season, we wish to get into correspondence with them and tell them of Ocean Park, giving any information that may be helpful before leaving home.

Ocean Park is considered the finest beach on the Pacific Coast, most delightful climate, and surf bathing all the year round; 400 new cottages built this season, churches, school, etc.

We sell our choice lots purchased by us when Ocean Park started up, also do a general Real Estate and Renting Business both at Ocean Park and nearby cities. Rent cottages furnished and unfurnished. The furnished cottages are thoroughly equipped for housekeeping, having electric lights, gas, heat (when needed), etc. Rates to suit all purses. If you think of coming, write us. Mention OUT WEST and your letters will be fully and promptly answered.

Ocean Park

A few gilt edge **MORTGAGES** that will net 8 %, ranging from $500 up, can be bought at par.

Also some **INVESTMENTS** that will net 20 % during the next 6 months.

I handle only the choicest property—One or two **ocean front lots** at prices that will double shortly.

The New $150,000 Bath House, of which I was instigator, is now an assured fact, and will be built in time for this season's use. **A small block of this stock can be bought at par,** and will be worth double as soon as Bath House is finished.

I will cheerfully give any information regarding **Ocean Park.**

See opposite page.

MRS. GEO. SIBLEY

Real Estate and Investments

171 Pier Ave., OCEAN PARK, CAL.

Ask for La Paloma TOILET SOAP AT ALL DRUG STORES

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Largest National Bank in Southern California

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF LOS ANGELES

Designated Depositary of the United States.

Capital Stock	$ 400,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits over	360,000
Deposits	5,000,000

J. M. ELLIOTT, Prest. W. G. KERCKHOFF, V.-Prest.
J. C. DRAKE, Second V.-Prest.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier

DIRECTORS

J. D. Bicknell, J. M. Elliott, H. Jevne, F. Q. Story, J. C. Drake, W. G. Kerckhoff, J. D. Hooker

All Departments of a Modern Banking Business Conducted

Los Angeles National Bank

N. E. Cor. First and Spring Sts.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

Capital; - - - -	$500,000.00
Surplus and Profits, - -	275,000.00
U. S. Bonds carried at Par,	650,000.00

Modern Safety Deposit and Storage Vaults. No city or county deposits. No interest paid on deposits.

W. C. Patterson, President.
G. E. Bittinger, Cashier.

WE SELL THE EARTH

BASSETT & SMITH

We deal in all kinds of Real Estate, Orchard and Residence Property. Write for descriptive pamphlet.

Room 208, 202½ S. BROADWAY
NOLAN & SMITH BLOCK LOS ANGELES, CAL.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES, A Sure relief for Asthma. Sold by all Druggists, or by mail, 25 cents.
STOWELL & CO., Mfrs. Charlestown, Mass.

Just as a man likes.

MODEL SHIRTS

fit in every spot—bind nowhere—let you stretch—absolutely correct in fashion details. The style you prefer in all new patterns.

Look for this mark. Ask your dealer.

MODEL SHIRT INDIANAPOLIS THE LAP PREVENTS THE GAP

We issue a great little booklet—all about good shirts and what style to wear on different occasions. Write for it, FREE.

MODEL SHIRT CO., 2nd Century Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

REDLANDS

ORANGE GROVES IN REDLANDS

BUSINESS BLOCKS, HOUSES AND LOTS

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.

Fifteen years of intimate knowledge of Redlands property enables me to help investors select wisely a grove or a house or a good paying business property in Redlands and vicinity. For information address

JOHN P. FISK

First Nat'l Bank Blk. REDLANDS, CAL.

PASADENA

I SELL ORANGE ORCHARDS

That pay a steady investment, with good water rights. I have them in the suburbs of Pasadena, finely located for homes, also in the country for profit. Fine homes in Pasadena a specialty.

M. E. Wood
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE LOANS INVESTMENTS

16 S. Raymond Ave. Pasadena, Cal.

LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS ARE STAMPED "Warranted Linen" ARE YOURS?

RAMONA TOILET SOAP FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Help—All kinds. See Hummel Bros. & Co., 116-118 E. Second St. Tel. Main 509.

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Every citizen of Pasadena—and some others—are convinced that it is on the whole the most desirable abiding place on earth. Anyone who wants to know why can find out, and at the same time get an attractive illustrated booklet, by writing to any of the following addresses, all in Pasadena:

William R. Staats Co., Agents for Oneonta Park
First National Bank of Pasadena
Bassett & Ross, Wilson's Peak Park
Rose J. Rasey, Hotel El Morera
Pasadena National Bank
The Pasadena Board of Trade

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San Pedro

THE GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

No city on the Pacific Coast has the same reason to expect so great a proportionate commercial development as *SAN PEDRO.*

The Deep-Water Harbor

makes that secure, and coupled with its natural advantages will convert it into one of the great seaports of the world.

But Don't forget that San Pedro is also delightfully situated for residence, and that the mere presence of those who come to live there just because they *want* to live there would assure rapid growth.

ALTOGETHER

it will be very well worth the while of anyone who doesn't already know about San Pedro to write for information about it. This can be obtained from any one of the following public-spirited citizens and firms:

San Pedro Real Estate Co.
W. E. Kitzman
E. P. Cronen
Gwaltney & Gwaltney
Geo. H. Peck & Co.
H. E. Hulit
Bank of San Pedro
McDermott & Quinn
John Hagerman
San Pedro Water Company
E. Mahar
Edward H. Bautzer

W. E. KITZMAN — *CORRESPONDENCE*
E. P. CRONEN — *SOLICITED*

The San Pedro Real Estate Co.

Cor. Sixth and Beacon Sts. SAN PEDRO, CAL.

We have the most extensive list of individual property for sale in San Pedro, consisting of lots, blocks, and acreage unimproved. Cottages and lots in all parts of the city, manufacturing sites, business property and business opportunities of every kinds. Property rented and taxes paid for non-residents. Have you money to loan on gilt edge mortgages on San Pedro property that will pay you 6 % interest net? If you have, we can place such money in amounts from $500 to $10,000.

San Pedro today offers just as good opportunities as did San Francisco, Chicago, New York, or any first-class sea port half a century ago, and the realization of such opportunities will materialize in one-tenth the time in which these cities of commerce have been built up. Within twelve months the Salt Lake Road will be completed, giving us unlimited raw material for manufacturing purposes, such as coal, pig iron and hardwood lumber. With these commodities there is no spot in the universe to compete with San Pedro as a manufacturing and distributing center. Having a population of 400,000,000 people in the Orient, which draw more and more from the product of the United States, what port can compete with San Pedro for this trade with the completion of our deep-sea harbor? With the opening of the Panama Canal, where will a competitor for the vast commerce passing through it be found, beside San Pedro?

References by Permission:

The First National Bank. — The State Bank of San Pedro.
The Bank of San Pedro. — The Merchants Savings Bank.

Write for Map and Circulars. *Read opposite page.*

The Best Wines of California

are good enough for anybody

A trial order will convince you that our Wines are just what you've been looking and longing for . . . . .

5-year-old Port, per gallon, **60c**

5-year-old Sherry, Angelica or Muscat, per gallon **75c**

20-year-old Port, Sherry, Angelica, Muscat, Malaga, Madeira or Orange, per gal. **$1.50**

Send for Complete Price List

EDWARD GERMAIN WINE CO.

393-399 LOS ANGELES ST.
CORNER FOURTH
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Hummel Bros. & Co., "Help Center," 116-118 E. Second St. Tel. Main 509.

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PALENQUE RUINS

About two leagues from the village of Santo Domingo del Palenque, in the State of Chiapas, Mexico, can be seen one of the most extensive of all the ancient prehistoric ruins known to man. They were discovered in 1750, and exploration has been going on ever since; but not the thousandth part has been unfolded. Estimated to be several times as large as New York City, and to ante-date the Flood. The buildings are all made of stone, one called the Palace is 280 x 310ft. and has fourteen archways; hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs everywhere, with not a word interpreted, not even a tradition.* Surrounding the ruins is a beautiful valley, no doubt the most fertile in North America, such being necessary for the support of so large a population. After thousands of years rest, that valley is again being brought into a high state of cultivation. Every product known to man can be grown there, coffee, chocolate, bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, rubber, and an endless variety of other tropical fruits, grains and vegetables.

Rubber growing is conceded to be the most profitable of any of the tropical products. The **CONSERVATIVE RUBBER PRODUCTION CO.** owns 6,700 acres of the choice of that valley, and are developing a coöperative rubber orchard.

We have now 300 subscribers, and offer you an interest, with seven years to pay for it, in monthly installments. That valley being the native habitat of the wild rubber, it matures very early—only five years.

A mature orchard will yield a net profit of $250 per acre for a lifetime. Five acres will support your family, while you continue your present occupation. You cannot be "frozen out;" each shareholder has *one vote only*, regardless of the number of shares he holds. The payments are easy, and you can afford it.

If you pay all cash you get 6% interest, payable semi-annually, while you wait for your orchard to come to bearing.

Write today for literature telling all about rubber growing.

Address Dr. O. V. SESSIONS, Genl. Agt.,
533 S. Cummings St.,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

* For further description of the ruins, see reports of Stevens, Humboldt, Waldeck or Charney in Public Library.

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OCEAN PARK PLACE

RIGHT IN THE HEART OF OCEAN PARK —ONE BLOCK FROM THE OCEAN

DANA BURKS, } OWNERS
HOME REAL ESTATE COMPANY, }

100 LOTS—Easy Terms $275 to $400

NEXT TO THE COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE
FINELY LOCATED HIGH SAND LOTS

This is the last chance you will ever have to purchase a lot in the cream of beach property for such figures. Think of it! ***$275 TO $400!*** Within fifty feet of lots selling at $300 to $1000.

SIDEWALKS LAID STREETS MADE

Building restrictions to prevent cheap improvements. They will double in value inside of six months. In front of this neat little tract is laid a red cement retaining wall three feet high, and a four-foot side-walk with ornamental pillars for an entrance.

Remember it took old Ocean thousands of years to roll up that sand, and you cannot wait for another stretch to roll up. The amount is limited—in two years every available lot will be built upon. The place to take your children. Winter and summer climate much milder than the city. ***NO FROSTS EVER. 31 MINUTES FROM LOS ANGELES.***

THESE LOTS TO BE SOLD WITHIN 30 DAYS IS THE REASON FOR THESE PRICES

The closest beach point. Short-Line cars time 31 minutes. Our tract lies just at the point where the electric cars enter Ocean Park.

FOR SALE BY

HOME REAL ESTATE CO.

223-224 DOUGLAS BLOCK
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

OR ALL REAL ESTATE AGENTS AT OCEAN PARK

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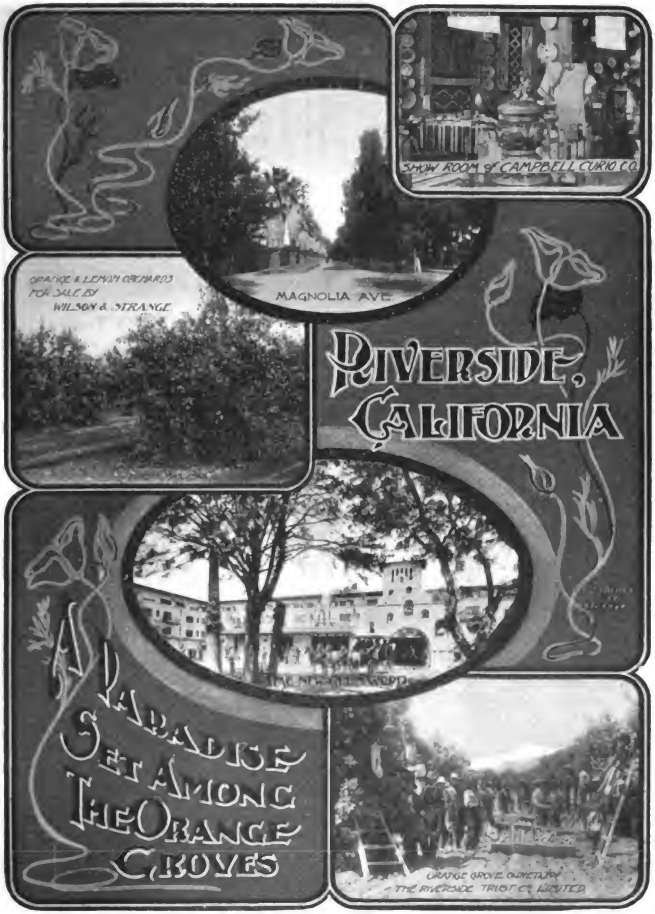

RIVERSIDE—the home of the navel orange—is a singularly beautiful city, attractive to visitors and home builders alike. Any of those named below—whose liberality makes this page possible—will furnish full information to enquirers. Some of them have striking illustrated souvenirs to mail free to people really interested.

Wilson & Strange	Riverside Trust Co.	H. W. Fletcher & Co.
Campbell Curio Co.	Heath, the Photographer	Frank A. Miller, The New Glenwood Hotel

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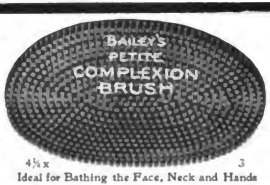

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Ideal for Bathing the Face, Neck and Hands

It cleanses the skin of soil and oily waste, improves the circulation, builds up the muscles and smooths out the wrinkles. Ideal for softening the beard before shaving. Price mailed, 35 cents. Accept no others. Beware of imitations.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	$ .50
Bailey's Complexion Soap	.10
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (large)	.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Rubber Glove Cleaner	.10

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, 25c., No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

At dealers or sent on receipt of price. Agents wanted.

C. J. Bailey & Co., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

MATURED

Standard Bred

Eggs $2.00 per 15 January to July

Barred Plymouth Rocks

Light Brahmas

Buff Orpingtons

S. C. W. Leghorns

ONLY birds that have MOULTED are used as Breeders

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CAPTAIN MITCHELL

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Rare Old Books

and Manuscripts

RELATING CHIEFLY TO **SPANISH AMERICA**

Largest Stock in America

SIXTH CATALOGUE of Rare Old Mexicana, etc., now ready. Price 50 cents, which will be refunded on first order of $5.00 or more.

W. W. BLAKE

GAUTE 8 CITY OF MEXICO

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Take the curl out of the toe.
Hold the sole flat.
Prevent ill effects of wet leather.
Drive wrinkles out of the uppers.
Insure comfort.
Prolong the wear.
Keep the shoe like new.

Shoe Trees become an indispensable article with you.
Name on every pair.

For sale by
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Wetherby-Kayser Shoe Co.,
215 S. Broadway, Los Angeles,
9 E. Colorado St., Pasadena.
Rosenthal Bros. (Inc.),
107 Kearney St., San Francisco.

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It's a Wise Man

who knows what he wants to know, and where to find it! No one will appreciate more than the OUT WEST readers the NEW AMERICANIZED

Encyclopædia Britannica

This Splendid Publication

will appeal to those who want to know, to the man who appreciates labor and time saving tools. Many encyclopædias seemingly treat everything in which you are not interested and apparently nothing in which you are interested. They are not modern; not adapted to your needs or this "hurry-up" age.

The Great Encyclopaedia Britannica

is now Americanized, epitomized, modernized, adapted to meet the needs of the people of to-day. It is **get-atable**, will answer your questions, is **clear, concise, complete**. Covers all topics and contains all of the information in language **so clear, direct, and simple** that a **boy or girl** may read and know, and the **busy man saves time.**

Three Hundred Famous Americans

contributed to the new work, of whom we name the following to illustrate their character

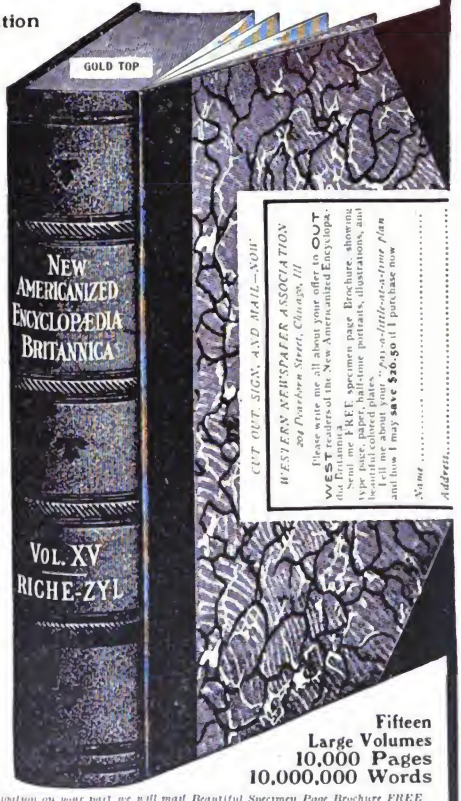
Subject	Contributor
Congress	Thos. B. Reed
Political Parties	John Bach McMaster
Astronomy	Simon Newcomb, LL.D.
Labor Organizations	Carroll D. Wright
Catholic Church	Jas. Cardinal Gibbons
Christian Science	Edward A. Kimball, C.S.D.
Nature Study	Ernest Thompson Seton

An Every-Day Help.

You can absorb but a very small proportion of the sum of human knowledge, and it is only by the use of such time and labor saving tools as the **Americanized Encyclopædia Britannica** that the American business and professional man can keep himself abreast of the times and know what he ought to know. He can find it in the **New Americanized Encyclopædia Britannica.**

Our Remarkable Offer.

We have concluded an arrangement with the publishers, whereby we are to advertise and introduce this new publication for them. In addition to general publicity to be given this great work, our plan as accepted by the publishers involves the distribution, at a greatly reduced price, of A LIMITED NUMBER of sets at a SAVING TO YOU OF $26.50. WHILE YOU ARE WAITING appreciative folks will cut out and mail coupon for full information—WHY WAIT?



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Please write me all about your offer to OUT WEST readers of the New Americanized Encyclopædia Britannica.

Send me FREE specimen page Brochure, showing type page, paper, half-tone portraits, illustrations, and beautiful colored plates.

Tell me about your "*pay-a-little-at-a-time plan*" and how I may **save $26.50** if I purchase now.

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WINCHESTER

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Rank first in popular favor with the shooting public because of their uniformly high quality. When you buy a Winchester Rifle or Shotgun, you can count on its being carefully made, well finished, an accurate shooter and thoroughly reliable in action. When you buy Winchester make of ammunition, you can rely on its being properly loaded, carefully gauged and inspected, and, in a word, the kind that shoots when you want it to and where you point your gun. Aren't these facts worth considering when buying anything in the gun or ammunition line? Winchester Guns are made in all desirable calibers, bores, weights and styles, and are plain, partially or elaborately ornamented, suiting every purpose, every pocketbook and every taste. Winchester Ammunition is made for all kinds of shooting and all kinds of guns.

Send your name and address for our large, illustrated catalogue. It's sent free.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

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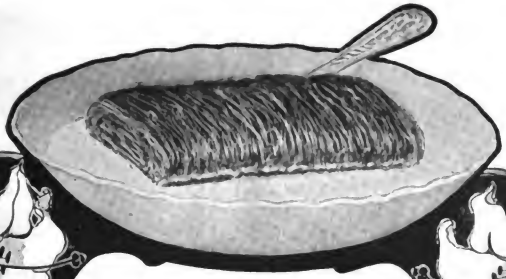


SHREDDED WHEAT

A scientifically prepared food, consisting of whole wheat with nothing added to or taken from it. Made light and short by mechanical shredding.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

The standard all-day cereal—may be served with milk, cream or combined with fruits, vegetables or preserves.

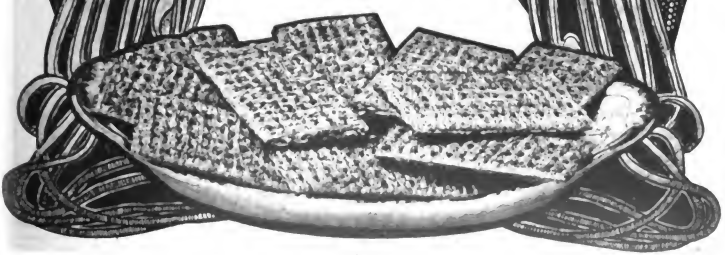
Triscuit The New Cracker

Used as bread, toast, crackers or wafers.
Served with soup as a crouton.

Try Triscuit spread with butter or cheese.

"The Vital Question" Cook Book sent FREE upon request.

The Natural Food Company
Makers of Shredded Whole Wheat Products
Niagara Falls, New York.



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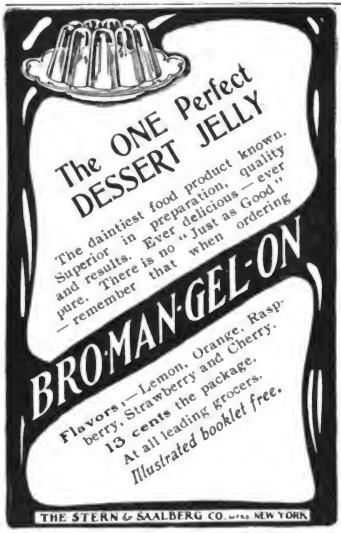

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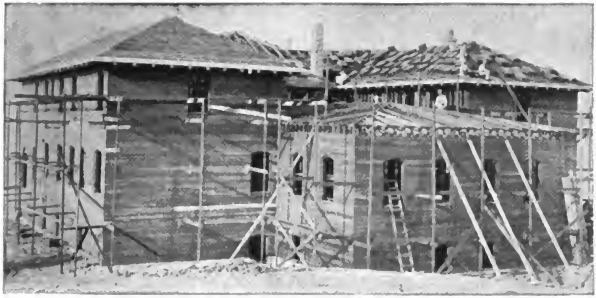

$25,000 Free Methodist College now being built on that part of the Pasadena Villa Tract sold by us to Ralph Rogers

Sixteen residences and a $25,000 Methodist College are being built on that part of the Pasadena Villa Tract sold by us to Ralph Rogers, and six residences on the south side, making a total of 23 buildings since last January. Remember, when we started the sale of the Pasadena Villa Tract people had to ride in vehicles from Eastlake Park, and then in flatcars; but now the passengers sit in luxurious cars, on plush-covered seats, as the cars rush with lightning speed over the three electric railways which now run through the Pasadena Villa Tract.

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$4 Down and $4 a Month

We are selling quarter-acre Pasadena Villa Tract lots for $4 down and $4 per month until paid for; no interest, no taxes. Our lots are unquestionably a good investment. We are now selling at $90, but the price will soon be raised to $150. The new Pasadena Short Line, the Monrovia and Alhambra electric railways now run from our tract to the **business center of Los Angeles in only fifteen minutes.** Such rapid transit is bound to make our quarter-acre villa lots soon sell for over $300. Two more electric lines will soon run through the tract. **We guarantee 25 per cent increase.** For $4 down and $4 per month until paid for we will sell a regular **Pasadena Villa Tract Lot**, full size 50x150 feet, facing on 80-ft. avenue, subject to the following guarantee from us: If at the expiration of one year from purchase this $90 lot is not worth $112.50—or 25 per cent increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money paid us, with 6 per cent interest additional. If the purchaser should die at any time before payments have been completed we will give to his heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If he should lose employment, or be sick, he will not forfeit the land.

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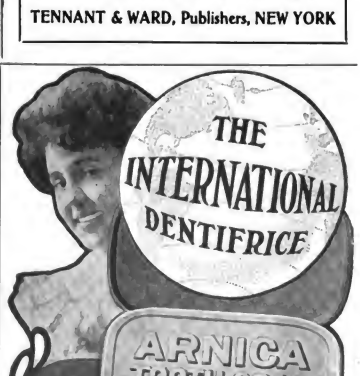

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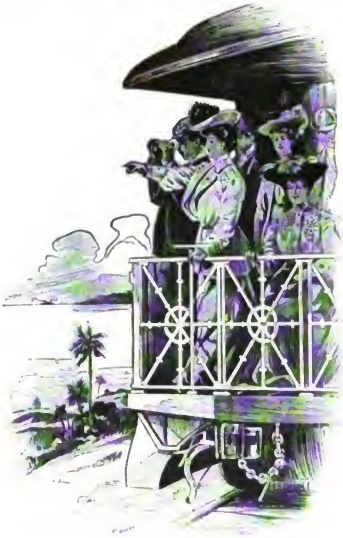

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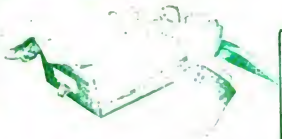

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May, 1904 FORMERLY "THE LAND OF SUNSHINE" Vol. XX, No. 5

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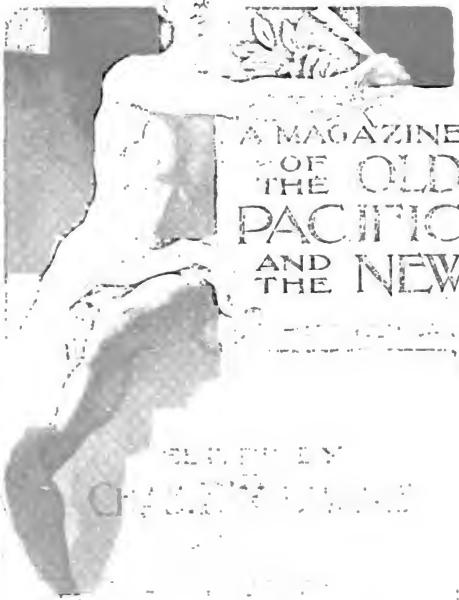

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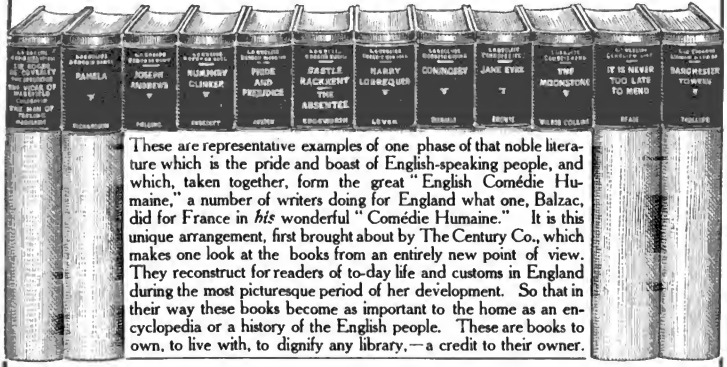

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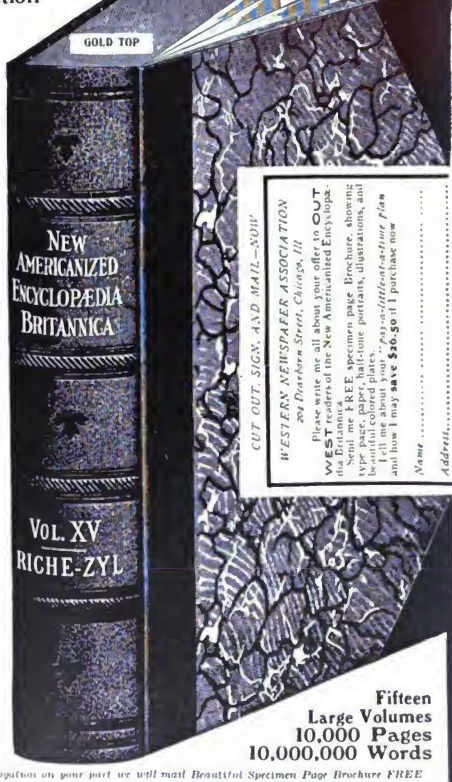

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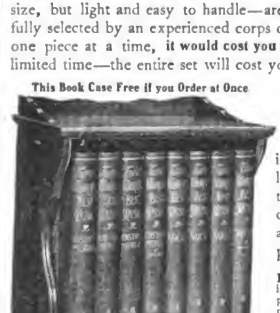

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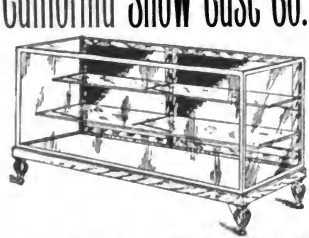

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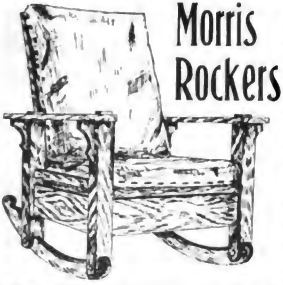

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KERN LAKE FROM TRAIL TO LOWER KERN LAKE. *Photo by E. T. Parsons*

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Vol. XX, No. 5. MAY, 1904.

THE HYMN OF THE MEN THAT FAIL.

By SHARLOT F. HALL.

LO, HERE we face the Weigher with our balance,
We who out of all our toil have won
Only hope forespent and ideals vanished,
Only scars and sweat beneath the sun.
All we dared, and joyed for love of daring,
Grasping as a hand that grasps a star,
Star-wise in its beauty and eluding,
Lies beyond us still as dim and far.

And the soul that panoplied for battle
Once rode bravely forth in Fortune's train,
Wiser now by futile march and foray,
Knows the high adventure was in vain.
We have gained no laurels of our striving,
Naught of praise from them that sit to judge—
Yet while there is room for new endeavor;
Life is all too full for fret or grudge.

We have failed,—and bitter was the failing;
Full the price we paid of faith and trust;
Still our hearts turn back unavailing
To the Gods thrown prostrate in the dust:
For we could not keep the sight of childhood,
And the Grail our hearts set out to seek,
It was but a vessel, empty, earthen—
Yet we had the joy of them that seek.

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All the winds of earth have blown us backward;
All her tides have turned our course awry;
And though night be gemmed with starry splendor
There is never lode-star in our sky.
Straight against the wind of fate we venture;
In the teeth of every tide we steer;
High above the darkness that enfolds us
Shines our pilot hope serene and clear.

We are they that fail; our hands are empty;
Hall and mart and temple know us not;
Power is not to us, nor place uplifted;
Wit is not of us to plan and plot.
But the wide and lonely places know us,
Hill and plain and wood and dark morass;
And the light of homes and smoke of cities
Rise behind our footsteps as we pass.

We have broke the way our brother followed;
We have set the harvest to his hand;
And the gold he heaps to fill his coffers
We have winnowed out of barren sand:
Earth yields her good to only stern compellers:
Ours the knotted grip that bent her will;
Bound her to the serving of our kindred—
And her captive-hate is on us still.

Homeless we have reared the homes of nations;
Mirthless we have laughed for others' mirth;
Striven that another might have honor,
As the stars appointed at our birth:
Ours the blood that reddened fields forgotten;
Ours the faith that sped a hope forlorn;
Ours the eyes that doomed to watch through darkness,
See the first far promises of morn.

We are they that fail— O ye that reckon,
Holding high our shortage to be weighed;
Grant ye that no other bore our burden;
Grant ye that the debt we made we paid:
We have failed—but beaten and defeated,
Still we face whatever life may send;
Still we ask no odds of Fate or Fortune—
We that go down fighting to the end.

Prescott, Ariz.

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CAMPING IN CALIFORNIA REDWOODS.

By HENRIETTA S. BRECK.

ALF a score of years ago the camping habit was confined almost entirely to the bohemian element and the devotees of science, but of late it has infected all classes of society and each summer adds new thousands to the thousands of all sorts and conditions who cast aside the trammels of the year's routine, the fret and worry, the harassing cares, the brain-wearing ambitions and go into camp for as long a time as can possibly be cajoled from that hard-hearted mistress, Duty. Men with friendship cemented by gun and rod go to remote counties where the streams have not been whipped out and where the sparseness of settlement insures plenty of game. School-teachers lay down book and chalk and hurry away to repair the inroads made upon brain and nerves by a ten months struggle with restless children, "new methods," and "State series." Ministers leave their flocks to Providence (or some worthy derelict) and put themselves for a brief space into tune with the Infinite in those "first temples," which are still inspiring beyond all others. University and high-school students buy a pack-mule, or a rig with sundry bale-rope attachments, and go off for a month of gypsying, whose delights are bounded only by the participants' powers of enjoyment, and never strained by embarrassing climatic conditions such as overtook a Harvard trio once while tramping in the White Mountains. Their ardor, I remember, was considerably dampened by an eleven days downpour during the three weeks trip. It was found afterwards that there was a drought in southern New Hampshire and that the good people who were praying for rain had forgotten to specify the district in which it was needed.

But oversights of this sort are out of the question in California. Absolutely no rain falls during the summer. One can reckon upon clear skies until at least the last week in September and safely take chances until mid-October. And it is to this unchangeable habit of Old Probabilites that the yearly hegira of whole households is due; families in the heated interior rush to the seashore and tent upon the beach for the relief that ocean breezes give; those who dwell within this stimulating influence the whole year seek relaxation in the mountains. The great dailies devote pages to advertising resorts for this shifting population, and pages more in telling where campers' outfits may be procured—from boots and leggings through the whole gamut of

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wants up to camp-stoves and coffee. But of all the resorts where rest and quiet enjoyment are sought none surpass the redwood groves, where sites with piped water may be procured for a modest sum.

The Redwood belongs as exclusively to California as the camping habit itself. There are two distinct varieties—the Sequoia gigantea, monarch of all vegtation, and the Sequoia sempervirens. To the casual observer the difference is a matter of size. Even Munchausen would have hesitated to imperil his veracity by stating how many of the smaller kind would make one of the larger, yet it is among the Sempervirens that campers find their paradise. Even there, the "second growth" of younger trees is preferred to the "first growth," because they afford much more comfortable means of entertainment. Whether or not we regard kitchens and dining-rooms as specially designed to aid and abet the digging of graves, the fact remains they make life considerably more agreeable while it lasts, and Dame Nature with housewifely instinct seems fully to have appreciated this. In the curious arrangement of these small trees, varying in height from twenty to a hundred feet, that have grown up around the parent stump, there are enough nooks and crannies for stoves, closets, and shelves, to satisfy the most exacting of cooks, as well as picturesque bowers in which to spread a table for the fastidious mistress.

No words can give an adequate idea of the charm and fascination of this free out-of-doors life. In place of hard artificial lights is sunlight softened by sifting through layer after layer of blue-green boughs to fall at last in patches of gold that flicker and dance with the swaying branches. In place of the heat and closeness of even the best ventilated rooms is the invigorating, odorous air fresh from the forest-laboratory, which touches the cheek like the softest of caressing fingers and pervades the whole being like a stimulating tonic. In place of the nerve-racking noise of the city, which we persuade ourselves we do not notice, are the inexpressibly soothing murmur of the wind in the tree-tops, the song of birds, the low, breeze-broken hum of voices from neighboring camps, and the joyous exclamations of laughing children.

With inconvenience and discomfort reduced to a minimum, it seems as if all other forms of summer outing, for families with children at least, must give way to this simple, natural way of living. Moreover, these groves are easily accessible to the larger cities, so that, if husbands and fathers cannot spend all of the time in camp, they can conveniently make frequent flying visits. One such grove, surpassingly beautiful, lies to

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SECOND GROWTH REDWOODS.

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the north of San Francisco but a few hours. It comprises forty acres or so, and is nearly encircled by the Russian river—a most fickle stream, as full of surprising deeps and shallows as its banks are of entrancing bits of scenery.

At varying distances over these forty acres, yet never out of touch with each other on some side, are clumps of trees, the somber green of the redwood brightened now and again by the lighter bay or laurel. These owe their existence to the extreme tenacity of life possesed by this tree as well as to the abundant vitality left in the stumps when the "first growth" is felled; for they are very tough and knotty near the ground and consequently hard to cut. As a result an appalling amount of stump

RUSSIAN RIVER.

is left, just how much depending, of course, on the size of the tree. Many of them measured over thirty feet in circumference and it seems as if a good-sized house might readily be built from the timber left to decay. That process is, however, greatly retarded by the manner of getting rid of the foliage and useless limbs. This consists in simply setting fire to the debris as soon as the last tree is down. This leaves the stump blackened and charred, but a goodly store of life is retained within the roots to be set free after the first rainfall in the form of shoots, usually in clusters a foot or so from the base and completely surrounding it. These shoots grow with astonishing rapidity, and, if it were not for the tell-tale stumps, might easily be taken for a virgin forest in a few years.

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Two or three of these stumps form the advertised "site." Tents are pitched, sometimes upon the ground, oftener upon platforms, as safer from possible dampness and more cleanly, particularly when covered with burlap or matting. If one goes to stay a month or two, the latter addition to the luggage is well worth while; for the first novelty of camping, with its supreme disregard for dirt, soon wears off and it is an immense satisfaction to have an immaculate tent. A further step in this direction is gained by taking also some dark-colored art-denim or similar stuff for coverings to the furniture, which consists of cots, as many as the tent will hold, interspersed with trunks, and tables constructed of boxes or—well, anything that will hold a candle

THE DINING ROOM.

and a book. The walls of the tent should be provided, too, with pockets to accommodate the thousand and one little personal belongings which add so much to the comfort of daily life.

Yet, however careful their arrangement, tents are but a place to sleep in—the living rooms are outside under the trees. When the site is chosen if it has not already been assigned, and the luggage (ludicrously like a man-o'-war in point of bulk) is at hand, experienced campers merely pitch the tent and begin work at once on the kitchen, for which the most convenient clump is chosen. Cupboards are made from the boxes that have held canned goods and groceries; shelves are put in position; skillets and pots are hung up on tree-pegs and nails, and the camp-stove is set up. Near by is sure to be found the best of places for a

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THE LOUNGING ROOM.

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dining-room—which needs only a table of generous proportions and staunch benches or stools to complete an apartment of singular popularity. To provide table-linen and china is to be wildly extravagant. The more practical way is to cover the table with enamel cloth, to use paper napkins and white granite dishes. Indeed, the manner of serving is the most insignificant detail of the dining-room, and what is served is of relatively little importance, too. "Is there enough?" is the real question. Whether water or air, field or forest, furnished the main dish is a minor consideration—"anything goes," with the unvarying rule that every to-day finds more clamorous appetites than any yesterday.

In the lounging rooms are strung hammocks for the long, lazy afternoons when one listens with half an ear to the drone of a new novel and is, meanwhile, very alert to the woodland voices and the soughing wind overhead. Or one lives over again his morning plunge into the river and its delightful reaction, the long pull at the oars, the thrill of joy that followed success with gun or rod. If you are moderately quiet you will have callers—Mr. and Mrs. Blue-jay to tell you in no uncertain tones what they think about this invasion of their domains; or a thrush will just drop in to hear the latest news that she may retail it to her neighbors in the twilight. More rarely a squirrel comes to see if he likes the look of you. No doubt he could tell things worth hearing, but the utmost wheedling elicits only a disapproving bark as he vanishes.

But, after all, the best part of a camp is in none of these apartments. It lies rather within the magic circle where the camp-fire is piled by day to be lighted with the first chill of evening. Here are scores of Chinese lanterns swinging from the low, overhanging boughs, their bright beauty, together with the glow of the fire-light, making more menacing the army of mysterious shadows that await only a lapse of vigilance on the part of stoker and poker to invade the stronghold. Easy chairs turn their backs on the haunting presences; friends drop in from other camps; jest and laughter, anecdote and song fill up the happy, careless hours, until only a bed of glowing coals remains to hint at the propriety of "turning in."

Or, if the day has not been long enough to end with such quiet enjoyment, if the old primeval love of excitement has been too deeply stirred by this return to the wildwood to sink readily into slumber, resort is had to the bower of the Muses—a great pavilion overhanging the river. Its floor is pierced in many places by the trunks of trees, and overhead the living boughs are intertwined and studded with lanterns to make a fit abiding place for Music, Dance, and Drama.

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If one inclines to part reluctantly with such pleasures, he has but to let his mind run forward a few hours to the even greater enjoyment of morning in this fairyland. The early riser will go to the river, which is a source of unending delight. Traffic had no part in the plan of the Russian river—Nature must have made it for her very own delectation. It turns this way and that, lapping now one shore, now the other, and leaving long spits of sand on the opposite side as testimonies of its erratic favor. On the overhanging banks, ferns, vines, and reeds dispute with each other and with silvery-leaved willows every inch of ground. The wild azalea fills the air with fragrance from the steep hill-side, when it struggles with its crowding neighbors,

THE EVENING CAMPFIRE.

bay, hazel, and madroño, for the right to a share of the soil.

One may row for miles between banks like this, every turn revealing some new combination of color, some new variation in form, some new effect in reflection, until it seems as though this must be Nature's uninvaded studio. Suddenly the illusion is dispelled. High overhead, spanning the stream, is an iron bridge, and just beyond it further progress down the river is stopped by a very prosaic dam. But there are compensations even here. A solitary angler, who is, by the way, a woman, tells us that the entrance to Bohemia may be found by climbing the bank and following the logging-track that runs over that same disquieting bridge.

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This beautiful grove of something over a hundred acres belongs to the "Bohemian Club" of San Francisco. There are no second growths here; but long avenues of superb trees, vast and solemn, stretch away on every side. Greatly to the credit of the Club is its scrupulous and jealous care of its demesne, and the loss of a tree last year, which had become split by the wind and its own weight beyond the assistance of protecting bands, was a personal one to each member. The echo of its fall had not yet ceased to reverberate through the cañon when our party arrived. Full forty feet above the ground it had been cut, and the prostrate trunk seemed still to quiver with the terror of its fall. It had leapt forward an incredible distance as it plunged down, plowing a tremendous furrow as it struck the ground and breaking sheer apart in many places. We paced it

THE LOGGING TRACK.

some ninety-odd feet, amid expressions of regret and sympathy for its hapless plight. I broke off the topmost branches, covered with cones and bearded with moss, reflecting sadly how both had tossed in the free wild winds above.

Under the glamor of this emotion we re-entered the boats. A death-like stillness had settled upon the world, and our subdued voices, the dip of the oars, and the melancholy song of a mocking-bird but made it more intense. Long fans of pale yellow and rose reached up from the sun, already below the horizon, almost to the zenith. The reflections of rock and foliage in the placid emerald water deepened until they vied with the reality. One by one the stars appeared and then retired abashed as the biggest and brightest of moons shot straight up into the sky from out the

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Grove and stood poised for one breathless moment on the summit of the tree that overtopped all others.

To live in this simple yet comfortable way for even a few weeks, every breath perfumed with the resinous redwood odor; to have for a background to every sensation the soothing murmur of the tree-tops; to eat heartily with a wholesome apeptite born of healthful exercise and repose; and to sleep as infants sleep—this is to lay up a store of mental energy and bodily vigor that will go a long way toward making better and more effective men and women in the struggle of the ensuing year.

An enumeration of these creature benefits of camp life tells somewhat of its fascination; but it has another aspect which is even more potent because it lies deeper and for the most part is kept carefully hidden away from the curious. I mean the spiritual part of it, which cannot be told to the uninitiated. But the effect is, that, after a few days, certain things of earth that have been bosom companions longer than one cares to remember fade away as frost disappears under the beams of the morning sun. It is the Spirit of God Himself which broods in such a place and whose influence steals into the soul with a peace and purity and love that may not be resisted. Children, naturally, considering their "trailing clouds of glory," seem to feel it most of all. There are four little ones in our camp and dozens more within a stone's throw, yet nothing but kindness, forbearance, and unselfishness prevail.

Literally,

> "'Tis as easy here for the heart to be true
> As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
> 'Tis the natural way of living."

Blue skies? Those of Italy are not so blue, and nowhere do they lie so near to earth. Light and shade have no fine tones of difference. Irregular hills stand boldly up from the river, and the mighty Redwoods standing here and there upon them thrust their hoary heads, black with shadow and golden with sunshine, into the very dome of heaven like giant cameos.

Redwoods! It takes but a short residence among them to bring conviction that their destruction is folish to the point of sacrilege; that these are things for which money cannot pay. Fortunately public opinion is becoming aroused to effective protest against the destruction of that which links America to a time that was old when the pyramids were built.

To the eye of faith, as one sits dreaming in the still night by the glowing coals of the dying camp-fire, they open down a vista of ages and reveal other toilers and other little children seated

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Bohemian Grove.

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beneath those marvels of the world—which shall awaken in their minds, even as in ours, a profound humility, and lift up their souls in awe and adoration to a contemplation of the Great Creator.

Berkeley, Cal.

DOWN THE TRAIL.

By NORA MAY FRENCH.

BREAK camp, the dawn is here,
A sea has swept beneath us in the night—
Poured outward in a wrinkled floor of white
And left our eyrie clear.
Wave after wave creeps upward to the pines,
Hangs in the ragged boughs and blurs them dim;
Melts from the sharp dark lines—
Each smallest limb
Cut like a cameo on a ground of light.
There in the deeps our little trail is curled,
We plunge like divers to the under-world.

The manzanita stirs.
Look, in that little thicket just ahead!
Down, down the covey whirrs—
Mocking us, careful, led,
Slow-slipping beads along a slender thread.

Here the stream flows;
Here we tread yellow leaves
(Sun on the sycamores,
Sun on the granite walls.)
All is so still,
Never wind blows,
Only the singing stream
Shouts little waterfalls.

We round the mighty shoulder of a hill—
O, sweet airs damp with ferns!
The day grows old, the lengthening shadows chill—
The wanderer returns.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Traffic, and wakeful eyes of little lights;
The black crowd passing near; and far away
A last clear pink, translucent as a pearl,
Above the roofs of indigo and grey.

Los Angeles.

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A DAY WITH THE MONO INDIANS.

By W. B. NOBLE, D. D.

NO MORE charming scenery is to be found, even in California, than that which lies at the head-waters of the San Joaquin River, in the foot-hills and slopes of the Sierras. True, it does not possess the stately majesty of the Yosemite Valley, nor the rugged grandeur of the gorges of the Kings River and the Kern. But it abounds in quiet pastoral scenes, in combinations of forest and stream and grassy slope that give the effect of a beautiful park, in lovely cascades and ferny cañons, with a background of mountain ranges densely covered with forests and lofty peaks from which the view stretches far across billowy ridges to the vast valley shining in the light of the sun.

IN FULL DRESS.

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AMONG THE MONOS.

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In the midst of this beauty nestles the village of North Fork, flanked on the east and west by high hills, while the branch of the San Joaquin from which it takes its name flows past from north to south in a narrow but lovely valley. Rambling and unattractive in itself, the village is the trading point of a wide area, and often presents a scene of much activity. A mile eastward over a ridge that here separates the North Fork from another stream tributary to it, is the "South Fork Hotel," an important station of the great ten-horse teams that draw immense loads of lumber to the railroad from the Peckinpah and Sage Mills, high up in the mountains to the eastward.

Leaving the main road on the summit of this dividing ridge and journeying northward, one soon comes upon the hospitable home, or rather winter headquarters, of the Head Ranger, Mr. Charles H. Shinn. For here we are on the borders of the Forest Reserve of which he has charge, and which his numerous lieutenants patrol through the long summer season, while his summer tent is pitched much higher up on the mountains at the edge of an emerald meadow, and on the banks of a stream where the rainbow trout lies in the shadowy pools and the deer comes to drink of the sparkling waters.

Two miles beyond Mr. Shinn's headquarters is the rancheria of Captain Schulte, chief of the Monos of this region. This is the scene of the day's doing I am to describe, and it is a scene of rare beauty indeed. The river flows at our feet on the west; Shut-eye Mountain towers in the northeast, lifting its bald and rugged dome to the sky; the mountain range is visible for many miles, and the foothills break away in undulations that sink to rest at last in the plain.

We are here in the heart of the Mono country. These Indians are scattered far and wide, up and down the foothills, and still more numerously on the higher slopes of the Sierras. Some authorities say that long years ago they were driven from their ancient home across the mountains, in what is now Mono County, by the Paiutes, who took possession of their lands. Others say they were themselves invaders, crossing the mountains to find new hunting grounds. But, coming from whatever cause, they were held in check here by the tribes to the westward, and made their home in the mountains. It is said the word Mono means a fly, and is a nickname applied by the Yokutch of the lowlands, who say they look like flies clinging to the cliffs. Their mountain home, however, gives them a security from encroachments of the white man which their neighbors of the valley might well envy. For although there is no Indian Reservation, the sanctity of the Forest Reserve affords them a permanent and secure retreat.

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They are above the average of their race in intelligence and estimable qualities of character. They have never been pensioners upon the charity of the government, but have supported themselves. They are peaceable and industrious. The men work in the logging camps of the mountains. Both sexes work in the vineyards and orchards of the San Joaquin Valley. Some of the squaws wash gold dust from the sands of the streams. For this vicinity was once the scene of great activity on the part of gold seekers, and although long ago worked out, as was supposed, still produces small quantities of the precious metal. In

A PROTESTING MODEL.

basketry and bead-work these Indians are excelled by none. Their vices are those introduced by the white man, intemperance and licentiousness, and these have demoralized them and decimated their numbers. But there are still among them men of fine character who have the confidence of all, such as José, one of their leading men, and Chepo, a man of rare virtues, whose picture, with his family, is given here. The faces of this family group will bear study, as will many other faces in the groups presented with this article. And as the years have gone on and a more sober and moral class of whites than the early miners has come into the region, a corresponding improvement in the Indian character has been observed, and a spirit of progress has

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JENNIE.

been quickened in his mind. No longer content to live in bark huts, the Indians are, as Mr. Shinn says, awakening to the need of "living more like white men" and of "learning how."

A short time ago, in company with Rev. Hugh J. Furneaux, Sunday-school missionary, well acquainted with the roads and trails, I spent a week on horseback exploring the region, going from one rancheria to another, and also visiting the white people who were interested in the welfare of their Indian neighbors. The interest of both races in a movement for educational and religious progress was widespread and sincere. Assistance was sought in influential quarters, and readily promised; and a day was fixed for the launching of the enterprise, whose details, though still imperfect, include a boarding and day school, industrial training and general helpfulness to all the Indians of the region. The day was a notable one, and marked, we believe, the beginning of better things.

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SOME PROSPECTIVE PUPILS.

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Although it was December, the day was as "rare as a day in June," with no chill in the air nor cloud in the sky. All the exercises were held out of doors, seats were improvised for the meetings and a long table erected for the noonday meal. The word had been sent out to the rancherias, and over one hundred Indians, men, women and children were present. The white people had shown their interest by preparations for a "feed," or dinner for the assembled guests. All through the night, fire had been burning in the pit over which huge joints of beef were to be roasted, and a great pot of beans and bacon had been boiling. While the forenoon exercises of singing and speaking were in

CHEPO AND HIS FAMILY.

progress, the cooks were busy and the air was redolent of appetizing odors.

After dinner Mrs. Charles H. Peckinpah brought her camera to bear with good effect. I was caught by a snap shot in the act of caring temporarily for a pair of native sons of the golden west, one of whom, like Jacob of old, lifted up his voice and wept.

A little later I made an attempt to corral some of the boys and girls for a photograph, but when I placed some and went for others I would return only to find that the first party had escaped. Like Tom Brown's two little Indian boys, celebrated in college song,

> One ran away,
> And the other wouldn't stay.

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An invitation to stand with me was more successful, and resulted in an interesting group, which is here presented. And a similar device on the part of a number of the whites, overcame the prejudice against photographs so prevalent among the Indians, and gathered the larger group of men, women and children.

It was a strange and interesting scene, this meeting of the two races, one moved by sympathy and desire to help, the other yearning with vague yet sincere desire for better things. It recalled the embassy sent years ago by the Indians of Oregon to the far distant east, asking for the "white man's book," and the response at last made by the journeys and labors of Marcus

THE FUTURE SCHOLAR.

Whitman. No long journey is needed now. The two races are neighbors. One is feeling more and more its need, and the other its responsibility. A great work can be done here. Besides the Monos there are remnants of other tribes scattered over a wide area. North Fork is a suitable center for work, and a tract of land has been purchased as a home for the institution. As part of the same movement, a school has been opened at Dunlap in Fresno County, and another is projected for a point to the northward. With generous support this may become to the Indian what Tuskogee is to the negro of the south.

The aims and plans of this enterprise are set forth by Mr,

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Shinn in the following words: "The plan is to secure the services of an experienced Indian teacher who knows or will learn the Mono language and who understands the Indian character. Several cabins large enough to begin work in can be had in the district. The money, it is thought, can be raised later to build whatever the needs of the work demand. As soon as the land and water can be procured at some convenient place near the rancherias, where a garden can be started, an orchard planted and cabins built, the teaching will develop more and more along industrial lines. The girls will be trained to become better housewives and the boys to be farmers, fruit growers, cattlemen and mechanics. If those who have put their hands to the plow continue to toil on in this spirit at the great problems involved, it may be that far-reaching results for good in this entire mountain land will follow. Whites and Indians, mixed races, are here and here to stay, here to live and grow up together, and there is no escape from the acceptance of these responsibilities. In helping these children we are helping California and the American Republic no less than ourselves, on the vast Sierra slopes, in these great forests of pines and firs, where the springs rise that supply the irrigation ditches of the valleys below."

Los Angeles, Cal.

DESERT CALLS.

By HARLEY R. WILEY.

THERE are breaks in the voice of the shouting street
Where the smoke-drift comes sifting down;
When I list to the wind calls, far and sweet—
They are not from the winds of the town.

For I lean to the rush of the desert air
And the bite of the desert sand,
I feel the hunger, the thirst and despair—
And the joy of the still border land.

Here the ways of the soul are blocked to the end
With the grim procession of death,
The treacherous love and the shifting friend,
And the reek of a multitude's breath.

O the arms of the Desert are lean and slim
While his ways are as rude as the mountain rim—
But the heart of the Desert is bared!
And his gaunt breast is cactus-haired.

San Francisco, Cal.

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THE EUCALYPTS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

*By ALFRED JAMES McCLATCHIE.**

II.

BOTANISTS recognize some 150 species, more or less, of the genus Eucalyptus. To discriminate accurately each species among so large a number taxes the ability of even the best botanist in the world. Hence it is not surprising that laymen are confused as to their right names. Well-established common names for them are very few, compared with the total number of species. These trees have been known to the civilized world for such a comparatively short time that satisfactory popular names have not been assigned to many of the numerous species. This makes it necessary to use the scientific names in discussing separate species. As there are already over fifty different species of Eucalypts growing in the Southwest, it will undoubtedly be many years before a large proportion of them will come to be known by well-established common names that will take the place of the scientific ones that at present must be used.

The Blue Gum (Eucalyptus globulus) is one of a very few species that can be said to have an established common name here. It is the best-known Eucalypt, and is in many respects the best-known forest-tree in the world. It is indigenous to Tasmania and the neighboring part of Australia, where it grows in valleys and on moist declivities of mountains. In similar climatic situations it makes a marvellous growth wherever it has been introduced, and attains arboreal proportions in a great variety of unfavorable situations much more rapidly than other trees. Upon account of the comparatively large size of its seeds, the ease with which it is propagated, and its rapid growth from the very start, it has been planted more extensively than all other species combined. In fact, the words Eucalyptus and Eucalypt mean to most people the Blue Gum. It is so common and so conspicuous compared with most other species that the fact that there are others is almost lost sight of by laymen.

The Blue Gum was the first Eucalypt to gain favor in California, and has been planted almost to the exclusion of others. Its merits are many, but for some purposes and some locations other species are much more desirable. The tree has the power

*Many of the illustrations for this article are from photographs made for the Department of Agriculture.

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EUCALYPTUS GLOBULUS.

of adapting itself to a great variety of climatic and soil conditions. It thrives in moist, warm regions, in quite dry, hot ones, in lowlands and in stony uplands. Wherever the mercury does not fall below 25 degrees in winter nor rise above 105 degrees F. in summer, and the annual rainfall is eight to twenty inches, the Blue Gum will grow. It is the species commonly grown for shade, for windbreaks, for fuel, and for piles in California, and the one from whose leaves most of the Eucalyptus oil is distilled. It is less ornamental than many other species, but few, if any, surpass the Blue Gum in general usefulness.

The ease with which it is propagated, its rapidity of growth,

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and its general usefulness in California have caused the Blue Gum to be the species of Eucalyptus that has been first and most generally tried in other sections of the south and west. In many cases it has proven unsuited to particular regions, and the resulting inference has been that Eucalypts could not be grown in them. The discouraging outcome of the trial of a single supposedly-promising species has thus delayed the introduction of Eucalypts into many parts of the country where they might be successfully and advantageously grown.

Next to the Blue Gum, the best known Eucalypt name for

EUCALYPTUS TERETICORNIS.

many years was "Red Gum". This name has been applied indiscriminately to several species, differing widely in appearance and characteristics. In fact, when the writer came to California thirteen years ago, he was wisely informed by a sixteen-year resident that there were two kinds of Eucalypts in California, the Blue Gum and the Red Gum. The latter name is properly applied to E. rostrata, one of the most useful of all Australian trees. It does not grow quite as rapidly as the Blue Gum, but it endures greater extremes of heat and cold, withstands more drouth, and furnishes timber that is more durable. In Australia it is used for lumber, for ship and bridge building,

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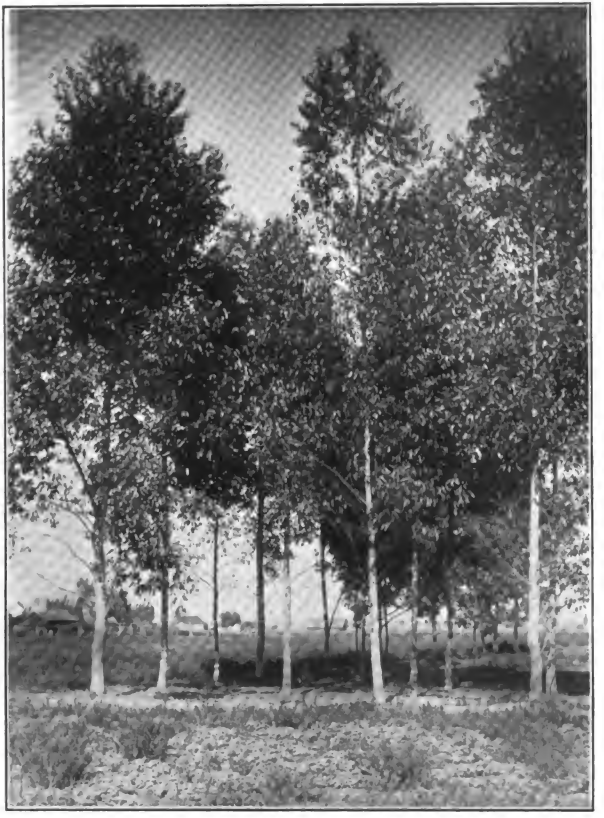

EUCALYPTUS CORYNOCALYX. Near Compton.

for telegraph poles, for posts, and for piles. It deserves to be planted much more extensively than it has been. For many interior dry regions it is much better suited than the Blue Gum. Plantations serving as a forest cover for ravines, hillsides, and dry plains will within a decade begin to be sources of posts, fuel, railway ties, telegraph poles, and bridge timbers, and would eventually produce timber suitable for many other im-

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portant purposes. Such plantings made along the lines of railroads would furnish material for keeping them in repair and making extensions, besides supplying telephone and telegraph poles within easy reach of the points where they would be needed.

Another species to which the name of "Red Gum" may be properly applied is E. tereticornis. It resembles E. rostrata quite closely, but in most situations grows more rapidly, forming straighter and more erect trunks. Its timber is nearly, if not quite, as valuable as that of E. rostrata. In Australia it is generally known as Forest Red Gum, being highly prized for a gerat variety of purposes. The Manna Gum (E. viminalis) and the Swamp Mahogany (E. robusta) are both improperly called "Red Gums" in California. Both are inferior in nearly all respects to the true Red Gums. The former grows nearly as rapidly as the Blue Gum, and endures greater extremes of heat and cold, but produces a timber that is less valuable. The latter has been much grown as an avenue shade tree, but has disappointed many who have planted it. During the early years of its growth it is showy and somewhat attractive, becoming quite coarse in appearance and slower of growth as it gets older.

For an avenue tree the Sugar Gum (E. corynocalyx) has proven quite satisfactory. It maintains its early rate of growth and appearance well and blooms profusely during several months of the year. But this species is much more valuable as a forest and timber tree than as a shade or ornamental one. It endures greater heat and more drouth than the Blue Gum, in most situations makes nearly as rapid a growth, and furnishes a timber that is much more durable. The Sugar Gum deserves to be planted much more generally and upon a much larger scale than it has been, being as it is one of the most generally useful species of the genus. Its erect, even trunks furnish lasting posts, railway ties, and telephone and telegraph poles. In most dry interior situations it should be set in preference to the Blue Gum.

For a shade and ornamental tree, the Red Box (E. polyanthema) is in many respects more satisfactory than any species previously mentioned. The spreading habit of the tree, with its persistent, slightly-furrowed, grayish bark, its characteristic foliage of ashy or dull-green hued leaves, its profuse bloom of dainty whitish flowers, and its goblet-shaped seed-cases, present a very pleasing appearance. Its growth is not rapid, but it is steady, and the early rate long-maintained. The older trees have a compact substantial appearance not possessed by many

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other Eucalypts. Besides the above desirable characteristics, it is remarkably hardy to both heat and cold, it being one of the few tested at the Experiment Station farm near Phoenix that has been entirely uninjured by either the frosts of winter or the heat of summer. The tree, when grown, furnishes a very hard, strong and durable timber that is useful for a great variety of purposes. It is worthy of being planted freely, especially in regions too frosty or too hot for faster-growing species.

Another species that possesses the combined merits of attractiveness and usefulness is the Lemon-scented Gum (E. citriodora). It is a fast-growing tree, usually soon becoming tall and

EUCALYPTUS CITRIODORA.

slender; its trunk is straight and even, its light-colored bark mottled by the flaking off of thin patches, its foliage graceful and delightfully fragrant, and its bloom profuse and conspicuous. The lemon-scented odor exhaled by the crushed leaves gives the tree its specific name, **citriodora.** The tree does not endure heavy frosts, being particularly adapted to a moist tropical or semi-tropical clime. It furnishes a beautiful, yellowish or brownish wood that is strong, flexible, and durable. In Australia it is used for the inside woodwork of homes, for carriages, and for railway coaches. In the Southwest, where the good hardwood timber for many purposes comes from the opposite

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EUCALYPTUS CITRIODORA.
Ellwood Cooper's Ranch, Santa Barbara. 15 years old.

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EUCALYPTUS SIDEROXYLON, Montecito, California.

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quarter of the country, coast-region planters of Eucalypts would do well to consider the many merits of this excellent, fast-growing tree.

The Red Iron-bark (E. sideroxylon) is still another species that is both attractive and very useful. Usually erect in growth and of medium height, with numerous side branches, graceful foliage and pinkish or red bloom, it is one of the most attractive trees of the genus. Its deeply furrowed, dark-red or brownish bark is the darkest in color and the hardest of the Iron-barks. The whole appearance of the tree, with its rough, dark bark, its silvery, narrow leaves, and its daintily-colored flowers, is quite distinctive, contrasting strongly with the smooth-barked, broader-leaved species. It furnishes a dark-red wood that is hard and heavy, and very strong and durable. In Australia the Red Iron-bark is most abundant in the stony, sterile portions of gold-producing districts. In California it thrives in dry soil near the coast and on the plains and hillsides of some of the interior valleys, but is unsuited to excessively hot dry regions. Because of its beauty and the great usefulness of its timber, the tree is worthy of culture wherever soil and climatic conditions are favorable. On account of a more or less close resemblance of the foliage and flowers, a very different and inferior tree (E. leucoxylon) has been by herbarium botanists confused with the Red Iron-bark. It is much more hardy to heat and cold than the latter, but produces a crooked inferior timber. It may be readily distinguished by its smooth, light-colored bark and its white wood.

Two trees that differ widely as to appearance, endurance of climatic conditions, and the character of its timber are E. gunnii and E. microtheca. The former endures lower temperatures than most other Eucalypts, extending on Australian mountains to an elevation of 4,000 to 5,000 feet, but is seldom very attractive in appearance. In valleys of the Southwest it grows continuously during the winter, even though the temperature falls below freezing each night, but is injured by the excessively hot, dry weather of summer. Consequently it is evidently well suited to all moderately elevated mountain situations of the Southwest. E. microtheca, on the other hand, is a denizen of hot deserts, where the soil is gravelly and apparently void of moisture. It is said by Baron Von Mueller to endure uninjured temperatures as high as 125 degrees to 150 degrees F. It has been grown only to a limited extent in our country, but deserves trial in the hot, dry interior. The tree has a pleasing appearance, the bark being peculiarly furrowed, the foliage graceful, and the flowers dainty. It furnishes a dark-red, or brown, ex-

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EUCALYPTUS DIVERSICOLOR. South Pasadena, California.

cessively hard wood that, on account of its color and markings, is useful for cabinet-work.

The endurance of low and high temperatures that characterizes separately the two species just discussed is found to a great extent in a single species, until recently little known. About fifteen years ago the proprietor of the Minnewawa ranch near Fresno ordered from San Francisco and set out a grove

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of Eucalypts that later proved to be E. rudis, a comparatively obscure Australian species. The trees attracted the attention of nurserymen and others of the region, and from seed from them have been grown great numbers of young trees. It has been found that they endure greater extremes of heat and cold than any other Eucalypt that has been tried in the Southwest, with the possible exception of E. polyanthema. But unlike the latter, E. rudis makes a rapid growth, surpassing the Blue Gum in this respect in many localities. Experiments at the Station Farm near Phoenix have demonstrated that it is suited to the trying climatic conditions of that region, being uninjured by either the

EUCALYPTUS MELIODORA.

heat of summer or the frosts of winter. The wood seems to be as valuable as that of the Blue Gum. Eucalyptus rudis seems to be the species that is destined to be planted extensively throughout the parts of the Southwest having trying climatic condition.

So varied in characteristics and in their relation to climate and soil are the different species of the genus Eucalyptus, that a suitable one exists for each of the numerous purposes for which trees are grown, and for nearly all situations in the Southwest. For an ornamental and timber tree in the moister regions free from heavy frosts the Lemon-scented Gum is well adapted. For torrid desert situations E. microtheca is available, and for frosty

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EUCALYPTUS RUDIS. Minnewawa Ranch, Fresno.
Tree twelve years old; trunk two feet in diameter.

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mountain situations, E. gunnii. Between these extremes, are E. globulus, E. rostrata, E. tereticornis, E. corynocalyx, E. sideroxylon, and many others that thrive in regions free from extremes of temperature and humidity and furnish timber that is valuable for an almost endless variety of purposes. Then there are E. polyanthema and E. rudis, the one rather slow-growing, and the other rapid-growing, that endure great extremes of climatic conditions, and are serviceable for shade, for fuel, for windbreaks, and for numerous other useful purposes.

Though the role the Eucalypts have been playing in the Southwest is a very important one, the role that they are destined to play in the future will be of greater and increasingly

EUCALYPTUS CALLOPHYLLA.

greater importance. The commercial uses to which these trees have been put heretofore are of the grosser sort compared with those to which they will be put in the future. Furnishing posts for fences, piles for wharves, and fuel for the fireside and for driving the wheels of industries is an important office, and one which the Eucalypts may well continue to fill. But not until the timber is cut into lumber and given the multitude of shapes for which the various species are so well adapted will these trees play the part in our Southwestern civilization for which they are best fitted.

We bring from various parts of the United States ready-made

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tools, implements, furniture, carriages, and street cars, constructed from trees that can never be duplicated. We finish our dwellings with material cut from hardwood trees that have stood many years longer than has our government—trees that were an essential feature of the landscape of the region in which they grew. Instead of marring the beauty of our country and depleting native forests that have been hundreds of years in growing, we can grow in the Southwest, for material for our implements, our furniture, our carriages, our street cars, our railway coaches, and our dwellings, trees that after being cut for the use of one generation will put forth a fresh growth that will furnish timber for the next.

Collectively, then, the various species of Eucalypts are des-

FOUR-FOOT WOOD CUT FROM BLUE GUM GROVE.
Eighty cord-piles per acre, the growth of seven years.

tined to play a very prominent part in the affairs of the Southwest, their role being the clothing of the naked unproductive portions with garments of beauty and utility; the tempering of the winds and the rays of the sun; the yielding of honey for the delectation of the palate and of oil for the healing of wounds and maladies; the production of fuel for the fireside and the factory; the supplying of ties for railways, posts for fences, piles for wharves, timbers for bridges, and poles for trolley, telephone and telegraph lines; the furnishing of material for implements, for vehicles, for furniture, and for the embellishment of our dwelling houses; the saving of millions of our native trees by producing in a single decade material for this multitude of purposes.

Phœnix, Ariz.

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Toro-o-o!

By A. B. BENNETT.

OH PROUD is the actor whose prompter is Death;
(*"Toro, toro, toro bonito!"*)
Spangles and color, his name on each breath;
Fanfare, and flutter of thousands of hands—
The roar like the sea, and the music of bands.

The wine of the sunshine upon the red cape,
(*"Toro, toro, toro bonito!"*)
As deep as the scarlet on wound fresh agape;
A sound of a trumpet, flies open a gate,
Bounds out the huge brute, mad with torture and hate.

"Cuidado, Triqueño!" A charge like a shot!
(*"Toro, toro, toro bonito!"*)
The benches are frenzied—Triqueño is not.
Just a side-step well timed, the beast hurtles by;
Dolores hears cheering, too spell-bound to cry.

And thus and continuing, passes and plunge,
(*"Toro, toro, toro bonito!"*)
The doubling and daring, the race and the lunge.
Eyeing the sun, choosing stand it is meet to,
Triqueño, all silence, cries *"Toro—bonito!"*

A challenge aside from his Race to the Brute;
(*"Toro—toro—toro bonito!"*)
From a man on the plain to the bulk he disputes;
The umpire is Death—of these, and the crowd—
To win's to wear spangles, to lose is a shroud.

Do I ring in this manikin, part of the Past,
(*Chulo, afucra con toro bonito!*)
To touch the brute-string that the heart should beat fast?
Nay, I bow to the Future, but its page being white
Only conjure past contests, man victor at night.

Ensenada, Mex.

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THE COURTSHIP OF JIM CARROLL.

(The second extract from the autobiography of Jerry Murphy, prospector.)

By PHILIP NEWMAN.

N EIGHTY-SIX I had a fine prospect on the Hassayamp'. I was hammering away, seeing meself back among the old folks, when a lean streak cropped in me luck. The very day I sorted over me last mess of beans, me lead pinched, the walls froze, and I came to the surface, belly-up like a fish. I threw me tools down the dead-hole, gave me burro a parting kick, and pulled up stakes for Wickenburg. And for a few days I fed off of Billy Barton at the Ruby.

A rain along the river had wet the gravel in the gulches, and in came the dry-washers with their windmills on their backs. There was a great how-d'ye-do. All the talk that I could hear was Big Bug—Big Bug in the Bradshaws. Every old 'Yamper was giving me the advice: "Young fellow, if you've got to rustle, go to Big Bug. Dan Jones is foreman there. Surely you've run across Black Dan, the Welshman, somewhere in your travels.

The boys on the trail, from hell to breakfast, knew Black Dan for the best damn man that ever run a shift underground. A big, black buffalo of a man, looking at you wild-eyed, with his head shaking—and him that kind-hearted a smooth-faced boy could get any job he had. I had worked for him; if he was foreman there, Big Bug was the camp for Murphy.

I made me crawl. Around by stage-road was a good hundred miles, so I took the trail for it, through the Castle Creek country. Rising over Battle Mountain, I caught me first clear view of the Bradshaws; there they were—big, gray mountains with whiskers on 'em! And deep in the foothills was a thin stringer of smoke—Big Bug. I passed the night on Humbug Creek with Horsethief Thomson—taking a big dose of talk for me grub—and made camp next morning.

Big Bug was booming. A twenty-mule team was just in with supplies; prospectors were cinching up in front of the store, and the street swarmed with young bucks, shouldering across from one saloon to another. The buildings were bright and new, just whipped from the pine.

I climbed the hill to the mine, and waited for Dan to come on top. We got three bells, up he shot in the collar of the shaft —and me troubles were over. Murphy was with his friends. Ed Dunlap—Dan's old pardner—was boss of the night shift; he needed a man for an underground hoist on the four-hundred,

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and Murphy was just the boy. And Mrs. Daniels, that kept the Mulligan at the Silver Bell, was running the boarding-house; we went down to see her.

The old woman wasn't much to look at; she was built like a side of bacon, and as for style—she must have dressed herself with a pitchfork. She tossed a frazzle of gray hair out of her eyes, and came for me. "Bless your heart, boy, but I'm glad to see you," she says, shaking both me hands, and giving me a kiss. "How's Big Bug, Jerry?—All the boys are coming in, Dan," she rattles on. The old woman thought everybody she knew was bound for Big Bug. She sat down and picked up a letter she had been reading. "Mary's coming," she says. "She'll be here by the first.—Did you know my little girl, Jerry? Of course not—she left before your time.—It's six years now, Dan, since she left us at Globe. I'm just dying to see her—she'll be the first girl in Big Bug."

The camp was young, and everything new caused excitement. When the stage rolled through and pulled up at the boarding-house, we knew Mary had arrived, and the camp got out to see her. The old woman came running, tore open the door of the coach, and gave the girl a kiss that would water a horse, crying of course. We didn't blame her—a pretty, bright-eyed love of a young lady was Mary, with her hair in a braid as thick as your arm, and her skirts just skipping clear of the ground. When Dan offered to kiss her, like the father he had been to her, she drew back to her mother as shy as a deer. The girls where she had been to school, I guess, didn't think it nice to kiss old stiffs.

Me old boss, that was thirty years on the turf, went down before that school-girl that had played on his knee a thousand times. She was queen over all the women he had ever known! Dan had an idea he was a lady's man—he had blowed in a couple of stakes in 'Frisco—and frightened the girl half to death making up to her. The country was run over for miles around for pretty things for Mary. For half a day she would whistle a tune to a mocking bird Dan gave her, but would look for her mother the moment he came around himself, and break him all up. The old woman was suited—Dan was a great man to her. She shoved the girl forward to take everything he brought her.

Ed Dunlap was disgusted with Dan. He wouldn't hear the first word from him about Mary. And Dan had to tell somebody—the rest of us couldn't possibly know what kind of a Venus she was. He would waylay me, coming off shift at three in the morning, and would hold me out in me wet clothes until me teeth chattered, singing her praises.

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Mary took Dan's presents for old time's sake—and because her mother told her to—but she would never make friends. Dan tried to believe he was winning her, but the dream of it wouldn't last, and for days at a time, he would worry and brood over it by himself.

A mine is nothing but a hole in the ground, but it's deep in the earth, and is about the most notional thing in the world—unless it's a woman. It's a queer thing that a mine usually caves after midnight in the early morning hours. And if there comes along a stormy night, and you've got bad ground in your mine, just as sure as a bitch-wolf will whelp in her cave, your ground will work, and come in.

At Big Bug the formation was hard and dry, and easy to hold, and they took desperate chances with it, getting out ore. Just above me hoist on the four-hundred was a man-trap of heavy ground that I thought was sure to come.

Below the third level a break in the formation had cut off the ore-body, and on the four, a long drift had been run to catch the vein. A new shaft had been sunk to the lower levels, and the ore was being stoped out above the shaft-station, leaving a big glory-hole of open country. The hanging wall leaned heavy, the ground along the break was soft as mush, and, cut off as it was on two sides, it was a block of country no timbers could hold. I had spoken to Ed Dunlap about it. Ed thought they ought to fill in and leave her, but Dan wouldn't hear to it. He needed the ore, and was sure they were nowhere near the break yet. He had her square-setted with young pine, and, with a man's pride in his work, thought the timbers would hold in any case.

One day in midsummer a sand cloud blew over the sun, the camp was rocked with a fury of sand and wind, and the rain fell in driving sheets out of what had just been a clear sky. Going below that night, I had a dread of that stope falling. And when the shift were gathered about the hoist, eating lunch, I called them to listen—I thought I heard the timbers speak, taking weight. We heard nothing. A dish-faced Mick spoke up that it was "Dutchy looking for his pipe"—Dutchy had been killed there the month before—and the thing passed off with a laugh.

After lunch Ed Dunlap came limping along the drift—Ed had lost some toes in a fall of ground—swearing to himself. "I'll run the hoist for you," he says, stabbing his candle-stick in a post, and hanging up his old canvas coat. "Go down and try to get Dan home. One of the boys up from town says he's off wrong at the Silver Dollar, gambling, and drinking whisky like

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water. All on account of some trick that girl played him today. Murphy, what the Devil 'n Tom Walker does a man like Dan want with a mop-squeezer?—But it's no use for me to talk; he seems to like you, Jerry; go down, and try to get him home."

On top, the night was dead quiet, except for the roar of the mill; the storm had cleared.

Dan had come to the country when she was a hard game, and it was his religion to win or die. The boys told great stories of his losings in the old days—he was as unlucky as he was bull-headed. I found him dead stuck at faro, trying to force the play. It was useless to talk to him while the game ran against him, so I stood back in the crowd, and watched for a turn of luck.

Some one was stamping the mud off his feet on the porch and a stranger stood in the door—Jim Carroll, the finest piece of a man I ever laid me eyes on. One of your reckless dude miners, a gambling, drinking lad. Jim was king of the boys in every camp he was in. It was a good man could stand before him, and say he was as good a man as he was.

He slammed a gold piece on the bar. "Here's another one in over the trail, boys," he says. "Everybody drink!"

We drank with him, one of the boys treated, and we went back to watch the game. "Hold on there, Mr. Dealer," says the newcomer, "I've got a few bucks left, and I calls that last turn. Let me see," he says, leaning over the table, "a king, queen and a jack. According to human nature she comes king-queen, or queen-jack. I see it queen-jack."

Dan had it called different. "You're going to lose that money, pardner," he says.

"I may not drink tonight, or eat tomorrow, but she goes as she looks."

"You'll drink tonight, boy, and you'll eat tomorrow—no man goes hungry in this camp. Is that your last money?" says Dan. He was afraid the stranger had it called.

"Yes."

Dan thought for a long while. "How does it look to you, now?" he says, looking up quick.

"She goes as she looks."

"Let me feel your pulse," says Dan. The other man held out his hand, and smiled. Dan took the hunch; he piled all of his checks on the lay-out, dug up his buck-skin, and shook out a handful of twenties. "It all goes with the lad's money," he says.

The players won the call, and the game broke up. Dan pulled out about even. We were up to the bar, having a sociable time, when a miner came running in. "Ed wants you in the mine, Dan," he says. "She's coming in on the four."

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"Are the boys catching her up?" says Dan, as we started up the trail.

"No. Everybody's out. You can't save her."

"If timbers can hold her, she'll be held," roars Dan. "I never had a stamp hung up on me in my life, and that mill won't drop a stamp for six months if that stope comes in. Come on, Jerry," he calls to me, and we both ran up the hill.

The shift were gathered about the collar of the shaft waiting for the rush of air from the heavy fall of ground. Not a man of them would go below. Mad as a wild bull, Dan got on the cage, and I stepped on with him. He had been too good a friend for me to quit him there. Half way down I lighted me candle. The stranger was standing beside me.

"You here," I says.

He winked at me. "I never overlook a bet, pardner, when there's going to be fun." He pulled a long, bright candle-stick from his shirt, and I gave him a candle. "You're the stuff," I says.

Ed Dunlap was sitting in the drift with his face in his hands. Pulling the shift out with the ground working over him had broken his nerve. We ran past him into the stope.

Standing there, huddled together like sheep, waiting for our eyes to get accustomed to the dark, was a deal to test the iron in a man's blood. The hanging wall hung over us like a thunder-cloud. Every second I expected the forked lightning to break out of it, and to let the whole thing in with a crash and roar. The timbers were crying and groaning, taking weight, and, now and then, a pine's heart would break with a report like a shot. In the roof overhead, the quartz was grinding like snow underfoot. It was working out, striking the timbers, and running down the footwall in a stream.

I was weak and sick with fear of the thing hanging over me so long, and Dan himself couldn't make the move—only the stranger kept his head.

He ran up the timbers like a cat, and gouged with his candle-stick in the cross-joints of the sets. "The squeeze is from the hanging," he calls down. Jabbing his candle-stick in a willow pole, he ran his light over the hanging wall. "And she's coming big; there's no crack in the wall." He skinned up to the roof with his light. "She's working beyond the quartz," he yells down; "and she's arched in like a bridge; hold the quartz in place and she can't come."

That was the key to it; we took heart and flew at it. The gang on top sent down timbers, blocks and wedges; Dan and Ed brought them in, and Jim and I caught up the ground. That

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boy was a miner for you! He would pick up a big stull, bear fashion, set it under a belly of heavy ground, throw a head-board behind it, catch it with a wedge, and turn his hammer into a half-circle of steel, driving her home. The quartz fell like rain with every blow.

We worked on until the roof looked like a pin-cushion. The stulls began to cut into the set-timbers, taking weight, and the grinding and popping eased off. Next, we brought down pine logs—good old-timers—and threw them across the waist of the stope as thick as they could stand. They took the weight and held. We went out, and left her as dark and silent as the grave, and as safe as God's pocket.

On top Dan asked the lad his name:

"Jim Carroll."

"Well, Jimmy, you can come on tomorrow night, and bring all your friends." I took him home to me cabin—that was a pardner for Murphy.

The sun was high when we hammered into the boarding house to get breakfast. The old woman fired out the chinks, and brought in our grub herself. And little Mary, back in the dark family-room, was all eyes for the tall young fellow with his light hair matted with blood. Poor old Dan!

Dan took Jim to see Mary, when we changed to the day-shift, just as he brought her everything else that was going. Jim had been around a good deal and could spiel Mary's brand of talk. It was a pretty show they put up with their "Miss Daniels," and their "Mr. Carroll." And the boys soon were saying Jim was finding smiles in the bottom of his lunch bucket.

It was little Ed Dunlap knew of women, and little chance they had for his good opinion. He thought Mary ought to be run out of camp. "I never knew it to fail, Murphy," he says, hammering his hand with his fist. "The first woman that comes to camp always gets some good man killed. There 's that one at the boarding-house now; she's not satisfied with making a sucker of Dan, but the moment Jimmy comes to camp, she's arching her neck, prancing around him. Yesterday, Dan brings her a little present, and she breaks out crying, and says she can't take it—his stuff isn't good any more. Dan thinks she's hurt about something, and sends to Prescott this morning to get her some jewelry."

That wasn't right. It was the old woman's fault Mary ever took Dan's junk, and I told Ed so.

"Ye-e-s," he says, "it was the old woman's fault! And it's the old woman's fault about Jimmy, I suppose. You know, your-

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self, that the old woman's got no more use for Jimmy than the devil has for holy water. The old woman can't give that girl any pointers—they learn those tricks at school, Murphy."

When young folks come together, naturally old folks should give way; but they never do. Jim was always dragging me along to see Mary—he knew I stood in with the old woman. One evening in early fall, we were sitting outdoors to avoid the heat. It was a dark night, and so lonesome, with the big mountain swallowing us up, that it put the old woman to talking old times. She was asking me what they were doing now in this camp and that camp, when a flash of heat-lightning showed us a pretty picture. Mary's head was against Jim's shoulder, and her little hand was nesting in his two big ones. The old woman's talk broke off short, and we both hunted our hats. There was no more holding hands—the old woman wouldn't have him around the house.

It was hard lines for Mary after that. The old woman didn't like Jim's style, and she never missed a chance to throw it up to the girl about his drinking and gambling. Mary took it all out of Dan when he came along with his jewelry. She ran to her room and locked herself in, turning the key so he could hear.

"Why are you always pestering me," she says. "Can't you see that I hate you?"

Dan stood like he had caught a blow in the face, and looked wondering at her mother.

"It's all on account of your fine Jim Carroll," breaks out the old woman. "He's been filling her head with big yarns of where he's been and what he's done—"

That was enough for Dan; he threw his trinket on the floor and walked out.

Dan went about the camp like a bad Indian, speaking to Jim with cold hate in his eye, and avoiding me—he thought I was in on a play against him. There was nothing to be done but to let the thing work itself out. But every time there was a fight in the saloons, I went running—I was that afraid Dan would pick a quarrel with Jim, and kill him.

We changed back to night-shift, and every afternoon Ed Dunlap came limping across the rocky wash to our cabin to talk Jim out of his notion for Mary. "Bunk-house stiffs, like you and me, Jimmy," he says, "have no use for a woman. These milk-faced counter-jumpers, with their stink bottles and bow-knots like flash-molls, they're the boys for the women, Jimmy. What a man like you wants to do is to get out and find something. Here's you and me and Murphy—and I know a fine piece of country that's not half run over—let's get out and find a mine of our own."

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Jim laughed and shook his head. "No," he says, "my game's right here. And I don't quit because another man can't stand to lose."

Late one afternoon, Jim came home from town, thinking mighty serious. He sat on his bunk for a long while without speaking, staring straight ahead of him. At last he threw off his trouble, climbed into his digging clothes, and went on shift.

As soon as things were easy on shift, Ed Dunlap came around, bursting with news. "The bubble's broke, Murphy," he says; "the show-down's come."

"How's that?"

"Didn't Jimmy tell you? No? Well—there was a play made this afternoon at the Silver Dollar. Jimmy was having a little game for himself against the bank, and Dan comes in and buys chips. Dan keeps taking Jimmy's bets, and the boys are looking and wondering. Jimmy says nothing—he acts the man right through. Finally, he reaches for a bet and Dan claims it. 'If you need money, Dan,' he says, 'I'll lend you some.' Of course Dan wouldn't take that talk, and the two face each other on the floor. Jimmy wouldn't fight. He folded his arms and looked Dan in the eye: 'It's not the money, Dan,' he says. 'Your money is mine, and my money is yours. When you come to me square on the proposition, and show me where I've done you wrong, we'll settle it.' And the boys took Dan away. We all know why Jimmy wouldn't fight, but he don't know that we know. He's had to take water before the camp, and the thing will work on his mind until he'll have to declare himself. Jerry, something's got to be done; we can't stand by, and see the two best men in camp, fighting over a damned woman."

Jim was drilling away with a machine in a drift on the eight hundred, opening up a new level. The throb of his drill came through the formation like the tapping of a woodpecker—talking about him made me notice it. Suddenly there came a sharp rap, like the rock was struck by a giant's hammer, followed by a deep, heavy report—and the sound of the drill stopped. The old miner by me side jumped like a prairie horse smelling fire, and ran for the cage to go below. Jim was blasted—that was what had come of his worry—he had drilled into a miss-hole.

They brought him up from below—a bloody rag of a man—and we packed him home. One of the boys ran to get the old soak of a doctor away from a poker game. When he had looked Jim over, I asked him what was the show.

"I can't see that any vital organ is touched," he says, "but his body is shot full of quartz. You know what this ore is—every cut from it makes a sore. He's such a powerful young fellow,

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with good nursing he might recover, but—," and he pointed to the gang around the bed.

I went outside. It looked like all day with me pardner. There was a light struck over at the boarding-house, and I remembered someone else had a right to know. Mary heard me coming, and met me at the door, her face as white as death in its frame of loose hair. "Oh, Mr. Murphy," she says, "is he badly hurt?"

I told her what the doctor said. She fell in a chair, crying.

"Was he—was he—intoxicated?"

I looked at the old woman. "Don't you swallow a word of that, sister," I says. "It was the brown eyes of yourself, dimpling in the quartz, that made him forget his work."

The girl rose up, her head thrown back, and the fine breast of her swelling out. "I'm going to him," she says.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," puts in the old woman, like a shot.

The girl ran around the room getting things together. "I will, I will, I will," she says, almost screaming. "I love him. I will not leave him to die alone among those men."

Women, in that kind of a deal, have a lot of sense. They never interfere with one another over a man beyond a certain point. I almost had to laugh, the way the old woman screwed up her hard old face—the boys always called her a tough formation—and helped the girl tear bandages.

When we got there, we found Ed Dunlap stumping about the room, making things handy—doing things the old woman did over again right after him. The boys fell back from the bed, and the women set to work with the doctor.

The hope of the girl made her the best doctor. She wouldn't have it that Jim couldn't get well. I thought, as I watched her binding him up as fast as the doctor cut him to pieces, that if loving a man could cure him, Jim would sure come around all right.

Jim was soon raving with the fever. I laid off to help nurse him, but it was little I could do but stand by while the woman fought over him for his life with the red devil that had him down. She won. There came a time when the fever left, his head cleared, and he tried to stretch out his hand to the girl. She ran to him with a cry—and I got me to hell out of there.

It was bright moonlight Christmas Eve when Jim and Mary married. The mountains were white with snow, and the camp was dark and still. Everybody was at the boarding-house, where the old woman had a fine dinner cooked up for the boys.

After the wedding I missed Dan and Ed Dunlap from the

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crowd, and found them outside, looking in on the laughing and joshing that was going on. Ed had come to the blow-out in his old canvas coat, and nailed shoes. I think he must have slept in that rig. I never saw him out of it.

"Well," I says, stepping down easy onto the rocks with me kid shoes, "Jim's got a long-haired pardner now."

"Yes," says Ed, "that's it. Murphy, what good is a man after he begins to lay heads with a woman? He's got no sand—always afraid of getting hurt. Got no use for the old boys—it will be Mary and the baby. Married men kill a camp. I never would stay in one after they begin to come in."

Dan was hurt bad; the lines of his face were like fire in the moonlight. "You know me, Jerry," he says in his slow way, "and you've known me for a long time. You would never have believed it, to hear it said that I would let any man take a woman away from me. If a man tackled me for a fight, he always got it, and he had to come back with lead if he wanted to win. But," he says, "the way things came—I couldn't hurt the boy. —It's all right as it is; he's the best man for her. But there's no place here for old Dan; I've handed in my time, and I'm going out tonight. No, no," he says, "I won't stay to have a talk made over me—I go out tonight."

He turned and walked up the wash, Ed Dunlap limping after him. Beyond the tumble of wild country, the Vulture Peak stood up like a thumb in the moonlight.

"I've always wanted to get over in that country, Dan," says Ed, pointing. "That Vulture property is not the only mine in that district."

I never saw either of them again.

Tucson, Arizona.

MOON-SHADOWS.

By TRACY ROBINSON.

ALAS, and alas, and a thousand times alas,
That the shadows, moon-shadows, of the palms upon the grass,
With the mother moon above them
And the countless stars that love them,
With the pallor of the early dawn must pass.

Strange pallor that comes stealing like a chill
On the quiet so profoundly deep and still,
With naught to mar the spell
Save the breakers as they tell
Their never-ending sorrow to the hill.

Colon, Panama.

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NAVAJO BLANKETS.

By A. F. SPIEGELBERG.

EVERYONE nowadays knows of Navajo Blankets, but as comparatively few have accurate knowledge I venture to present a few of my conclusions from twenty-three years of personal experience and observations among the Indians.

The Hopis were the first Indian weavers in cotton that we know of in the Southwest; for when the Spaniards first entered their villages, in the year 1540, they found them growing cotton and weaving it into various articles, such as dresses and "squaw-blankets" for the women, and dance-aprons and belts for the men. The Zuñis, where the Spaniards first entered in that year, also wove; but as the Hopis raised the material (cotton) and the Zuñis did not and were obliged to get it from the former, it is no more than reasonable to give the priority to the Hopis.

At this time and for many years after, the Navajo, their nearest neighbor, knew nothing as yet about weaving either in cotton or wool, but being a large and strong tribe continually waged war against the two former, who were not able to cope with them in such and bought peace with above-named woven articles and live stock; some of these weaves attracted the Navajo's attention, and first induced them to learn the art, as not enough of them could be obtained through this mode of exchange to satisfy their wants; hence, upon a guarantee of peace, the date of which cannot be given, but is tradition among them, both Hopis and Zuñis agreed to instruct them in the work. This, however, was not until after they had also learned to use wool, which was introduced to them by the Spaniards in two ways, to-wit: First, in fleece from sheep which they had brought along as provisions, and second, from a flannel (the Spanish name for which is "Bayeta"), which constituted part of their wearing apparel, and much attracted the Indians' attention on account of its fine red color, being a cochineal dye and much brighter than he could produce, and as such color could in no other way be obtained then, it dawned upon them to ravel this flannel, re-twist the threads and apply it in their weaving, thus the beginning of the renowned Bayeta blanket. This material in later years, 1850 to 1870, was imported by merchants of Santa Fé, New Mexico, at that time the largest supply point of the Southwest, first from Barcelona, Spain, and afterwards, an imitation of it (though in all respects as good as the original) from Manchester, England, and it is impossible for the best expert to detect one from the other.

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This flannel was not always of the exact same weight and shade of color, and hence the difficulty for many persons to determine the article.

To the collector there are three eras of Navajo weaving. The first are termed "old weaves," and are from natural-colored and from mineral- and vegetable-dyed wools.

The natural colors used were white, black and gray. Mineral and vegetable colors were obtained mainly as follows:

Red—from the bark of Alnus incana (Tag Alder), from the root-bark of Cercocarpus ledifolius (Mountain Mahogany), and from red ocher.

Yellow—from the flowering tops of Bigelovia graveolus, and Chrysothamnus (Rabbit Brush), and from yellow ocher.

Black—from the twigs and leaves of Rhus aromatica (Fragrant Sumac), and from charcoal.

Blue—from Indigo, introduced by the Spaniards. This was tested by the Indians by dipping a piece in water and lighting it, the flame determining whether or not it was of the desired quality.

Green—from a combination of either of the yellows named above with indigo.

The second, called the "go-between," its origin about 1875, was partly made from old-weave material and partly from Germantown, Zephyr, Saxony and other yarns.

The third, origin about 1885, was the so-called modern make, from Germantown, Saxony and other yarns and from natural wool and from natural wool aniline dyed.

There are several types of the old weaves, to-wit: the plain straight, of which there are far the most, the Diamond, the Diagonal, the Cord and the Wave weaves, all of which are produced by various manipulations of the loom. In making these, the Indian worked for his use and pride. They spun the threads fine, which was done with the old style spindle (a thin stick through a wood disc), and dyed with great care, using a mordant urine; then wound it into balls, which were passed by the hands through the loom, setting apart by count so many threads as necessary, each and every time of passing such balls, in order to bring out the desired design. Every article produced was intended to last for ages and be an heirloom. The consequence was a product of merit and art, which took a long time for its construction. These included Buck, Squaw and Saddle Blankets, Squaw Dresses, Dance Aprons and Belts, Hair and Legging Ties, and are today of priceless value. There is no one who can put a price on a fine specimen of this order, it being simply worth what the holder asks for it.

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The second class is partly good, as it retains to some extent both in weave and color some of the old traits, and will in a measure serve collectors with that part of them which is of the old type.

The third class, with the exception of those made from the natural colored wools—which are white, black and gray—and of good weave, are nothing for a collector and should be put aside, as they have been produced for market demands, coarsely made and of aniline dyes. To these may be added those of Germantown, Zephyr, Saxony and all other yarns, the former being ruined with the dye and the latter not representing an aboriginal product, except for the work performed in making up of the article, which is of no consequence, and being likewise of poor colors.

As to designs, some have meanings, others not. For instance, the cross represents the four cardinal points of the compass, and also good luck; then you have the male and female lightning, the latter being designated by the blunt end; the so-called cow, representing sacred inspiration or the horizon; the rain and sun clouds, the wind and animals, the sun, moon and stars, and the wall of Troy, the latter representing our path of life in this and the other world. These are about all the designs I know of that have specific meanings in blanketry, and several of these put together, may convey quite a history or tale.

Colors to some extent also have their meaning, as for instance: Red—strength, delight, etc.; blue—truth, fidelity, sincerity, etc.; white—purity, innocence, etc.; black—piety, sorrow, command or rule.

Much care should be exercised by the uninformed in the selection or purchase of a fine, good, old weave, as there are too many dealers who style themselves judges of such articles, but in fact know nothing at all about them, and have simply taken up this line of business for pecuniary benefits; and I may also refer to many tourists who chance to spend a few days in this section of the country and then put themselves before their friends and the public as experts, when in fact they have as yet the fundamental principles to learn. This does not alone apply to them in Blanketry, but also in many other respects. I would, therefore, suggest to any one who cares to purchase an old weave blanket, or anything else, to go to a reputable dealer in the respective line.

Santa Fé, N. M.

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THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

By WILMATTE PORTER COCKERELL.

IS IT not wonderful, José? Wonderful—Wonderful—" and the proud Carmencita held a tiny clay image up for inspection. "Have I not always told you that the good name brought with it a blessing? The providence of God is about such a one, José, mio. Now you will no more put Jesús to the sheep. Never, José, could you now do that. He must go to a school."

José shook his head. "If he goes to a school, what then, Carmencita? He cannot take again to the sheep. What is left? What is afterwards?"

A faint color showed in Carmencita's thin brown cheeks and a rare light came into her dark eyes. "It is always of the afterwards that I think. He may be a maker of laws, and he will have much money. Do you not remember the great money that Eduardo Gallegos was given, so that for a year they had beef for each day, and the baby that came that year is named 'Reprecentacio?' You must surely remember, José."

José replied gloomily, "Eduardo has drunk also much. There was drink as well as beef, and now he has no herds."

"It may be that he could not use God's gifts, but our Jesús—— the good saints will keep him, José. One day he will be of the very rich, and he will buy us chairs, and the pictures of each will be taken in a wide frame—and perhaps even a stove."

"I should not like to see you use a stove or sit in a rocking chair, Carmencita. The sheep's pelt and the oven have served our people for a very long time—yes, for a very long time. And there is no school."

Carmencita went on shelling the blue corn, which, when roasted and ground, would furnish the greater part of the family's food. It had been a year of bountiful harvests; for the snow lay deep on the mountains all through the winter, so there had been an abundance of water and the corn was plentiful. Indeed, there was corn and to spare—even the burros were given an ear each on feast days. The lambs had grown well, and long strings of chile hung drying at the door. "Surely," thought Carmencita, "it is the gift of the good saints, so that Jesús may be put to the school."

After a time José continued, "It is not good for the poor of the Mexicans to be of the law-makers; the money is cursed. It comes from evil.

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Carmencita said no more on that day. She kissed her husband and took a panful of the blue corn to the oven and set about roasting it. But deep in her heart was the cry, "My boy shall have a chance!" She was of the Pueblo blood, and for generations the women of her people had been rulers of the home. The children were always of the mother's clan; and the mother, or her people, fixed the destiny of the boy. The Spanish mixture had given her new surroundings and different traditions, but the old Indian strain was strong; and though she always appealed to her husband, her will dominated in the end.

Two weeks later José sent his herd to the mountains with his brother-in-law's. His nephew, Maximo, was to take care of both herds.

"It will cost almost half the spring wool," José complained to Carmencita. "We shall be again driven to get money on our little land, and this time we may lose all; for your father cannot again pay us free."

"Do not be sad, mio," said Carmencita. She was making a little cap for her son and felt happy indeed to think that on the morrow he would start to school.

"Do you think in a month he will read?" she asked.

"I cannot tell," José answered rather sourly.

"It must be a beautiful thing to read," Carmencita continued. "I feel the breath go from me when the Padre tells of the sea and of France, but to read—it would be like having a padre with a story always waiting for you."

José's eyes brightened. "I am glad that the little son will learn to read, but I wish there was more. I wish the school taught to make things—taught for the afterwards."

Carmencita sighed. She treasured the little clay image that Jesús had made when out with the sheep, and the patter around the fireplace that he had made with the red earth and whitewash.

"If he could make pictures or beautiful patterns for blankets or pottery," she said.

"That is true—always true," José answered. "The mission teacher says if we were in Cuba or some far-away land, perhaps the Government would be interested to give us schools to teach the makings," José continued; "but she should not be listened to, though she tells some things that sound very true."

"I cannot tell," Carmencita replied; "but I know this—she is of the very good. For nights she sat with Tutela's baby and she went not to her home at the time of smallpox; and you know, José, how afraid the Americanos are of the smallpox! They will even not shake the hand of one who comes from the home where is a diseased one. It seems to me without heart."

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One day Jesús came home with tears in his eyes. "The teacher is going away," he said to his mother. "She is going tomorrow, or another very near day."

Carmencita was alarmed, and hurried down the plaza street until she reached the teacher's house. Yes, it was true. The school was very small; for many would not send to her for fear of the displeasure of the priests. In the next valley there was a larger settlement, and she was to be sent there.

Carmencita made a great resolve—Jesús should have a pony and ride into the next valley. It was six miles, to be sure; but Jesús was almost nine, and he must learn more of the reading.

During the pleasant fall weather, the ride across the trail was very pleasant, and the little boy was glad, as he looked at the purple hills. His pony seemed to walk on air, as it picked its way along the trail, cushioned with fallen leaves. On every side were oak bushes, with leaves shaded with dull red and golden brown. All about were the low dark-green pines, and now and then a beautiful cedar, with light-blue berries gleaming among its silver. Jesús loved the glint of the bright trees, and every day he measured the distance between the valleys by the six cedar trees that grew near the trail. He gave sweet, fanciful names to the trees, and sometimes he saw them in his dreams loaded down with presents for the dear mother. One night there was a stove with shining bars and a wide oven, from which came great loaves of bread and a roast of beef. He had only a bowl of atole for supper, poor niño, and after his long ride it was not enough.

Early in December a message came from Maximo. He was in the midst of a bad storm, and must have help or the herds would perish. José and Manuel started at once.

"Jesús must stop from riding the trail now," José said. "There is likely to be snow any day now, and the child could not keep the trail in the storm."

"He shall be kept at the house after today," Carmencita answered.

José looked at the sky. "Tell him to start for home early today," he said, and rode away.

When Jesús started, Carmencita gave him his father's warning, and tied the knitted scarf about him. "Come early, mio," she said. "I shall wait for you at the top of the hill, by the silver cedar."

The clouds gathered quickly, and by noon the ground was covered and the air was full of great, thick flakes. Carmencita climbed to the top of the ridge, but she dared not go further or she would be lost. She wrapped her thin shawl tightly over her head and shoulders and sat down in the lee of one of the scrubby pines; but her clothing was a pitiful protection against such a storm. The cold soon made her numb and stiff. She began to cry and the tears froze upon her face—but still Jesús did not come. At last, frozen and afraid, she crawled back to the plaza and all night cried and moaned for Jesús.

Her friends tried to comfort her. "The child would never have left the school," they said. "The teacher would have kept him when she saw the storm."

But the poor mother-heart knew better. She could hear the

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childish voice say, "But I must go. My mother is waiting for me on the hilltop. My mother will get herself too cold if I do not hurry." She knew he had hurried and she knew he was lost. She begged the men to go and look for him; but the storm was terrible, and they would not believe he could have started.

At dawn Carmencita climbed the hill, calling through the soft, awful stillness, "Jesús!—Jesús!" and yet her heart knew she would never hear again the answer.

Around her was the great whiteness, and overhead the beautiful colors of the morning. Her breath turned to silver in the frosty air as she stumbled along, hardly daring to step lest the little body should lie there. And at last she found him—white and beautiful under the silver cedar, and the golden sun painted the air about him with the glory of the morning.

E. Las Vegas, N. M.

AMONG THE WHITE SANDS.

By ISABEL DARLING.

HERE lay an inland sea, heavy with bitterness,
Gnawing and clutching at its farther bounds,
Unreconciled, unshaded, fettered, dumb and lone.
The centuries, slow passing on their rounds,
Crept softly near and, in its fierce, defiant breath
Shriveled to moments, shrank affrighted by,
Dropping no token of their tenderness or late regret,
Weaving no mist to veil the burning sky.

In some unknown, uncounted past it had been one
With all the seas, for each remembering wave,
With helpless longing tortured, beat in rippling rage
Against its fellows; yet at length a cave,
With here and there a salty hollow on the plain,
Held scattered pools that, turning slowly gray,
Despairing, clinging, glaring hatred to the last,
Sank in the sands and they, too, passed away.

Waters to waters, dust to dust, each to its own!
As, through its long probation time of woe,
The sea was man's unconscious servant, grain by grain
Assorting, cleansing, tossing to and fro
The sullen, heavy sands, through age on patient age,
So swept the winds, with strong, uplifting grace,
Where neither tomb nor monument gave stony hope,
And lo! white peace shone on the desert's face.

Though Time, perchance, remember not that inland sea
Once pulsing with the ocean's throbbing heart,
And but these caustic crystals, dry as leprous grief,
Give token of its bitter life apart,
Here some crude Eden grew or some rank Sodom raged,
Here waits a Paradise; for, more and more,
The spade of industry is lifting dust from dust
Where lies the seed upon God's ancient threshing floor.

Dimond, Cal.

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TOWARD AMERICAN MUSIC.

By ARTHUR FARWELL.

THE moment we pause in our blind acceptance of things as they are, and scrutinize our vast musical life and institutions in America, we must be appalled to find that to the mass of music offered us, American influence, thought, talents and ideals contribute almost nothing. Strangest of all is this when today American composers and native resource are offering a wealth of composition and musical material of the highest order, sufficient wholly to revolutionize the present Germanic aspect of our musical life. Yet it is not strange when we recognize the vise-like grip which European musical tradition has upon the generation still in power in our musical life, a generation trained to take its nourishment from the past and the alien, and unable to adapt itself to the native regime and the new regime swiftly arising about it.

But the new generation, even of the musically untrained, is demanding a new musical diet. And the blinded devotees of decaying and expropriate faiths cry "Danger!" During a recent visit to the Pacific Coast, leaders of musical thought in more than one city said to me, "What is to be done? It is becoming more and more difficult to gain support for serious musical enterprises. All that the people seem to want is ragtime." Naturally—it is the only American music which they can get. The "serious musical enterprises" are all labelled "Made in Germany." What does a a busy American with a little time and money to devote to art want with an overture or a symphony redolent in its every bar of the conventionality and conformity of European court life, or of a laborious Teutonic philosophy? What does he want with a song that reflects the essence of German sentimentality, or draws up a picture of a life he does not know, in a language he does not understand—with a song whose chief glory is an over-refinement, a Parisian delicatesse at variance with all he sees in the life about him? What does he want with an instrumental work based upon ancient rules and conventions as utterly meaningless in the light of modern life as are slavery or feudalism in the face of American civilization? Or, what does he want of even the most clever American imitations of these older wares?

It is not rag-time that the American wants so badly—he merely wants something that is his own. Or does he really want rag-time? Very well then, let him have rag-time, exalted by our American composers as Rossini exalted the common song of the

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Italians, as Beethoven and Wagner exalted the common song of Germany, or Gilbert and Sullivan the popular ballad of England. Let our composers look to real American needs rather than to a fancied need of copying older forms; let them expand and exalt these new and latest forces in the common music of America rather than wield the spent forces of other lands and epochs. Then it will not be so difficult to gain support for "serious musical enterprises." Why should Americans expend their forces to support European traditions on American soil? Are there no American traditions to upbuild?

It seems scarcely necessary to state that of course it would be desirable that the average American should be universal in his sympathies, and should at least be able to take keen enjoyment in a masterwork of any age or country; for such a work is human for all time. And every individual truly desiring to grow in scope and range of thought must sooner or later arrive at such a broad sympathetic appreciation. But it is useless and wasteful of effort to pretend that such a condition exists before it actually does. We must work with the material that we have in hand, if we are not to waste our time building air-castles. And the materials in hand are men craving something that is their own, and crude material out of which to build that something. Now is the psychological moment to begin this work.

It is not merely in characteristic popular music that elements are found which afford that crude material. They are to be found in various forms of musical growth peculiar to America, or, through proximity, having reason to influence it. Also they must be found in the work of any liberated American composer who has been able to realize that his conceptions are not necessarily original, but may be dictated by tradition, and who has therefore learned to employ his peculiarly original powers. In other words, the elements for a great and characteristic national musical art exist upon our soil, chiefly as folk-song, though in some degree as spontaneous expression of American composers.

Let it not be thought that this is but another scream of the eagle. There is not the slightest reason to boast of American creative musical achievement; it can speak convincingly enough for itself upon the rare occasions when it, at its best, is granted a hearing. Let it not be thought either that we have the slightest desire to "cover mediocrity with a cloak of patriotism." It is merely desired to point out the present application of a natural law that has never yet been known to fail of operation, and to suggest that we perceive it in time and share in the power of its inevitable action, rather than appose it and thereby doom ourselves. This law is none other than the irresistible desire of all

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life to expand indefinitely and to seize upon every force which may help it to that end. In art evolution it reveals itself in the inevitable seizure of every force in a new land that may contribute to art's rejuvenation and expansion. Musical art in Italy fastened upon the "plain-song" of the church, an importation from Greece, and finally upon the common music of the folk. The same art carried to Germany was forced to nourish itself on German folk-song, and again, in projecting itself to Russia, inevitably underwent a similar experience. Literature passing to Ireland found awaiting it the heretofore inadequately developed Celtic genius and myth, and we witness the Irish literary revival. Or it passes to the rough, forceful and elemental phenomena of America and we have a Whitman.

A man makes himself felt in proportion as he develops his inherent powers, and a nation—a group of men in a given land—makes itself felt as it develops its own resources, both racial and climatic; that is, its powers through racial inheritance and accretion and through territorial acquisition.

What does this imply for American music? Simply that musical art in America can not rest, nor come to its full fruition, until it has assimilated every phase of musical life, however primitive, existing within America's borders. If any one doubts this, let him study the history of music and a little elementary logic.

Let us then to the task. What are the undeveloped musical resources of America? First, through racial inheritance, natural genius, Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic or otherwise, acting under new circumstances and therefore productive of new results. In other words, the spontaneous work of such American composers as we consciously or unconsciously freed from slavery to alien traditions, and are still not employing American folk-song. Second, through racial accretion, the folk music of the negroes—the plantation song—which, we have long known, has nothing to do with African music, and which we are beginning to recognize as a derivative form originally from the Spanish. Third, through territorial acquisition and consequent racial accretion, the various folk music of the many different tribes of American Indians. Beyond these are other American sources of musical life, as the characteristic songs of the cowboys, railroad makers, voyageurs, sailors, etc., all of which must be haled into court and tried before American musical growth will be satisfied. Also there are the folk-songs of Mexico, qualified by Spanish influence as they must be, yet which cannot but exert a powerful influence on the musical life of our Southwest. It is not a question of the mere desirability of employing these various native motives, wheresoever they may be found, but of the inevitability of assimilating them

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in our musical life. If we do not feed our musical life on this native diet which it craves, it will die. We can not continuously live on importations and imitations, we must have significant original productions. We must live our own lives.

The plantation song and its most obvious outgrowth, rag-time, has thus far qualified American music more than any other influence. The Indian music is now promising to be one of the most important factors. This is due to its intrinsic force and beauty, and to the intimacy of the Indian's relation to the history of all parts of these states, as well as to the powerful and suggestive mythology supporting it. In the still largely unrevealed subjective life of the Indian the ethnologist has found another world, rich in poetry, mystery, elemental philosophy, mythic lore, close to our own, yet generally unperceived by us in its true fulness and significance. Science has discovered this world; but the opportunity—the privilege—the need—of its ideal representation in terms comprehensible to all, falls to art. And since the Indian has entrusted so large a share of his own expression of his life and thought to music, the unearthing of this music and bringing it into the open of our musical life is one of the greatest and most obvious musical tasks before America at the present moment. And the west is necessarily the privileged sphere of this activity.

Perhaps the greatest need of the musical world of the East today is for her musicians to cease wasting their indisputable technical power in futile imitative effort, and to vitalize that power through the recognition and employment of the large unharnessed native musical forces of the West. And of the two greatest needs of the musical world of the west, perhaps the first is for western musicians to cease complaining because they are not east where they can hear things they do not want to hear anyway, and to inaugurate what they want where they are, and especially to build up a powerful and dignified musical life of their own with the material at hand. If this is not true, what is the use of independence? There is all the talent and energy on the Pacific coast that is needed to do this; all that lacks is co-operation, independence and courage of leadership. The musical life of the West needs American Leaders. There are thirty composers in San Francisco, some of whom are still writing German "Lieder," which, however good, must remain an absurd anatopism (the Rhine in California!), only one of whom is developing Mexican folk-music, and none of whom, I believe, are as yet seriously developing Indian music. If this statement is inaccurate I should be glad to be corrected. What, too, of the splendid western landscape—where are the instrumental and orches-

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tral compositions to match it? Where is William Keith done over into music? The second signal lack of the musical west is a knowledge of what American composers, especially the innovators, have already done. The east is also reprehensible for not inquiring in regard to the work of western composers. The Pacific has heard of MacDowell and Nevin, and in some places, of Chadwick and Foote. But what of Parker, Huss, Hadley, Gilbert, Tipton, John Beach, Loomis, Kelley (one of the biggest and a sometime Californian), Bullard, Brockway, Hill and others? What of the orchestral works, the songs and pianoforte compositions of these and others? Is it not time for a little filtration of the knowledge of American composers throughout America?

With the splendid enterprise, initiative and talent of the west, why should there be any longer a delay in the inauguration of a satisfying American musical life there? The material is all at hand; only leaders are needed, with the courage of American ideals.

The editor has asked me to write a brief sketch of my work and its purposes. I have, however, found it simpler to sketch the circumstances which exist as conditioning factors for present needful work. My own work has been merely to promote in every possible way, by the performance of radical American works, by their publication at my headquarters—the Wa-Wan Press, Newton Center, Massachusetts—by the study of Indian music, by experimental composition, etc., the attainment of the ends advocated in the present sketch. It is recognized that the ends finally to be desired cannot be fully seen at the outset. Real issues present themselves as work proceeds. The main thing needed is not to theorize and wish, but to get something done. Progress demands action.

Newton Center, Mass.

AT MIRAMAR.

By JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

MY SPIRIT leaps with laughing, shouting waves,
Ascends on soaring sea-bird's wings away
To isles afar, enveiled in mist and spray;
With clear, divining eyes I know their caves
Are shelters sweet, the rippling water laves
Their wide mosaic floors, the tides that stay
An instant only in their measured play,
Conduct the drifting guest who idly braves
Mysterious echoes in the voiceful gloom.
Yet dearer, sweeter this immortal bloom
Upon the seaward slope, whose verdure keeps
Eternally aglow, where never sleeps
Glad summer's vigil. Blest indeed is he
Who bides between these mountains and this sea.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

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One of the most gratifying episodes in the experience of the Southwest Society occurred within the month just past.

One of the strong State Normal Schools is located in this city. It is the filial custom of each graduating class to present the school with some gift. This year the young women and men of the Senior A Class decided that in place of a picture, a chair or a clock, or the ordinary routine present, they would give their Alma Mater a life membership in the foremost scientific body in this country, the Archaeological Institute of America.

This seems to me typical. I do not know of any other State in the Union where it would be likely to occur. And it is not only typical, it is not only a noble forecast for the young women and men who can see so straight and who are so risen above stupid conventions—it is a gallant example for other thoughtful student bodies in the other schools and colleges which sprinkle the Southwest.

This joint gift of the graduating class means that instead of

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a piece of furniture to become wrecked and antiquated and thrown into the cellar in a few years, or a picture to become mildewed and out of date, the school which gave them their working tools of life shall be permanently a member of a scientific body from which no real school can afford to hold aloof; that it will permanently receive the American Journal of Archaeology, to file in its library, keeping pace with the progress of archaeological research the world over; and that the school will be continuously in touch with what is ripest in American and international scholarship.

Among all the membership so quickly gained in an uncommon community, there is no one item of which the Executive Committee feels more proud, as a type and earnest of what Western civilization means.

At a trifle over four months old, the Southwest Society, the youngest of the fifteen affiliated bodies of the Institute, not only surpasses all in proportion to time and population; in actual membership it has already outstripped ten of them! The following table shows the affiliated societies of the Institute, the year of their founding, and their life and annual membership at the time of the latest annual report, August 31, 1903; with figures for the Southwest Society founded since that report. It will be seen that the present membership of the Southwest Society surpasses that reported by the Baltimore, Pennsylvania, Chicago, Wisconsin, Cleveland, Connecticut, Michigan, Iowa and Pittsburg societies (founded from 1884 to 1903, and all covering far greater populations). It also exceeds the San Francisco Society founded just before it.

Society.	Yr. founded.	Membership. Life.	Annual.
Boston	1879	104	190
New York	1884	39	200
Baltimore	1884	11	40
Pennsylvania	1889	6	72
Chicago	1889	5	72
Detroit	1889	22	107
Wisconsin	1889	4	24
Cleveland	1895	2	49
Connecticut	1898	5	67
Missouri	1900	0	17
Washington (D. C.)	1902	8	114
Iowa	1902	1	16
Pittsburg	May, 1903	1	66
San Francisco	Nov., 1903	—	—
Southwest (L. A.)	Nov., 1903	8	77

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Doubtless many of these societies will show a gain at the next annual report in November; but within the same interim the Southwest Society intends to make a margin which will still keep it in the lead—and perhaps overtake another of its elders. This fair warning is given frankly and in time, that they may all bestir themselves. If any of these societies can regain the lead, the Southwest would like to see them do it; but they will have to "push on the reins."

The membership is growing so fast that it is impossible to keep printed lists of membership up to date. Last month the list to March 30th was printed, with five life, and sixty-one annual members. Since that issue the following membership has been secured:

Life Members.

Los Angeles State Normal School, by Senior A Class, Los Angeles, Cal.
Rev. Juan Caballeria, Plaza Church, Los Angeles, Cal.

Annual Members.

Ross T. Hickox, Board of Directors, Los Angeles Public Library.
Newman Club, Los Angeles.
Franciscan Fathers, St. Michaels, Ariz.
Sam T. Clover, Editor Los Angeles Express.
Madame Helena Modjeska, El Toro, Cal.
W. S. Bartlett, President Union Bank of Savings, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dr. J. A. Munk, Los Angeles, Cal.
Southern California Academy of Sciences, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Frank Wiggins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Col. A. H. Sellers, Chicago, Ill.
Paul Morton, 1st Vice-Pres. A. T. & S. F. R. R., Chicago.
J. W. Kendrick, 3rd Vice-Pres. A. T. & S. F. R. R., Chicago, Ill.
Geo. Barton French, University Club, N. Y.
F. W. King, Los Angeles, Cal.

Circulars of the Institute, copies of the constitution of the Southwest Society, and list of officers and members to March 30, 1904, will be sent upon application.

Subscriptions for the purchase of the collection of historic paintings which hung in the old Franciscan Missions of California until they were pillaged in 1834, now reach the following figures:

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Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce	$100
Los Angeles Public Library	250
A Member of the Landmarks Club	200
Henry W. O'Melveny	25
R. N. Bulla	25
W. W. Neuer	25
William Mead	25
Percy R. Wilson	25
H. Jevne	25
W. C. Patterson	25
Harrison Gray Otis	25
	$750

Besides the purchase price of the collection ($1000) it is of the highest importance to raise $200 or $300 additional for the immediate fortification of the pictures. With many of these the canvas is so ancient that it is in constant peril, and these should be mounted on panels of seasoned oak without delay. By the time a picture is two hundred or three hundred years old, the best of canvas grows weak; and some of these pictures—particularly those produced in the missions themselves—are on far from the best canvas. Properly mounted, these will last indefinitely; if not properly mounted, they may go to pieces at any time. The proper time to do this work is at the time of purchase, and before installing them temporarily in the Chamber of Commerce, where thev will be held and exhibited until the Society has ready its fire-proof museum quarters.

During April the work of the Society was presented to a representative audience in Riverside, under the auspices of the Women's Club, and much interest was aroused in the preservation of the folk-songs.

During the month of April also, the Society has secured phonographic records, not only of several Spanish songs of great beauty, but of ancient folk-songs in no less than fourteen different Indian languages, ranging from the Klamaths in Northern California to the Pimas of Arizona and the Mayos of Northwestern Mexico.

The matter of the Southwest Museum is being actively prosecuted by the Society and is making admirable progress. There are already pledged to it in immediate gifts and loans three collections worth $1000 each, and two collections worth about $500 each; besides a bequest of a collection worth at least $20,000. All these figures are extremely conservative. The Caballeria collection, for instance, which is here included in the $1000 class, is worth at least four times that amount.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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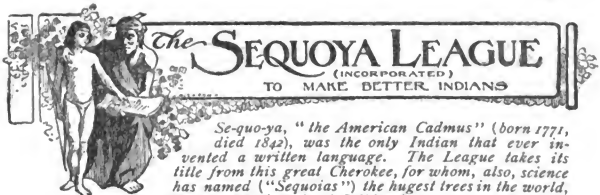

Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, ***the giant Redwoods of California.***

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THREE years ago it became necessary for the people of Southern California to make a public campaign involving a great deal of hard work for many months, to keep the government, through its usual machinery of inspectors and other red tape, from paying $70,000 for a $30,000 property, as a home for the evicted Warner's Ranch Indians. Protests from hundreds of individuals, from organizations, from communities, were rained down upon Washington, and the active efforts of Senator Bard were persistent in the same line. It required a campaign much more unrelenting than that of the renowned Alexander, who

> "Fought all his battles o'er again,
> And thrice he routed all his foes,
> And thrice he slew the slain."

But after four months' agitation, and after proving several dozen times to the dissatisfaction of the officials that the Inspector's proposed "bargain" was a swindle on the Government and an unspeakable outrage on the Indians—and particularly after interesting the President of the United States in the matter—the red-tape deal was temporarily suspended and a Commission was appointd to See About It.

A few months' work by the Commission and its friends, with the active interposition of President Roosevelt several times, finally brought about the purchase of a satisfactory location for the Warner's Ranch Indians—a location half as large again as the one protested against, and worth, for the Indians or anyone else, ten times as much.

Perhaps it should not be necessary to have so extensive an expenditure of public anxiety and protest in order to secure

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proper action by a department of the Government organized to maintain, and academically presumed to be competent to conduct, certain affairs; and perhaps, too, it is not really the fault of the Department that such interposition is necessary. It may be that, as we are constituted, Congressmen and Senators will not permit the Indian Bureau to conduct such matters properly until there comes to be a loud enough public outcry. But however this may be, it might just as well be understood now as later, that if it needs public pressure to induce the Department to deal reasonably with its wards in the Southwest, that pressure will be supplied. We have the people, and the kind of people; and when a situation is neglected too unutterably long, or a transaction is too unutterably botched, this population can be depended upon for the revolt which is the hardest but the highest test of good citizenship.

It is expected that within a few weeks there will be in Southern California a permanent organization whose first work will be to take up the disgraceful neglect of most of the Mission Indians by the Government. Out of more than 3000 of these Indians on more than thirty reservations, not half are in even tolerable circumstances! With the exception of Morongo and Pala, there is not a single Mission reservation which is not a disgrace to the Government and to civilization. With two or three other exceptions, there is not a reservation whose Indians are not in actual want. Many of them are on the literal verge of starvation. This is not the fault of their improvidence, for they are pathetically faithful to the soil. Wherever they have a square rod that is cultivable, they cultivate it. The trouble is that they have been pushed by squatters out of the fertile valleys they owned and occupied, and that a remote and careless Government has allotted them reservations unfit for the tenancy of horned toads. In Washington they look at the generous map of California; and having heard of its orange crops, conclue that any square mile of it is "good enough for anyone." But there are all kinds of lands in California, ranging from the Garden of Eden to the Deserts of Sahara—and the Indians have the deserts exclusively.

The innocence which gave the Indians these starveling acres was not surprising; the National Capitol is a long way off; and what it doesn't know about the West would cover the whole East with octavo volumes stood on edge. But the perennial refusal to better these conditions, after the Government has been for twenty-five years fully and repeatedly informed, not only by common Americans, but by its own sacred emissaries—this is harder to understand.

The condition of the Mission reservations has been graphically and truthfully laid before the Government time after time; has been recognized officially by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for decades, and in many reports—and is today rather worse than it has ever been.

In buying a new home for the Warner's Ranch Indians, the Commission not only got better land and more of it for these exiles; it saved $23,700 of the sum appropriated by Congress for the purchase of lands; and later procured this $23,700 to be made

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available for the purchase of lands contiguous to, and for the relief of, other reservations "not now provided with suitable homes." In its final report, the Commission specifically advised where this sum could be used to relieve eight other reservations, including 720 Indians. This was promised by the Department to be done. That was two years ago. The memory of the circumlocution office has been jogged many times since, both privately and in print. Half of the Mission Indians have continued to go hungry, including the 720 who had no right to go hungry any longer, since the Department has had in hand the money to relieve them, and the official specifications for the use of that money. And instead of having used this $23,700 for the purposes for which it was appropriated, and authorized, the Government is spending it on the Indians at Pala, who have already a valley that any American community in California would be proud to own; who have a better water supply than any similar community in the West; who have been given houses, and who are being paid wages to improve their own farms. Besides the money to buy them land, Congress set aside $30,000 for their removal and their maintenance until they should become self-supporting. Besides this, the Department has a special irrigation fund out of which it has been building them a costly cemented irrigation system. No individual could do business in California successfully on the lines which have been followed by the Government on this reservation. The best irrigation experts in the West could have put in a better system of cement ditches at half the money, and would have had them done and in use today—whereas the Government has made a mere beginning on an extravagant plan and not one chance in ten that it can be in working order even this coming summer!

And meanwhile, within a dozen miles of Pala, the Temecula Indians, whose historic eviction is one of the darkest pages in California history, are almost starving. The Pala Indians have water enough for double their population, measured by any standard of any white community in the State. The Temecula Indians have not even enough water for their stock!

If the Volcan reservation (Santa Ysabel) could be taken bodily East, with its people, and shown to the American public, it is not too much to say that the Indian Department would hear so many things to its disadvantage that only its least sensitive clerks would cling to their positions. The same is true of the reservations of La Posta, Manzanita, Cuyapipe and several others. It is absolutely inconceivable to Eastern people (including Washington officials)—and is not realized even by most Californians—how God-forsaken, hopeless and impossible are these reservations on which the Government has corralled those whose misfortune it is to be its wards.

Since nothing else seems to serve, the campaign will be begun over again; and the matter of the present condition of the Mission Indians will be taken up with the Department, with Congress, and with the President, by organized public sentiment in California; and the thing will be "hammered away at" until there is relief.

C. F. L.

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TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS
AND OTHER HISTORIC
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

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REMEMBERING that the chief building at one of the four Missions in its charge could not be replaced today for $100,000; and that all these Missions have been exposed to the untender mercies of the elements and the even more heartless attacks of vandals, some idea may be had of the magnitude of the task the Landmarks Club has set before it in protecting these noble monuments.

At each of the four missions extensive work has been done, and the most important work first; but at each there still remains an enormous amount of repair and protection necessary.

All members of the Club who have not yet done so are urged to send in their membership dues promptly; and all who are not members are invited to join. Membership is one dollar per year; life membership $25. An illustrated pamphlet, showing the work of the club thus far, will be sent free upon application.

No good housekeeper can afford to be without the Landmarks Club Cook Book; the only work which gives a large number of authoritative Spanish-American and old California recipes. It can be had at this office or from C. C. Parker, Bookseller, Los Angeles, for $1.50; by mail, $1.60.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, $7,101.75.

New contributions—$1 each: Mrs. Harvey Wheeler, Concord, Mass.; Mrs. S. Rios, Dr. J. A. Munk, Los Angeles; Vernon L. Kellogg, Stanford University; Mrs. L. F. Darling, Riverside; Juliette Estelle Mathis, San Francisco.

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EARLY CALIFORNIA REMINISCENCES.

By GEN. JOHN BIDWELL.

V.

NEARLY all the grants of land by the Mexican government in the Sacramento Valley were made in the year 1844, and that was the year when nearly all the settlements were either begun or contemplated, but many interruptions and obstacles occurred in those days. One of them was the insurrection which resulted in the expulsion of the Mexican governor, Manuel Micheltorena, in the spring of 1845.

Early history of California under the Mexican rule will show that it was almost a rule of the native chiefs of California to make insurrection and expel the governors sent from Mexico. To do this, almost any pretext would answer, and very little military demonstration would suffice, as the governors had nothing that they could call an army with which to make resistance. The Mexican governors were to the native chiefs of Spanish descent a kind of foreign rulers, and it did not take long after a governor was sent out to deprive him of the public revenues such as they were, and make him long for even loaves and fishes. With the exception of the priests in charge of Missions, to whom tithes were sometimes paid, the only revenues of a public nature were duties on goods sent to the coast by Boston vessels to trade for hides and tallow. These duties probably amounted per year to the nominal sum of $200,000 or $300,000, paid not on goods, but *in* the very goods upon which duties were levied. Four to six vessels per year came thus laden with goods. The Mexican tariff on a cargo of goods which cost in Boston six cents per yard, $30,000 to $40,000 being the first cost of the cargo, would be about the same sum, and the goods were counted out in payment of duties, as I am informed, to the Mexican officials, at 25 to 40 cents per yard, and doubtless other goods in like proportion.

Small as were these revenues, the goods thus received were greatly needed and desired by the hungry ex-officials.

Govenor Micheltorena came from Mexico, as before stated, in 1843, bringing with him some 500 soldiers, well knowing, as did every intelligent Mexican, that he could not rely on the native Californians. However, his rule was eminently just, displaying no partiality between native and naturalized citizens. To sustain these soldiers and pay other expenses of administration of course used up all the scanty revenues, so grants of land were made to all native and naturalized citizens alike, who desired to settle and improve the country.

The prejudice against the naturalized citizens, especially those from the United States, on the part of the native Californians, was simply intense, hence it was not a difficult task for native leaders, especially such men as Castro and Alvarado, to arouse the people and to fan the prejudice into insurrection.

One of the pretexts was that the governor was giving all the lands to Americans. The insurrection began to take shape in October of that year, 1844. I went with Sutter to Monterey in that month to see the governor. We were the first to hear at San José that an insurrection was brewing, and learned that the place of rendezvous was to be in the San José Valley or beyond. To go from Sacramento to Monterey, then the capital of California, we traveled on horseback, camping out all the way, consuming about five days, the distance being about 200 miles. We gave the governor the first intelligence of the uprising. In a few days the first blow was struck by an

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attack upon the men guarding his cavalry horses, which were all driven away in a single night, and the governor and his small army left entirely on foot. Everything was in confusion and consternation. Sutter hastened by water to the bay of San Francisco, and finding his own schooner there, lost no time in reaching the fort at Sacramento. As for myself, I remained about three or four weeks till the governor with his infantry forces marched to San José in pursuit of the insurgents under Castro and Alvarado. Unable to overtake them, the general had to return to Monterey. I set out to return by land to Sacramento and met the governor returning to Monterey. In an interview lasting more than half an hour, he reiterated his friendship for Americans, and told me to tell them that he would make good all titles promised them, and to counsel them to remain loyal to Mexican rule, and not take part in the insurrection. Arriving at the Mission San José, I there met Castro and Alvarado and all their forces. They too professed friendship for Sutter and the Americans, and advised to take no part in upholding the Mexican government.

On my arrival at Sutter's Fort, I found that Americans and other foreigners had begun to come from all parts of the coast to consult in regard to their own safety on account of the insurrection. It was unanimously agreed that our duty and our safety lay in standing by Governor Micheltorena, who had proved himself not only our friend as an impartial ruler and in promising us grants of land, but a friend to the best interests of the entire coast, so we organized and prepared to march from Sacramento to Monterey in his defense. All this took considerable time. The last week in December, 1844, however, saw us ready and on the march. Our forces, under Sutter, consisted of about ninety Americans and other foreigners, and 120 Indians armed with carbines. The white men generally were armed with rifles. We had also a few pieces of small cannon. A messenger was sent by us to the governor. He returned in due time and was sent again. His name was Pablo Guiterrez. He was a native of Sinaloa, Mexico, and was friendly to the cause in which we were engaged. On the second trip, he was taken prisoner, and being found to be the bearer of letters from us was hanged at a place near the present site of the town of Gilroy. The governor met us in the Salinas valley, and it was resolved to pursue the insurgents, who fled towards Los Angeles. All the winter was occupied (it was now about the second week in January) in a march to Los Angeles.

The rebels barricaded the coast near San Buena Ventura and detained us three weeks. On the 22nd of February we met and gave them battle at Cahuenga, twelve miles this side of Los Angeles. This aroused all of Los Angeles in favor of Castro and Alvarado, and Captain Bill O'Fallen, with a trapping party of thirty trappers, joined their side. I was aide-de-camp. When we saw the Americans there, we said the Mexicans and the Indians could fight it out. The Americans would not fight. I told the governor that the Americans would not come. I was made a prisoner and made to pull ropes of the cannon, but I mounted a horse and ran away. They wounded five or six horses with grape shot. Sutter and I joined the governor, and they took us prisoners. Castro met Sutter and kissed him and was glad to see me. He sent us to Los Angeles.

Our men kept their word, but the other hunters and trappers fought against the governor and made him capitulate, and compelled him to leave the country.

This was known as the Micheltorena war.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE GAME AND THE CANDLE.

There seem to be only two good reasons why whist is not, nor never shall be, really "popular." Progressive whist hath, indeed, a certain pinky vogue; but that is because it is no more Whist than it is Progress. In true Progress, as in whist, you really have to Close your Face and Play Cards. In both, also, you can Follow Suit part of the time—but part of the time you have to Lead. And to "hould your whisht" is almost as uncomfortable as to think, in modern civilization.

The Game of War at Sea is become almost as intellectual as a smart-set function—and the booby prizes are being won at every table, hands down. Time was that a sea-fight was perhaps the most Gallant Rumpus that ever warmed a ruddy heart; when John Paul Jones, or Perry, or Nelson, or Worden or Farragut, Met the Enemy and he was Theirn—there was something Human for you; when wooden ship to wooden ship, and man to man, yard-arm to yard-arm, portholes rubbing, the very spars wrestling together, and fire and steel and men's red blood all in the deadlock; when the dissevered sea-dog would

"just lie down and bleed awhile,
And then get up and fight again"—

that, for sure, was the Heroic Age of naval warfare.

But now? Just as brave men sail the seas today behind the long-range barkers—just as brave, and more ingenious. But there will never be such another sea-fight as that of the "Constitution" and the "Guerriere." There can't be. It's now like courting by long-distance telephone. In love or in war, the chief satisfaction is in Getting Alongside.

Since Ironclads were invented, they have killed more men of their own than the enemy has killed. The "Camperdown" in a peaceful "review" outstripped in mortalities most of the great Naval Battles in the world's history. The "Petropavlovsk" swallowed in its iron belly more men than an enemy's cannon-balls could have slaughtered in a week's fighting. Our own "Missouri" on "target practice" kills more of its very crew than were lost by the United States in the whole Spanish-American "war." But while we Roast Niggers, and haul our corn on Mud Roads,

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and send Pinheads to Congress, or kill off more railroad Passengers every year than are slain in the average war—all because we "can't afford" anything better—we spend eighty millions a year to build burglar-proof coffins for our navy. I used to know a four-year-old lady, taking her Latin with the A. B, ab, who remarked one day: "Mamma, I told Papa that cow is vaca. **Ain't I smart!"**

An armored battleship, with her giant muzzles poking 20 feet outward, is a truly impressive sight for the landlubber in any American port. But if 10 per cent. of our plain Americans had ever been 'tween-decks on one of these iron grave-yards—it is rather safe to say that another battleship would never be built in America. Now and then the newspapers tell us of some rural crank who frames his own coffin and sleeps in it; and we smile indulgent. But We as a People build coffins for 600-at-a-whack —and lay the "subject" in alive. The present "art" of Naval Warfare is somewhat like a duel in which the interested parties mutually enter a Safe-Deposit Vault, each with his stick of dynamite, fuse lighted, and close the door. The fellow whose explosive goes off first is adjudged to have lost, and the other man is privileged to pinch his fuse.

"Ain't we smart!"

What to Do? Well, to keep the agued politician from shaking his joints asunder, we might fortify our coasts—which no Power on earth, nor combination of Powers, will ever attack, unless we insist on being such fools and bullies that the collective common-sense of Mankind cannot escape teaching us what we ought to know for ourselves if we used what brains we have. And we might leave it for other "World-Powers" which don't know enough to be Republics to be also Imitative Idiots enough to build Floating Cemeteries.

The newspapers have recently discovered that "A Whitehead torpedo costs $2500, and can sink a $5,000,000 battleship." Beautiful example of the cart before the horse! To some minds it would occur—"A five-million-dollar battle-ship can be sunk by a $2500 torpedo." And there are even a few Old Fogies who will add—"and (just incidentally) along with the irresponsible five million dollars that Congress votes, the lives of 600 Americans."

The young men we orate about have no commercial value (in Congress). If they are fools enough to embark in the tomb provided by government—the fault's their own. But as "practical" persons, the dollars do count—for if Congress votes them, it doesn't pay them out of its salary. You and I have to do that.

Cr.—One battle-ship	$5,000,000
Dr.—One torpedo	2,500
Net loss	$4,997,500

*600 Cheap American Boys Thrown In.

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THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

The State Convention to form an association for the rehabilitation and actual building, as a modern "good road," of the historic Camino Real, was held in Santa Barbara, April 19th and 20th.

This Convention absolutely reversed the decision of the earlier Convention held at Los Angeles, whose proceedings have been ventilated in these pages. It unqualifiedly abandoned the proposition to fasten a fake upon the good name of California, and unanimously pledged itself to respect the romance and history and sentiment of the historic name which it invokes, even while it engages to undertake the building of a modern highway which shall meet every requirement of latter-day utility.

There was not a dissenting voice in the convention; and while the executive personnel and the matters of detail must be tried out with the fires of experience, the movement is now on honest feet of its own, and beyond reasonable doubt will walk on to success; stumbling now and then, but learning by its falls.

The outcome was equally gratifying to those who care for the lessons of history and for those who are simply seeking a good road. The Convention found that these two interests are twins, that they can work together—and that unless they do work together, nothing can be done.

A state organization has been formed with a central Executive Committee; at every settlement along this six hundred miles of historic highway, local camps or stations will be formed, local interest aroused and local contributions collected. With the fund thus acquired, surveys can be made; the original itinerary re-established by documents; engineers' plans and specifications for a standard road secured; and the work begun. When this shall have been done, we can go with a good face before supervisors, legislatures and the national government, and ask for public aid; and public aid will be forthcoming when the enterprise shall have marshalled an organization of thousands of voters who have proved not only that they want a certain thing, but that they have worked for it, that they know what they want and how to get it, and that they are not afraid to roll up their own sleeves. While it may not have many other points of resemblance to a certain exalted personage, human government does "Help those that help themselves."

Incidentally—a minor but typical detail—the convention officially expunged the amateur and illiterate use of the Spanish definite article "El." The official title is "The Camino Real Association."

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HE DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH.

Against all party and personal prejudice, Ex-President Cleveland won and held the high respect of at least one unimportant American for many years—purely by his manful (if tactless) ability to stand on his own feet, regardless of political clamor, of party pressure, of policy, of common politeness—or of anything else except his own rather Harveyized head.

It takes a great deal to spill, with one tip of the bowl, respect so hard acquired; but Mr. Cleveland has succeeded in throwing away by a single letter the vital endorsement of many whom his integrity had convinced against their will.

We still deem him an honest and a fearless man; but no American who knows the history of his own country, and the reasons for that history, can ever again look up to Mr. Cleveland with quite the same feeling after reading his latest letter, in which he takes great pains to assure us that he never so far forgot himself as to think of "inviting a Nigger." Some wicked person had accused Mr. Cleveland of being as human as Roosevelt proved himself in the Booker Washington incident; Mr. Cleveland, calmly and without undignified indignation, gives us to understand how utter was this mistake.

This is a pity.

Somewhere near one-half of the voters of the United States are Democrats; all those of the other half that ever got motion on their head-works, like to believe that the Other Fellow, even if politically mistaken, is just as good an American, and just as manly a man; and we judge parties, naturally, by their representative men. The Democratic party has no more eminent representative than Grover Cleveland. In many ways, this American now alive who has twice been President of the United States, may stand for a fine type, not only of his party, but of his country. But the man who takes pains to write a letter particularly denying that he ever condescended to recognize, as a full grown human being, any representative of the eight million Americans who are darker colored than he, and you, and I—he needs to go to the kindergarten to learn what Americanism means.

AND NOW WHAT

A fakir and a boodler all his life, Senator Burton of Kansas has at last his "come-uppance." It is said that he is the first United States Senator that has ever been convicted of crime during his incumbency—perhaps another indication of the chief reason why the average American has inadequate respect for the law.

We are, as a people, even in this sophisticated day, rather given to venerating principles. It is its administration which

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has brought the law into contempt. It is easy to suspect; it is, unfortunately, rather human to suspect too much; but unless Senator Burton should have had illustrious predecessors, the average American citizen is a little more of a fool than he can properly be charged with being.

At any rate, for what we have received, O Lord, make us duly grateful. If one senator has been cinched, there is hope for others. There is hope, too, when a judge made by our political machinery, and capable of being undone by it, can sentence a United States Senator and say to him: "The law of the land is equal to any emergency." This Kansas judge deserves well of the Republic—not alone for a righteous verdict, but as an example to give heart to his countrymen.

If we can find the complaining witnesses against the pompous gentlemen who betray us in their high offices, we shall still find American judges who will render them justice for what they have done.

And it is now up to Congress to say whether a proved boodler is good enough to keep his seat. Technicalities may be fetched in; but no person of horse-sense, who pauses to consider how hard it is to convict a common rascal, and how incredible the difficulty of getting a Senator "in the door," will ever doubt that the verdict of that St. Louis jury, and the sentence of Judge Adams of the United States District Court, were just.

There is a "wow, a wiot, a wumpus," to unseat one United States Senator, not for anything he ever did, but because a man in the same church hasn't deserted the mothers of his children. Is a self-acting thief any better? The Senate's dignified coat-tails cover many a dusty mark of the toes of Public Opinion; but this first legal conviction of a senatorial grafter is an imprint no broadcloth will hide. The Senate is on trial as neither it nor many of its oracles seem to realize. If it doesn't disinfect itself of Burton mighty quick, the average American will know why.

ANDY'S HERO CO., LIMITED.

Even those who are most easily discouraged by the tendency of mankind to be stupid as long as possible, find a certain resiliency in the fact that even the most hermetic do learn, although slowly.

Probably almost any person who has not a million could use it more wisely than almost any person who has. That process of gradual curvature of the spine to acquire and carry a financial burden which is beyond what man was calculated to bear, unquestionably reacts upon the nerve-centers, including the optic nerves. The men who inherit millions know, of course, as little about the cost of money as of its uses; and those who have given

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their lives to earning millions, by the same token lose the ability to judge what they had better buy.

It is only fair to record that the Beneficent Scot whose modern occupation has been to pock the country with free libraries, built in the slavish image of local architects and mostly stacked with books it were as well not to read, has just now graduated to establish a Hero-Fund. This is a distinct gain in intelligence, and no loss in utility. There are already more public libraries than heroes—not to mention the incomparably greater circulation; and, as a matter of fact, we need heroes much more than we do current illiterature.

The only trouble is with the definition; and this which sticks in our daily craw is likely also to be the crux of the endowment. Red-hot heroes, á la Funston and the Have and Hold novels of New England spinsters, are bully in their way; we all like them, down to the most unheroic of us. If their families can be endowed; if it may be made as good as life-insurance for civilized man to stop a runaway team, with women and children trembling in the balance; or to swim out to the drowning; or to do any other thing beyond ordinary etiquette, it will be a gain—though the whole tendency of civilization is to make us take mighty good care of the head of our family.

It is not well to look a gift horse to long or too hard in the mouth; and the concrete recognition of heroism, even the most theatrical, is a step in advance. But what we really need is not so much Carnegie endowments, or Congressional medals, or newspaper whoops, as a general recognition of what heroism is the hardest, but, thank God, the most common.

Everyone who has had experience knows that almost any fool can fight with a crowd around him; it takes cowardice so extravagant as to be itself half heroic, to run away in battle. One who has "been there" is entitled to confess that it needs more courage to decline a duel than to fight one. Yet, at a general sweep, the heroism which is the greatest and the most effective is that which has none of the inspiration of numbers, of fame, or of dear vanity, to spur it on. For an easy instance—there are many heroisms in war, but the women who send their husbands, sons and lovers to the far-off and unknown danger, are not only greater heroes, but more vital ones, than those they send. One Does, the others Waits; and it is always harder to Wait than to Do. And, fortunately for the world, we Fight only once in a while, and we Live all the time. War develops its heroes one in a hundred thousand; but the cobbled ruts of daily life have a hero at every step. We don't need endowments, nor newspaper broadsides for the normal things of life, any more than we grudge them for the abnormal; but it is just as well for us to recognize personally—quietly, but habitually—the fact that the heroism which particularly makes the world persist is not alone in Assault, not merely in Doing, but oftener and longer and more numerously in unsensational and loyal Bearing.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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In the very first chapter of his *William Penn as the Founder of Two Commonwealths*, Augustus C. Buell, without at all knowing it, writes himself down as entirely unfit for the task he has assumed. He says:

> The character of William Penn presents three sides: the political, the commercial, and the religious. With the last-mentioned aspect the writer possesses neither the capacity nor the inclination to deal.

Now his religion is not only the sole key to an interpretation of Penn's character; it is the foundation on which his title to greatness rests. He was not successful commercially, nor as an administrator. His title to statesmanship rests wholly on the code which he drew up for West Jersey, and the charter of Pennsylvania. And whatever great new words were sounded in these had their root in the doctrines of the Society of Friends. More than that, there is no evidence that Penn would ever have founded a colony at all except for the purpose of putting into practice, for the first time upon this planet, those three mighty ideals which brought persecution to George Fox and his followers, and earned them immortality—political equality, religious equality, and equality before the law. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States sounded no higher notes than these, and it took almost a century, a civil war and the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Amendment to make them ring out as unmuffled there. If Quaker practice failed to equal Quaker ideals, the two were at least quite as near together as they are among ourselves a quarter of a thousand years later. Yet

> His [Penn's] very first effort as a lawgiver showed that he had grasped at least one great truth, namely, that while a man might be Quaker today and statesman tomorrow, he could not be both on the same day.

"Blind" is perhaps the wrong word with which to describe Mr. Buell's eyes as toward the Quakers. He seems rather to be afflicted with a combination of myopia and astigmatism. He can see plainly only at such close range as to bring the unessential peculiarities of speech, costume and manner into prominence, while any larger image is distorted almost beyond recognition. For example, he cannot see that the refusal to remove the hat and the use of "thee" and "thou" were enjoined as outward symbols of the inner equality, but explains them as arising from Fox's "design to inflame the minds of his hearers—mostly people of narrrow, untrained minds and lowly station—against the rich, the well-bred and the polite." And if Fox were sincere, "such explanation stamps him as a much lower type of fanatic." He sees—or thinks he sees; for he is really mistaken—that "the sect . . . never produced a man who made any permanent impression upon human affairs or accomplished anything worth enduring record except William Penn." If this were true, it is of trifling consequence compared with the fact that from Fox's day till this moment "Quaker" has been synonymous with clean, sweet and honorable life; and that the teachings and example of "the sect" have

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done much to mould the thought of the Christian world on several important topics.

Defective vision is the most charitable explanation of Mr. Buell's mental attitude. There are many things in his book which might be taken by an unkind critic to prove willful malice. Such are the way in which he tosses in some sneering comment repeatedly and without occasion; his assertion that "there was not much spiritual or moral or legal difference between the George-Foxism of the seventeenth century and the Joe-Smithism of the nineteenth"—one of the finest compliments to Mormonism, by the way, that an adversary ever paid unwittingly; his description of the beautifully simple "Quaker marriage" as "much like the cognate ceremony among the North American Indians of primitive times," about which it is clear he knows nothing whatever; and his choice of the fantastic explanation of the name "Quaker" given by a hostile Puritan preacher in preference to (and without even mentioning) the reasonable one recorded at the time in Fox's *Journal*.

To be fair, one must set off against the last-mentioned blunder a similar one which could not have been malicious. He explains in a footnote that the term "Roundheads" as applied to the Puritan soldiers "was provoked by the shape of their helmets, which were hemispherical and perfectly plain." I cannot guess on what authority he made this plunge, but he might have found a better one. The wife of a Colonel in Cromwell's army, who was also one of the regicide judges, may be supposed to have known the truth, and to have told it when writing a biography of her husband. Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson—I am indebted to Mrs. Earle's *Two Centuries of Costume in America* for this quotation—says:

> Among other affected habits, few of the Puritans, what degree soever they were, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears, and the ministers and many others cut it close around their heads with so many little peaks—as was something ridiculous to behold. From this custom that name of Roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole Parliamentary party, whose army indeed marched out as if they had only been sent out till their hair was grown.

A final specimen of—er-r—incautious statement may be given room. Mr. Buell remarks that

> the literature of the seventeenth century, with a few very illustrious exceptions, such as Milton, Dr. Johnson, and Dryden, was a seething mass of polemical theology or spiritual mysticism long since consigned to kindly oblivion.

Allowing that "Dr. Johnson," for rare old Ben, was a pardonable slip, and laying no stress on the fact that the greater bulk of Milton's work was in the field of polemical theology, I must protest that this picture of seventeenth century literature is utterly misleading. The date of the First Folio, of Shakespeare, was 1623, the Sonnets were not published till 1609, and no one of the four mighty tragedies which crown his work was staged till after the beginning of the century. Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, the first serious attempt at scholarly history in English, appeared in 1614. Bacon's *Novum Organum*, revolutionizing the method of philosophical thinking, was given to the world in 1620. Locke's *Essay Concerning Humane Understanding* was completed in 1687 and printed in English in 1690. Newton's *Principia* appeared in 1687. Suckling, Carew, Lovelace, Herrick and other Cavalier poets made this the golden age of English lyric poetry. A tinker, yclept John Bunyan, wrote a book which not only marked the climax of English allegory but has had more readers than any other book written originally in English. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* was the one book

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which could drag Dr. Johnson, a century and a half later, out of his bed two hours earlier than he wished to get up, and is a storehouse of quaint and curious learning out of which many an author since has fattened his reputation. Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler* and Butler's *Hudibras* still endure, and are likely to for a while longer. Beaumont and Fletcher and William Congreve wrote dramas which critics have agreed to call literature; while the religious discourse of Jeremy Taylor are even yet models of poetical and scholarly eloquence. Such a list as this makes it preposterous to dismiss the century's literature with a contemptuous phrase.

There are many good points about Mr. Buell's work; but I believe the faults pointed out are sufficient to condemn it wholly. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRUSTS.

One need not be the seventh son of the seventh son to prophecy that the tune which party organs will grind out most insistently and to which the campaign spellbinder will most numerously lift up his chant during the national attack of quartan ague, of which the preliminary shivers are even now upon us, will be entitled "The Trusts." This would be of no permanent consequence to citizens whose habit of mind is sober and discreet except under the stimulus of political cocktails. It is of the utmost consequence to All of Us that the problem of how We are to deal with these "dominant combinations of money, property, business or commercial power or energy' (as they have been defined by one of the most eminent of the lawyers who have assisted in organizing and entrenching them, James B. Dill), or of how they are to deal with Us, must be worked out in this generation—is working itself out before our eyes day by day. Almost everybody knows a good deal about the Trusts, the difficulty with the knowledge being that much of it "isn't so," most of it is colored by prejudice, and none of it complete. Indeed, up to this time, precise and unbiased information covering substantially the whole field has not been within reach of most of us. John Moody's *Truth About the Trusts* now covers that ground as fully as is possible in a single volume upon so large a subject. It is neither an arraignment nor a defense of Trusts, their makers, or their methods. The author, who has spent many years in Wall Street and whose profession is to know and to make public the facts about corporation securities, has simply undertaken to give the facts lucidly and compactly, to relate them to each other, to make some necessary explanations, and to draw a few logical deductions. He does not concern himself at all with enquiries into the technical value or economic wisdom of the Trust movement, but limits himself for the most part to stating actual conditions and obvious tendencies. The result may fairly be called a "foundation book"—that is to say, no man is entitled to be heard in argument upon the subject unless he is familiar with the facts it contains. From these facts, widely differing conclusions may be drawn. My own are far from the author's at many points.

Naturally it is impossible to give here anything like a summary, or even a full description of these 500 pages of concentrated information, but a few of the most significant deductions must be noted. As to the Standard Oil Company Mr. Moody says:

> Their gradually increasing power has enabled them to branch out and more or less dominate every other important line of industry. Today every great commercial movement is dominated by or feels the influence, in one way or another, of this wonderful consolidation of far-sighted brain-power and monopoly advantage. Finance, transportation, public utility enterprises, and a hundred others are all

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> tinctured by this dominating influence. And, furthermore, it is idle to deny that the legislative influence of these interests, both direct and indirect, is very great.

As to the railways—literally the arteries of modern civilization, control of which amounts to no less than control of the life of the community—it is shown that nearly 95 per cent of the "vital" railway mileage of the United States is now directly controlled by six groups, or "communities of interest;" that the remainder is already dominated, and will soon be absorbed by, the same groups; and that these groups are interlaced and banded among themselves in the most intimate fashion, practically making a gigantic Railroad Trust. Furthermore, the author quotes it as "freely predicted in Wall Street that the next decade will see the Rockefeller interest the single dominating force in the world of railway finance and control." These are sufficiently startling statements, coming as they do from a man who declares himself conservative and who proves himself in the same pages to be master of the facts in the case and capable of deliberate and unflurried judgment.

In his final generalizations, Mr. Moody states, as a truth of the most impregnable character, the italics being his own:

> *The modern Trust is the natural outcome or evolution of societary conditions and ethical standards which are recognized and established among men today as being necessary elements in the development of civilization.*

He declares that all attempts to interfere with the trusts by legislation have so far been "singularly inefficient and beside the point;" and further plainly indicates his belief that effective legislation in that direction is neither probable nor desirable. It must be remembered that these opinions as to the "effectiveness" of the statutes now in force were written before the Supreme Court had made public its decision in the Northern Securities case, or its later, and much more far-reaching, interpretation of the law against the "Coal Combine." A few more decisions like the latter will certainly put the curb most effectively into the Trust jaw. Whether the official hand upon the curb will be light or heavy is another question.

The most important paragraphs, from the standpoint of present politics, are the closing ones, since they voice "Wall Street" opinion and feeling in relation to Mr. Roosevelt. This has been well enough understood, but has not been expressed before with the formal weight which must attach to the final words of an authoritative book. The author refers to "the growing desire among the people for restrictive and arbitrary legislation, apparently concurred in by those at the very head of the Government, which, in the view of many, is doing more in this country to generate a dangerous growth of Socialistic sentiment than any other one factor." And the book closes with a quotation from a magazine article by a Trust magnate, called out by the appointment of the Coal Commission, which ends as follows:

> Nothing has happened in forty years that has given more concern to all thoughtful men than the usurpation by the Executive of the power to interfere between the employer and employed. Furthermore, it is impossible to disconnect it from the expressed intention to force an amendment to the Constitution, for ends wholly at variance with its spirit, and with the intent of its framers—ends than which nothing could ultimately prove more subversive of the rights of the States or more destructive of the very foundations of the Government itself.

Which is very much as though a cancerous growth—none the less a drain on vitality and a threat to life itself because it is a cluster of normal cells

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which have assumed an abnormal growth—should accuse the surgeon with being the cause of the mischief.

Probably without the author's intention, there is occasionally a touch of humor in the book. One such is the pathetic picture of J. Pierpont Morgan as "really the victim of Mr. Carnegie" in the organization of the Steel Trust. The briny tears which might be called out by the woes of the helpless "victim" may be dried by the recollection that he was at the head of a syndicate which made a cash profit of $62,000,000 out of the same transaction, as appears on another page. And some will find the mere list of of the Trusts amusing as well as instructive, covering most things people need and a good many they don't need—from children's toys and chewing gum, the latter earning almost a million dollars a year in profits, to coffin hardware.

Three errors in fact must be noted, two of them the result of a typographical slip, the other probably due to the distance between Wall Street and California. The Consolidated Tobacco Company's dividend of January 3, 1903, was $6,000,000 instead of $16,000,000 as stated on page 93. The first quarterly dividend of the Realty Trust was 1½ per cent instead of 11½ per cent (p. 331). And the Standard Oil Company has not "acquired all the paying wells in California"—nor half of them, nor a quarter of them. In the Fullerton, the Whittier, and the Los Angeles fields, that particular octopus is said, by men who ought to know, not to have any hold at all.. Moody Publishing Co., N. Y.; $5 *net*.

QUORUM PARS MAGNA FUIT.

It is fine for the victor in a bitter and long-drawn struggle to speak with full and generous appreciation of his opponent—finer, and rarer, for the vanquished to keep his words and thoughts uncorroded by the biting acid of defeat. Just this note of magnanimity is the peculiar distinction of *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, written by that courtly Southern gentleman of the old school, General John B. Gordon, not long before he passed to his rest, well-beloved and full of years and honor. It may well be regretted that Gen. Gordon limited the record of his memories to the four years of his military service. His public part in the struggles of the Reconstruction period, his three years as Governor of his native state and his two terms in the U. S. Senate would undoubtedly have furnished material for an unusually rich volume of political memoirs. But that is the only thing to regret about this book. Gen. Gordon made no attempt at writing a history of the war; indeed, he tells of very little which he did not himself see or of which he was not a part. This limitation does not prevent the *Reminiscences* from touching the conflict at many of its most vital places, as will appear from a hasty summary of the more important points in the author's brilliant battle record.

Raising his regiment—the "Racoon Roughs" as they insisted on naming themselves—before the Provisional Government of the Confederacy had been organized, he was with it in the first battle of Bull Run. During much of Johnston's retreat before McClellan, he "had the good fortune to bring up the rear," as he puts it—the nature of the good fortune may be guessed from the fact that at Fair Oaks every field-officer in his regiment except himself was killed and almost two-thirds of the command were killed or wounded. At Malvern Hill he fought under Stonewall Jackson. At Antietam, where he held the center for hours against furious attack, he was five times wounded, and escaped death only by the devoted nursing of his wife—who followed him, by the way, all through the war. At Chancellorsville he commanded the largest brigade in the Confederate army. His troops penetrated further into Pennsylvania than any other Confederate infantry, when the high-tide

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of the Confederacy rolled so far North; returned to Gettysburg in time to crumple up the Federal right on the first day, and were among the last to leave the field when the spent tide ebbed sullenly back. On the first day of the Wilderness, he arrested Grant's advance by a brilliantly daring charge at the head of a single brigade right through the Union centre; and the next day he shattered the Union right. At Spottsylvania he beat back Hancock's superb charge, and repulsed Lew Wallace at Monocacy. He was overwhelmed by Sheridan at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, and a month later planned the flank attack at Cedar Creek, which only Early's failure to press home and Sheridan's historic ride prevented from resulting in the gravest disaster to the Union army. He was with Lee all through those grim weeks while Grant's hammer was pulverizing the Army of Northern Virginia; and ended his military service as a member of the Commission which arranged the terms of surrender at Appomatox. Not many men in either army quite matched that record.

Yet, as is after all natural enough, this gallant soldier's memories of the entire four years make a vastly less "bluggy" book than readers have been trained to expect from some novelist, reverend or otherwise, who never saw a battle save in his dreams. There is no gloating over bloodshed nor any attempt to belittle the motives or decry the courage of his one-time enemies. On the contrary, Gen. Gordon finds his greatest pleasure in such anecdotes as illustrate how officers and men in both armies were wont to display gentleness and chivalry and courtesy toward their opponents. It is a book to be thankful for, and proud of. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $3 *net*.

IT STANDS THE TEST.

Half a dozen times at least I have taken up *The Gentle Reader*, by Samuel McChord Crothers, intending to write a paragraph about it; and as often have I spent time that was not to spare in dipping into it here and there with renewed delight—and have then laid it aside for some other evening when the reading of it would not tempt me away from the writing about it. Therefore I am constrained at last to quote from one of its relishing essays, *The Mission of Humor*:

> The test of real literature is that it will bear repetition. We read over the same pages again and again, and always with fresh delight. . . . The writers we love are those whose humor does not glare or glitter, but which has an iridescent quality. It is the perpetual play of light and color which enchants us. We are conscious all the time that the light is playing on a real thing. It is something more than a clever trick; there is an illumination.

Dr. Crothers could not have described the charm of his own work with greater nicety. To get its full flavor would require much longer extracts than are possible here; yet a suggestion of it may be gained from his "references to bulky volumes, where at the foot of every page the notes run along, like angry little dogs barking at the text:" or from his objection to the "offensive bi-partizanship" of "the historian who takes both sides in the same paragraph." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.25 *net*.

THE HUMOR OF A BARONET.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Baronet, has done the United States the distinguished honor to write up his impressions concerning it gained during a year's visit, in *Dollars and Democracy*, and to illustrate the volume with numerous original drawings. Sir Philip evidently made a determined attempt to be both fair and funny, and succeeded some of the time. But his "original drawings" might well enough be worshiped without breaking any commandment. At least they are not enough like anything on, above, or under, the earth to bring them within the prohibition.

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Among the many curious things which Sir Philip discovered, there shine out with particular lustre the orchards "that abut on the highroads"—presumably in the vicinity of New York—from which "the wayfarer is always at liberty to help himself . . . and it is never considered pilfering." Rivalling these free-gratis orchards as a really choice specimen must stand the negro student at Yale who earned his living by working Saturdays and Sundays as a ferryman on the Arkansas River. Sir Philip unfortunately omitted to mention whether or not this young gentleman walked to and from his work. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25 *net*.

SLAIN BY A HAIRPIN.

One of the great climaxes in John R. Carling's *The Viking's Skull* is reached when the aforesaid skull hops off the ledge on which it was resting, strolls leisurely down the stairs, and knocks at the door of a room in which a young lady sat shuddering.

> At the same time a vibratory motion was communicated to Beatrice's person. She found herself oscillating to and fro, unable to check herself. A mysterious power grasped her ankles with unseen fingers and strove to elevate her in air. * * * She was shot violently forward; a noise like the rattle produced by a thousand falling plates rang in her ears, and tumbling to the carpet she lost all consciousness.

This would have been at least thoughtless conduct on the part of the skull of the very old Viking himself—it was simply unpardonable as originating from the cranium of a modern descendant, and one who had been killed by a hairpin, at that. However, since this was one of the steps which helped "our little Trixie" to become Lady St. Cyril, with half the Viking's treasure for a dowry, she probably forgave even the clutch of unseen fingers round her ankles. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

MAGNUM, INFORME, INGENS.

A colossal task it is that Thomas Hardy has laid out for himself in *The Dynasts*, a three-part historical drama, of which Part 1 is now completed. He desires to picture and interpret anew "the Great Historical Calamity, or Clash of Peoples, artificially brought about some hundred years ago"—to show the Napoleonic Wars both as a whole and in some detail—to let the reader look at them through the eyes and from the standpoint of many of the Players at the Game and Lookers-on—and finally to pass upon it all as might be done by one grade after another of Superior Intelligence. To succeed on such a scale means a place among the Immortals; even to plan on such a scale commands respect. I do not find it possible even to attempt judgment on the fragment now presented. The work is not one to be criticized a brush-stroke at a time; the artist is entitled to a suspense of judgment until it can be seen as a whole. But it is safe to say now that it will be either a great work or a noble failure, and in either case is worthy the thoughtful attention of the student. It is not intended for the small-minded. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50 *net*.

I cannot improve on the publishers' description of Halliwell Sutcliffe's *A Bachelor in Arcady*, as "a charming book for idle-hour reading." Such story as there is to it tells pleasantly of the conversion of a confirmed bachelor of 23, a University man retired from the hurly-burly of the world to the small patch that is left from his ancestral acres. This is accomplished by the means which usually proves effective in such cases—which has a wild-rose color, an unstudied, lissome gait, and other characteristics like to interfere with bachelor-vows. Not unnaturally the young gentleman finds conversion

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a most soothing process, and his observations on life in the meantime are entirely agreeable. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.50.

The first of the thirty-one volumes of *Early Western Travels*, edited and annotated by that indefatigable and enthusiastic scholar, Reuben Gold Thwaites, includes the Journals of Conrad Weiser (1748), George Croghan (1750-65), Charles Frederick Post (1758-9), and Captain Thomas Morris (1764). This series, since it will open to the historical student many rare and valuable "sources" hitherto almost inaccessible, must be counted of the first importance. The concluding volume will contain a complete analytical index, covering all the works reprinted, most of which are without indexes in the original. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. $4 *net* per volume, except the Maximilien Atlas, which will be $15 *net*.

Not only for its own sake but because it represents the last work of one of the greatest of English critics, Sir Leslie Stephen's *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century* will be treasured. The material was prepared as a series of lectures to be delivered at Oxford, but the author was unable to read them, save by proxy, or even to read the proofs of this volume. But there is not the faintest sign of any failing of the keen, broad and discriminating judgment which gave Sir Leslie his power. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The title-role in *The American Prisoner* is one of minor importance, requiring little more than a "walking gentleman" to play it. The real story is of Fox Tor Farm, on Dartmoor, its owner and his dependents, and the things which his pride, ambition and stern and passionate temper brought upon himself and those about him. Eden Phillpotts, the author, knows well and well loves the "West Country," and this novel marks high water for him so far. The Macmillant Co., New York. $1.50.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's delightful *Letters From Japan* now appears in a timely new edition. Either the illustrations or the text would make the book worth while. The Macmillan Co., New York. $3 *net*.

The same publishers offer an equally timely reprint of Archibald R. Colquhoun's *Mastery of the Pacific*, the purpose of which is declared by the author to be the presentation of "a vivid impression of the various countries—their peoples, scenery, social and political life, and the parts they are destined to play in the great drama of the mastery of the Pacific." $4 *net*.

If one may borrow a phrase or two from the editor of the Bird Center *Argosy*, John T. McCutcheon "has undoubted talent as a sketch artist and won many encomiums" with his *Bird Center Cartoons*, which "without disparagement of the magnificent decorating that has been done at previous affairs were most pleasing to the eye," as they appeared originally in the Chicago Herald, and are still more so now that they are collected between covers. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.25 *net*.

Anthracite Coal Communities, by Peter Roberts, Ph. D., is a careful thorough-going and unprejudiced study of social, educational, moral and political conditions in the mining towns of Pennsylvania. Written by a man of the scholarly habit of mind, who is familiar with his subject at first hand, it seems to me a notable addition to sociological literature. Moreover, it is well illustrated, and will interest anyone worth interestng. The Macmillan Co., New York. $3.50.

Somehow my Junior Volunteer Assistant has overlooked George Cary Eggleston's *Running the River* up to this time, but I feel sure he will be

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enthusiastic about it when it falls under his eye. It is a story of three boys and a girl, children of a steamboat captain on "the River" in the early '50's, who by pluck, energy and a modicum of luck rebuild the family fortunes, which had been wrecked with the steamboat. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50.

A consuming thirst for revenge, gratified at last to the uttermost, furnishes the major motive for Ellen Glasgow's *The Deliverance*. The avenger finds too late that he cannot arrest the evil forces he has set in motion, and that the sword he has forged against his adversary bites deep into his own flesh as well. It is a powerful story, and less sombre than would appear from this summary description. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

Order No. 11 is another war-time story, and a good one. The scene is laid in the border counties of Missouri, and the order from which the title is taken is that by which Gen. Ewing depopulated a considerable part of the district. The author, Mrs. Caroline Abbot Stanley, spent her childhood in that section, and much of her novel is clearly drawn from her own memory of things seen or heard at first-hand. The Century Co., New York. $1.50.

Frank M. Chapman's *Color Key to North American Birds* is intended to enable its possessor to identify any bird which has been "definitely seen"—that is, seen clearly as to size, shape and markings. It is illustrated with more than 800 drawings by Chester A. Reed, a considerable part of them in color. It is of much value to anyone who likes to know his outdoor neighbors by name. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50 *net*.

The most taking stories of childhood are those which are woven from threads out of the writer's own memories, just tinged and glorified a little with haze of distance. This is very likely because each of us has just that kind of threads stretching back into just such a glamor. The *Day Before Yesterday*, by Sara Andrew Shafer, is in this class, and well up towards the head of it. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Not only the confirmed victim of the novel-habit, but those who have so far escaped its prevalent bacillus, will enjoy Henry C. Rowland's *To Windward*. It is a strong story, expertly told, and the author seems equally at home on the deck of a steamer yacht or in clinic, hospital or operating room. If it were not offered as a first novel, no internal evidence would betray it. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50.

The Rainbow Chasers is a pretty good story of the time when Eastern money-lenders and Western speculators combined to blow soap-bubble communities in western Kansas and elsewhere. That a good deal of it is fact, and written out of the author's experience, does not hurt the fiction at all. It is by John H. Whitson, and is a decided improvement on his first novel. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, $1.50.

Margaret Sherwood has written, in *The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée*, just a fantastic and delicate tale of the days when knights were bold. Yet the royal pair who ran away from their kingdom and found—themselves, might perhaps whisper a word of sober counsel through the mask of fantasy, even to the ear of a Monarch of Business, if it were heard aright. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

A considerable part of Vol. XII of *The Philippine Islands* is given up to the rare and important *Relacion* of the Jesuit Father Pedro Chirino, printed at Rome in 1604. This is translated into English for the first time, from the originals owned by Harvard University and Edward E. Ayer of Chicago. It will be concluded in the next volume. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. $4 *net* per volume.

The half dozen short stories by Charles Egbert Craddock, published under the title *The Frontiersmen*, deal for the most part with the Cherokee natives of what is now eastern Tennessee rather than with the white invaders. They are good stories in a field which the author has made distinctively her own. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.50.

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Those who have acquired the taste for "John Oliver Hobbes," and some others, will enjoy *The Vineyard.* To describe it as a study of making the best of the second-best is not far out of the way. One may reasonably doubt whether Mrs. Craigie believes that either the best or the second-best is so very good after all. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Presumably, Raymond L. Bridgman thinks he is helping along the cause of Filipino independence by arguing, in story form, that to enlist in the Filipino army is a sacred duty for the American who objects to the presence of our army in the Philippines. But he isn't. His novel to that effect is called *Loyal Traitors.* James H. West Co., Boston.

I: In Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself is certainly not the autobiography which it professes to be, nor is it likely that the profession is intended to be taken seriously. It may be that it is a truthful study of a certain kind of men and women, but the kind is not one of which the study is profitable. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Two recent additions to the "Hour-Glass Stories" are Clara Morris's *The Troubled Woman,* and *Parsifal,* by H. R. Haweis. The latter is taken from the author's *My Musical Memories,* and is an interesting account of the opera as it was performed in Bayreuth in 1883. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 40 cents *net* per volume.

A battle between an earnest young reformer and a ward-boss for the control of a district is the main dish in Henry Gitchell Webster's *The Duke of Cameron Avenue.* There is a little love story—or rather just a suggestion of one—interwoven, for seasoning and good measure. The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents.

My Air-Ships, by A. Santos-Dumont, is a record of the experiments, the failures and the successes of this first real navigator of the air. It is well illustrated, the frontispiece being a satisfying photogravure likeness of the daring young Brazilian. The Century Co., New York. $1.50 *net;* postage 16 cents.

It is a girl who pays, in Margery Williams' *The Price of Youth,* and in the paying becomes a woman. A bright girl she is, with a keen sense of humor and a careless habit of having her own way—on the whole, an acquaintance worth making. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

The Social Unrest, by John Graham Brooks, is now offered in a paper-covered edition. This sane, penetrating and fair study of some of our most urgent social and economic problems should be read by every thoughtful citizen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 25 cents

The Dutch in Java, by Clive Day, assistant professor in Economic History at Yale, has all the earmarks of a careful and reliable study of a significant subject. It may be safely recommended to any serious student of colonial affairs. The Macmillan Co., New York. $2 *net.*

The cover of the "Matrix Edition" of Wallace Irwin's *Fairy Tales Up-to-now* is of "genuine matrix boards that have first served their purpose in the issue of a great daily." The inside is simply trash. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 50 cents.

LeRoy Abrams, Instructor in Botany in Stanford University, is the author of *Flora of Los Angeles and Vicinity.* This covers the coast slope of Los Angeles and Orange counties. It is published by the Stanford University Press.

Arthur C. Benson adds to the English Men of Letters" series an informed, critical and entertaining biography of that rare artist in two mediums, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents *net.*

"Pacific Coast Avifauna No. 4" (published by the Cooper Ornithological Club of California) is a list of the birds of the Huachuca Mountains, Arizona, with many interesting notes upon them, by Harry S. Swarth.

Seeking the Kingdom. by Ernest Everett Day, is a thoughtful study of the Christian life. The Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50 *net.*

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

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Views Near Westlake Park, Los Angeles

Westlake Park from Hotel Leighton

Feeding the Swans

Lobby, Hotel Leighton

Hotel Leighton

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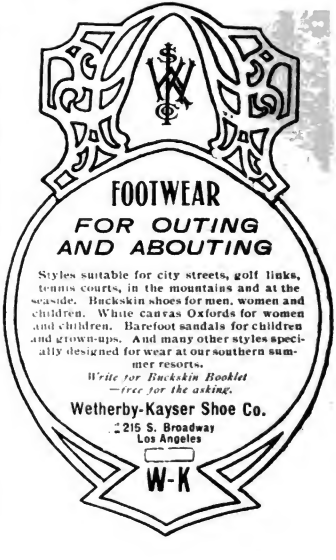

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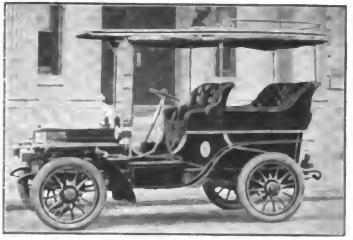

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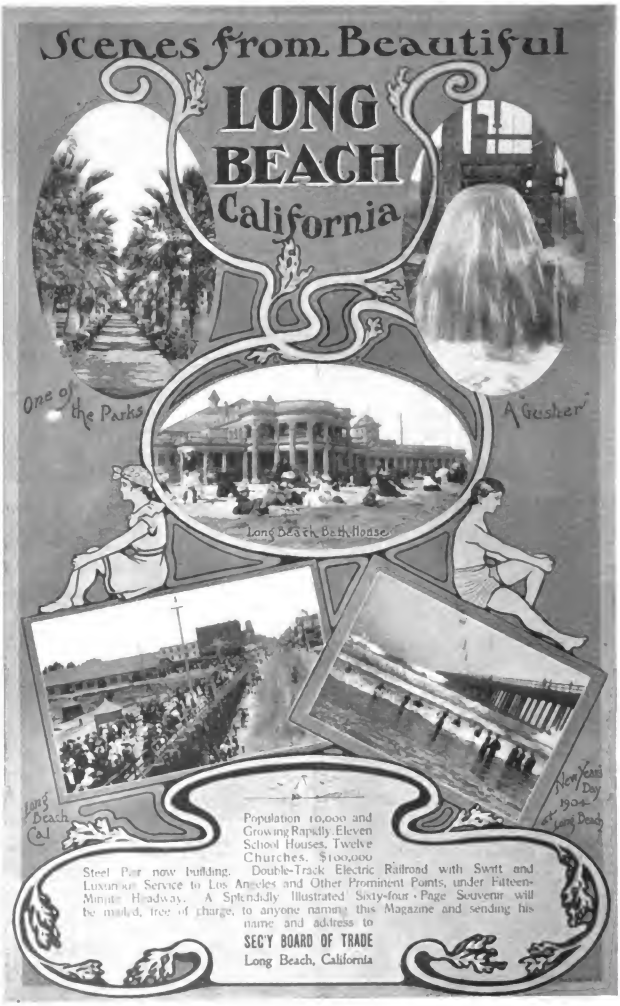

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Write for Map and Circulars. *Read opposite page.*

San Pedro

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The Deep-Water Harbor

makes that secure, and coupled with its natural advantages will convert it into one of the great seaports of the world.

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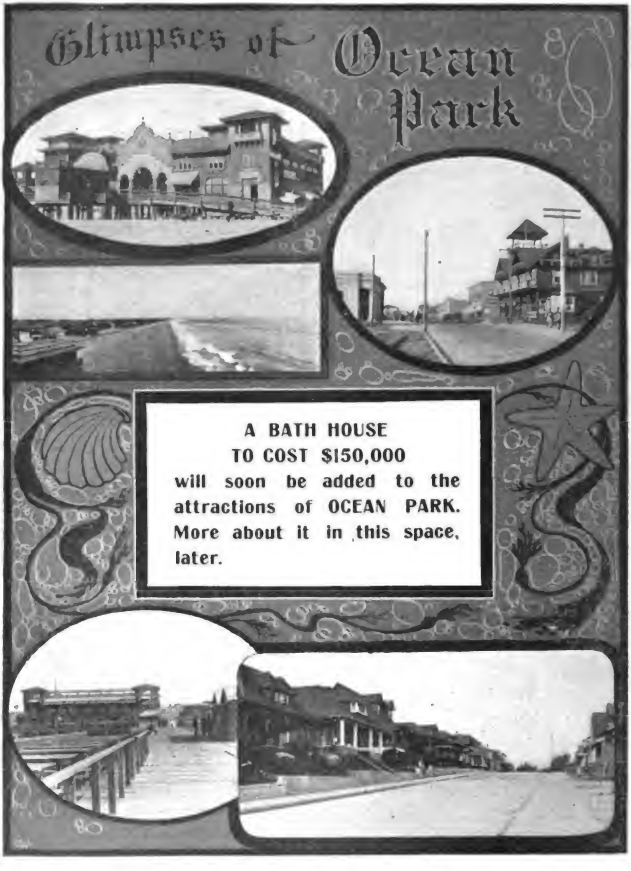

Full information concerning the past, present and future of Ocean Park can be obtained from any of the persons or firms named below—whose public spirit has made this page possible.

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See opposite page.

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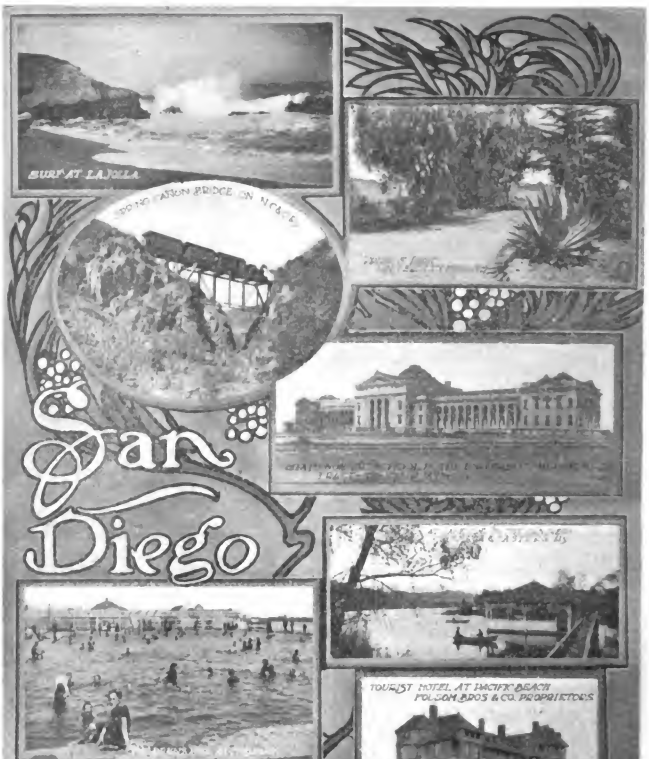

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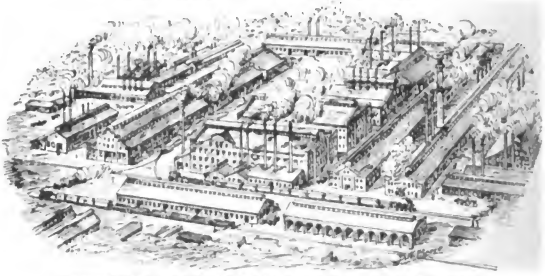

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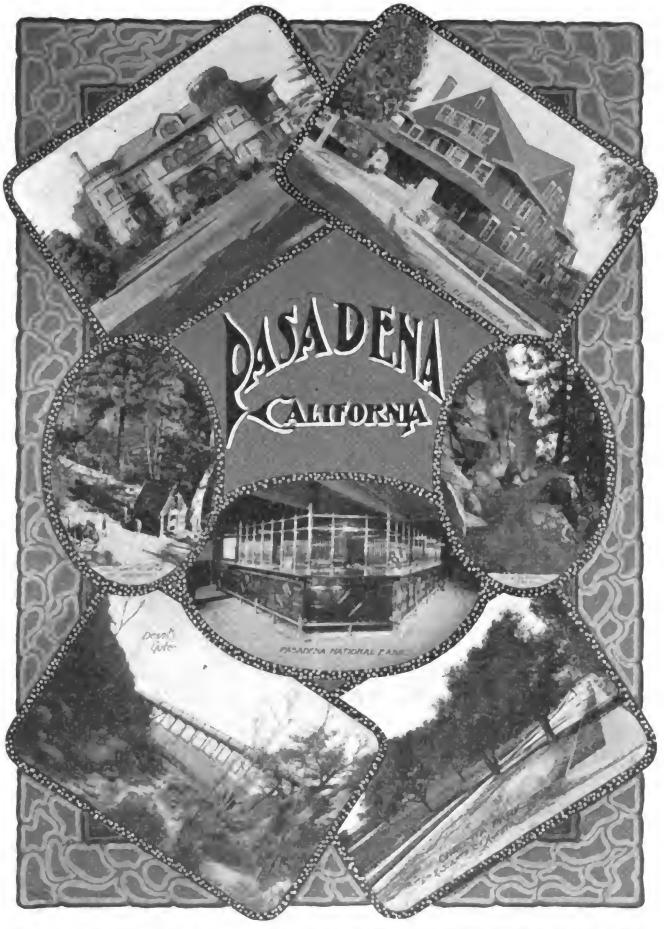

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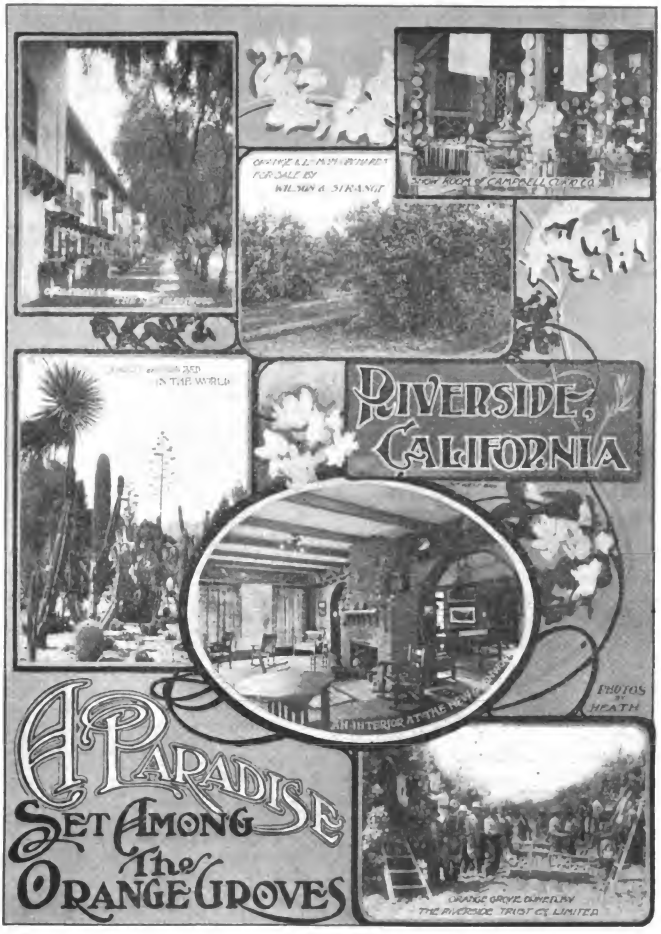

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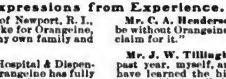

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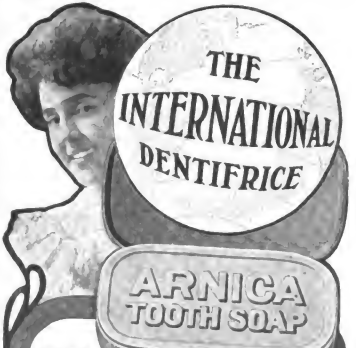

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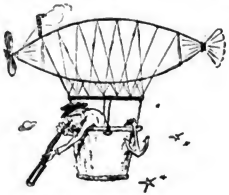

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Survey mankind from China to Peru,
Remark the anxious toil, the eager strife,
Of some amid the scenes of foreign life,
How wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
Travels a weary path without a guide,
Loses his baggage, misses his trains, and gets
For his fair money only "jars and frets."
And also see—when wiser choice has led
The traveler to join COOK'S TOURS instead—
How difficulties vanish troubles fade,
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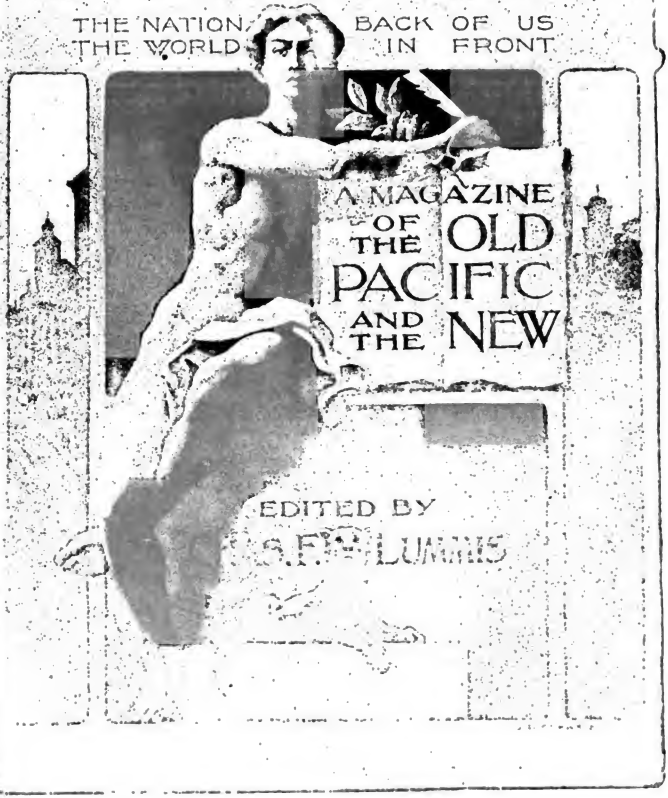

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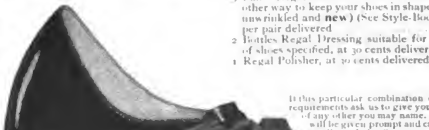

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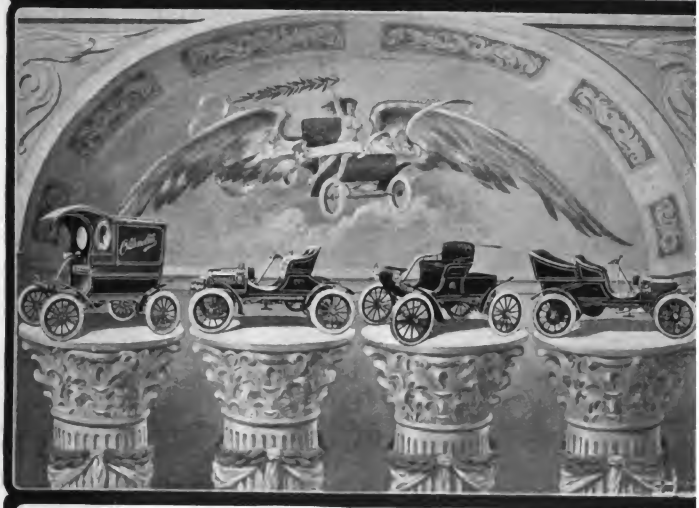

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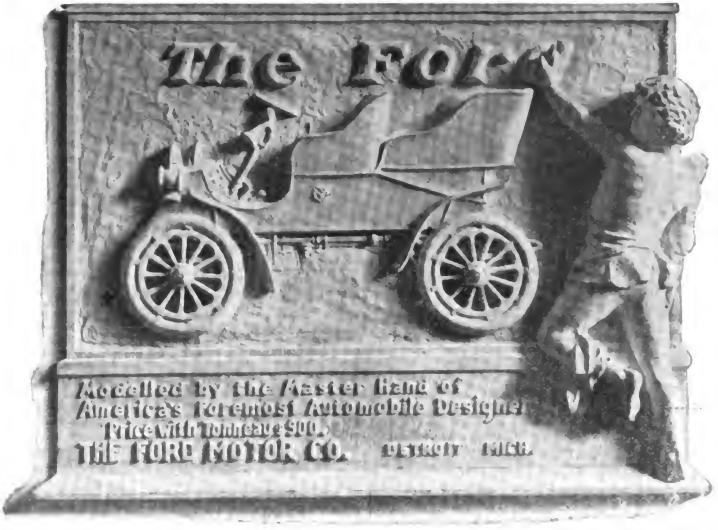

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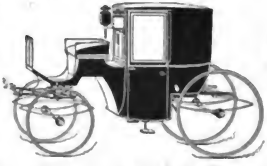

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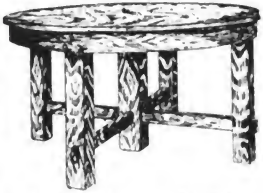

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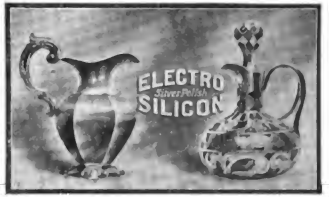

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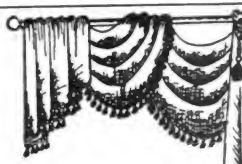

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Coyote Creek, in the High Sierras. *Photo by E. T. Parsons*

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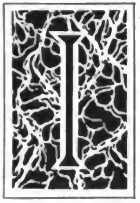
OUT WEST

Vol. XX, No. 6. JUNE, 1904.

THE FATE OF THE RIO COLORADO.

By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.



IN ALL the ages of the past the Rio Colorado has gone its lonely way through a land of silence and of mystery. It is one of three rivers born at the foot of Mount Union in Wyoming, but its great companions were long since made useful to man. The Columbia bears the ships of commerce and drains valleys dotted with comfortable homesteads and marked with cities and towns. Even in the wilder spots along its headwaters there are sawmills, mining camps and the rude hamlets of the frontier. The Missouri, too, has served the purpose of navigation, though this has now given place to the railroads which cross and recross it at many points in its long course. The wilderness once drained by the Missouri has been carved into States now populous and powerful, and its broad prairies have become the most productive and reliable granary of the world.

The Colorado alone has remained, until very recently, unresponsive to the daring and industry of the American pioneer. Even now, only the hem of its wide garment has been touched—a few meager settlements on the Green river in Wyoming and Utah, the Grand and Gunnison in Colorado, the Virgin in Southern Utah and Nevada, and the comparatively small, but extraordinarily hopeful, pioneer planting in the rich delta lands of Southeastern California.

One sort of fame the great river of the Southwest has attained very rapidly during the past few years. While its economic

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potentialities have been but slightly awakened, the story of its scenic grandeur has been borne upon the four winds to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is, of course, not nearly as accessible to the masses as Niagara Falls, but it now shares equally with the Yosemite and Yellowstone parks the attention of much-traveled sightseers. And here where the great river hews its imperious course through the towering battlements of the Grand Canyon, perhaps more than anywhere else upon earth, the spectator gazes with awe upon "the patience of eternal power."

Suddenly, the veil is lifted and the Rio Colorado stands forth as the foremost of economic problems—an issue of national, and even of international, dimensions and the hope of coming millions. These deserts, which men feared to cross save on the flying train; these valleys reaching away into the almost untrodden mountains; this murky flood which, fed by the everlasting snows of the Rockies and laden with the erosion of the great hills and cañons, has surged unvexed to its outlet in the Gulf of California—all these are suddenly transformed from waste resources into the raw materials of empire. The problem arrests the attention of the President of the United States, of his Cabinet Ministers and their Bureau Chiefs. It challenges the thought and study of Senators and Representatives, some of whom find it a new and absorbing interest in the realm of statesmanship and proceed to burn the midnight oil in following its intricacies. It fills the newspapers of the land with dispatches and editorials. At last, the masses are stirred and gather in public meetings to listen to debate and to adopt resolutions, in the good old American fashion. Irresistibly one is reminded of the words of Scripture:

"The stone that all the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes."

The Lord's doing? Yes; for nothing but the Mighty Hand of Events could have suddenly lifted this river and the wilderness which it traverses from age-long obscurity into the very front of our Twentieth Century progress. But the issues involved are not bounded by the watershed of the Colorado, vast as it is. Principles vital to civilization are involved. The economics and the politics of the West are now like molten metal, soon to harden into institutions. As goes the Colorado, so goes California! As goes California, so goes Arid America! And as victory or defeat shall attend the people's aspirations in this great struggle, so shall the life of the future be influenced in many ways not directly related to our fundamental industry of agriculture by irrigation.

Here is the simple narrative of this latest phase of our evolutionary progress.

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By the public at large, the level plain formerly known as the Colorado Desert was regarded as utterly worthless, until about four years ago. Travelers coughed their disgust of it, with alkali dust, as they sped from Yuma to Banning on the Southern Pacific. They said it had no possible utility except to "hold the earth together." To traverse the region by team or on horseback was always a disagreeable, and sometimes a dreadful, experience, occasionally ending in the death of man and beast by thirst in the pitiless heat.

And yet there were always those who believed the day would come when that stretch of soil would be productive and shelter

Photo by Putnam & Valentine

HEADGATES OF THE IMPERIAL CANAL ON THE COLORADO RIVER.

many thousand homes. Its geologic history was written plainly on its face so that even laymen could read it. Much of it lies below the level of the sea, and the waters had evidently covered it all in the past. The ancient beach remains, and in many places the land retains the mark of the beating of the waves. Shells and other evidences of sea life are abundant. At Salton great heaps of salt are readily handled for commercial purposes.

The railroad traverses the least attractive portion of the country. Barren mountains, sand hills and soil of the most unpromising character are about all that meet the traveler's eye. But a few miles south of the railroad a rich alluvial plain begins and extends in an almost unbroken expanse to the international

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boundary and beyond, well nigh to the Gulf. This plain is the delta which the river has been building by means of its annual overflow for ages.

The first man who gave me a serious idea that something great might happen in this region in course of time, was Major John W. Powell, the first scientific explorer of the arid region and the founder of the Geological Survey. It was a dozen years ago that he told me men would sometime rush into that country, spite of the excessive Summer heat, "just as they go to Alaska, for the extraordinary rewards the country will offer them." He believed in the soil and, of course, in the water supply. The only factor in the problem of reclamation which he feared was the silt with which the stream is so heavily charged. I refer to this conversation with the late scientist because it was the beginning of my interest in the future of the Colorado Desert, and supplied a foundation upon which my imagination has since erected a very extensive structure of expectations about the region. I have believed in its future from that day to this and my faith is now larger than ever before.

Long before Major Powell expressed this opinion others had done the same and had even taken steps looking to actual reclamation in this field. Just before the outbreak of the Rebellion, a far-sighted and clear-headed man, Dr. O. M. Wozencraft, of San Bernardino, tried to interest the Government in the project. The matter attracted but little interest and was soon lost sight of.

About 1890 a daring promoter and speculator organized a company, obtained possession of certain strategic points along the river and of certain concessions from Mexico, and endeavored to interest capital in the project. Something was invested in surveys and other preliminary work, but the scheme fell through before actual construction had begun.

It is now nine years since the California Development Company was organized. There could not possibly have been a more unfavorable moment for presenting such an enterprise to the financial world. Not only the leading cities of the East, but financial centers of Europe, had learned by costly experience that irrigation development is not well adapted to speculation. A few years earlier nothing was easier to float than the securities of a promising irrigation scheme. But in 1895 disaster had overtaken nearly all such enterprises. This was due not merely to hard times in general, but to inherent weaknesses in the plan of private ownership of water apart from land as a speculative commodity. The new Company knocked in vain at the doors of the money kings in Chicago, New York, Boston and London. Its

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original members supplied some capital, and a number of small investors increased it, but it was finally decided that there was only one way in which the work could be successfully inaugurated. The Company must appeal directly to the class of persons who always stand ready to file upon new areas of Government land as soon as they are thrown open to settlement.

It was in the early summer of 1900, only four years ago, that actual construction was begun and that the deep-rooted prejudice of the public against the Colorado Desert began to give place to a feeling of genuine enthusiasm over the vast possibilities of the Imperial Valley, which was the new name of the region. The

Photo by Putnam & Valentine

MAIN CANAL OF IMPERIAL WATER COMPANY, NO. 1.

work of colonization was organized most adroitly. Money flowed into the treasury of the Company, from the sale of water rights, long before water flowed upon the land. Thus the capital which New York and London had refused was supplied by the settlers; and the work of construction went on quite rapidly.

The town of Imperial was established early in 1901. The first stream of water reached lands in California early in June, 1901, though not in sufficient quantities to produce anything more than a few sample crops. In the season of 1902, about 5,000 acres were irrigated; in 1903, about 25,000 acres, while in 1904 about 75,000 acres are in cultivation.

The growth of population has been quite phenomenal. Im-

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FLUME CARRYING THE CANAL OVER NEW RIVER, IMPERIAL VALLEY. *Photo by Putnam & Valentine*

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perial is now a substantial town of not far from one thousand people, with a national bank, one fine hotel and two other good ones, churches, stores and all other facilities of comfortable existence. The railroad was extended from Old Beach to Imperial in the Fall of 1903, and has now gone on to Calexico, a flourishing place at the international border. The town of Braley has made a good start. Two other towns, Heber and Holtville, have been planned in a comprehensive way, and promise to become important. In the former, every other block has been dedicated for the endowment of an agricultural college; in the latter, plans are far advanced for the development of a large power plant. The total population of the valley is estimated as high as ten thousand, and if this is an exaggeration it will not be such a few months hence, for the country is growing rapidly. Telephone and telegraph facilities were made available at an early day in the settlement. All things considered, the progress of the Imperial region is certainly without parallel in the Arid West.

When the California Development Company was organized it was not generally believed that the dream of national irrigation works would be realized until long after the Colorado Desert should either have been reclaimed or abandoned by private enterprise. As a matter of fact, the Company began its construction almost precisely two years before President Roosevelt signed the famous Act of June 17, 1902. Soon after that date the United States Reclamation Service began a thorough investigation of the possibilities of the lower Colorado. On October 17, 1903, the following filing was placed upon record:

"Notice is hereby given that Edmund T. Perkins, thereunto duly authorized by the Secretary of the Interior for and on behalf of the United States of America, and under the provisions of an Act of Congress approved June 17, 1902, claims at the point where this notice is posted all unappropriated waters of the Colorado River, both surface and underflow, to the extent of 100,000 cubic feet—4,000,000 miner's inches.

(Signed) E. T. Perkins.
For Secretary of the Interior."

How much water had been legally appropriated by the California Development Company? On April 25, 1899, the corporation had claimed 10,000 cubic feet per second under the law of California. But the Colorado is a navigable stream and thus under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress. Therefore, State laws did not govern this case. The Company realized this fact and applied to the Secretary of War for permission to divert water, though not until May, 1903, nearly three years after they had begun actual construction on their canals. Under date of July 7, 1903, Gen. Gillespie, Chief of Engineers, passed upon the request in the following words:

"I recommend that no formal permission be granted, but that the company be informed that the War Department will not interfere with its operations,

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provided such operations are so conducted as not to injuriously affect the interests of navigation."

This recommendation was concurred in by the Department. Upon such foundations rest the rights of the California Development Company and of the owners of more than 200,000 acres of land with whom it has contracted to deliver water perpetually. Had it not been for the adoption of the national irrigation policy, and the filing consequently made by the United States of America, it is quite possible that the Company's rights would never have been questioned, either by the settler or the investor. But in view of the actual facts it was inevitable that apprehension should

Photo by Putnam & Valentine

SUGAR CANE AT CALEXICO, IMPERIAL VALLEY.

be felt. Hence, the Company decided that it must proceed to establish the legality of its original appropriation beyond all question.

Accordingly, in February of the present year, Representative Daniels of the Eighth District of California was requested to introduce the following measure:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the 'California Development Company' be, and is hereby, authorized to divert, take and appropriate water from the Colorado River for the purpose of irrigation, in such quantity, subject to and under the State appropriation of the State of California as now in force under the laws of said State, and that said Company have ten years wherein to complete its main canal or canals leading from said river, together with all structures necessary to carry and conduct the water for the purposes of irrigation to the full extent of said State appropriation."

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Photo by Putnam & Valentine
LONG STAPLE EGYPTIAN COTTON AT CALEXICO, IMPERIAL VALLEY.

This bill was withdrawn and another substituted in order that the proposed legislation might be general in its terms. It referred to "all appropriations of the water of the Colorado River heretofore or hereafter made by individuals, firms and corporations;" and it declared that "the use of the waters of the Colorado River for purposes of irrigation are more valuable than for navigation," with a view of having the stream come entirely under the State laws. Practically, there was no difference between these two bills, except that the latter did not frankly appear upon its face as special legislation for the benefit of the California Development Company. Both attempted, however, to legalize its claim for 10,000 cubic feet per second, of the Colorado River, and both were open to precisely the same objections.

The Company was represented at the Committee hearings in Washington by its President, Hon. A. H. Heber, who has been associated with the enterprise from the date of its organization, nine years ago. He claimed that the Company had scored a great and successful achievement in conquering the Colorado Desert for civilization, and that all it now asked was to be let alone. So far as his associates and himself were concerned, they had no doubt about their rights to the water. They had complied with the laws of California and had received at least tentative permission from the War Department. Moreover, their work had been done openly and notoriously, for the enterprise was known throughout the length and breadth of the Union, and there had been no protest or interference by the authorities of State or Nation. He said it was absurd for anyone to say that vested rights had not grown up under these circumstances. He

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A CANAL DIGGING MACHINE AT WORK. (On a lateral of the Imperial Canal.)

plead not for his Company alone, which had a large investment and the hope of enormous profits at stake; he plead also for the settlers who were dependent upon the Imperial system for the means of existence.

"We were there first, long before the Nation had any serious thought of going into the irrigation business. We have actually relieved the Nation of its own obligation to the people in this instance—the reclamation of a vast body of public lands formerly worthless, but now, thanks to our labors and sacrifices, fit for the highest forms of agriculture. We are perfectly competent to carry this work to successful completion, if the cloud upon our water rights is promptly lifted. We ask no subsidy, but only for the privilege of taking water and applying it to beneficial uses.

"Our charges for water rights are reasonable. We began their sale at $5 per acre and have gradually raised them to $20, but even at the latter figure the land will pay out the cost in a single year when farmed intelligently. As to our charge for annual rent (50 cents an acre foot, equivalent to about $2 per acre) it is the lowest in California. Every person who has bought water rights under our system and begun to till the land has made money. Many others have sold out at a profit without even preparing the land for cultivation. We have benefited the whole community of Southern California, but have made no money for ourselves as yet. Our profit is to be realized in the future. Legalize our rights to the amount of water we need from the flow of that stream and let us go forward and attend to our business. There is plenty of scope for National irrigation elsewhere, and National irrigation was never intended to interfere with private enterprise, nor even to do do work which private enterprise is willing to undertake on reasonable terms."

Such was the line of President Heber's argument in support of the Daniels Bill.

Soon after the introduction of the bill, an incident occurred

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in Washington that attracted to the measure a degree of public attention which it probably would not otherwise have had at that time.

J. B. Lippincott, of Los Angeles, Resident Engineer of the Reclamation Service in California, met Mr. Heber by accident at the Ebbitt House in Washington and conversed with him about the claims of the Company. He discovered that these practically amounted to the whole normal flow of the stream; and that, if such claims were successfully asserted, the project which the Government has in contemplation would probably have to be abandoned. Naturally, Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Heber did not

Photo by Putnam & Valentine

A NINE-FOOT DROP IN THE IMPERIAL MAIN CANAL.

view the matter in exactly the same light; and their differences soon appeared in Washington dispatches to widely-read California newspapers. Both of the gentlemen say they had no intention of precipitating any public agitation at that time, but Washington correspondents have a way of finding out what is going on and of proceeding to publish whatever they deem of public interest. In this manner the large number of people interested in th Imperial country learned that serious differences had arisen between the California Development Company and the United States Reclamation Service over their respective rights in the waters of the Colorado River.

Mr. Heber repeatedly asserted at committee hearing and else-

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where that his Company had been attacked by the Government. The truth is that the officials of the Reclamation Service, and especially Mr. Lippincott, had dealt very tenderly with the enterprise on previous occasions when they might easily have done it great harm. But Mr. Lippincott has never apologized for expressing his opinions frankly in regard to the extraordinary claims embodied in the Daniels Bill. He believed the measure wrong, and, in a perfectly proper and discreet way, did not attempt to conceal his convictions. Indeed, he would have been but a poor servant of the people had be done otherwise.

In the controversy which swiftly followed, I was called upon to lead the attack on the Daniels Bill before the Administration and Committees of Congress at Washington and before the public in California. In this connection, it seems well to put on record here the following incident, related in my address at a mass meeting of the settlers in Imperial, April 23, 1904:

Mr. Heber sent for me about sixty days ago, and told me the situation. He said he was anxious to secure the passage of the Daniels bill and wanted my help. I said to him: "My friend, I could not support that measure without stultifying myself, without going back on everything I have ever said. That bill gives you out of hand ten thousand cubic feet of water per second, regardless of what you have done with it. It gives you special privileges beyond all precedent." "Well," he said, "suppose we reduce the matter to three lines, simply to declare that the Colorado River is more valuable for irrigation than for navigation? I said: "Do you remember that day in Chicago, ten years ago, when you said to me, 'I am going to take hold of Rockwood's project in California?' I said to you then, 'It is too big for private enterprise.'" I also reminded him that several times during the dark days of the enterprise I had repeated the suggestion that it would have to be done by the government. "Now," I said, "you ask me to support this bill. I reply by repeating what I have said through all these years. I think the time has come when you should permit the government to acquire the system on just and equitable terms."

I gave the matter ten days effort before I heard from anybody at Imperial, trying to bring about this solution; that is, the control of the stream by the government. I found the government engineers, who were then assembled in Los Angeles, well disposed toward the project. Also, that Mr. Heber and his associates were not ready to say they positively would not sell. But he said they must have immediate relief by the enactment of that measure into law, and then they would be glad to consider the proposition of selling to the government.

On arriving at the national capital, I first presented the case to the President, then to the Secretary of the Interior, to the Director of the Geological Survey, to the Chief of the Reclamation Service, then to the Committee of the House of Representatives on the Reclamation of Arid Lands, and, later, to the Committee of the United States Senate on Irrigation. I placed on record the following brief and, as I thought, perfectly judicial statement of the situation:

1. That the California Development Company claims from the river an appropriation of water to the amount of 10,000 cubic feet per second, and desires an amendment to the statutes which, by declaring the stream non-navigable, shall clearly bring its ap-

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propriation under the laws of the State of California and so quiet the title thereto.

2. That the Interior Department reports that the amount of said appropriation exceeds the entire flow of the Colorado River during 245 months out of 311 months in which the stream has been measured, or of which there is reliable record.

3. That the Reclamation Service has under consideration plans looking to the complete development of the irrigation possibilities from the Colorado River and its tributaries, which, if carried to successful consummation, will materially increase the area available for the highest agricultural uses in five States and

Photo by Putnam & Valentine

MILO MAIZE IN THE IMPERIAL VALLEY.

one Territory, and thereby lay the foundation for a vast population in portions of the West and Southwest now almost entirely waste and uninhabited.

4. That the California Development Company has caused agreements to be entered into for the delivery of large quantities of water, originally diverted in the United States, upon lands in Mexico.

5. That the present situation on the lower course of the Colorado arising from conflicting claims of public and private enterprises, and possibly involving complicated international questions, may lead to unfortunate litigation or to the embarrassment of the Government in connection with its extensive

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MAIN IMPERIAL CANAL AT THE CROSSING INTO MEXICO. *Photo by Putnam & Valentine*

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plans, and that either of these results would inflict a severe blow upon the prosperity of California and Arizona.

6. That large numbers of settlers located by the California Development Company, through the medium of the Imperial Land Company, in the Imperial Valley, have urged that the pending legislation shall not be enacted; and that, as an alternative, said settlers shall be permitted to acquire the property of the California Development Company for just compensation through the instrumentality of the Government.

When a crisis arises in human affairs men turn instinctively to "the way out." I had not heard from the settlers at Imperial

Photo by Putnam & Valentine

A SPECIMEN OF SIX-MONTHS-OLD ALFALFA IN THE IMPERIAL VALLEY.

when I first suggested to Mr. Heber that he had better sell to the Government and received his answer to the effect that he would consider the proposition after the Daniels Bill had been enacted, and not before; nor when I went with the same suggestion to Mr. Lippincott and several other engineers of the Reclamation Service who happened to be in Los Angeles at the time; nor when I went to representatives of the local syndicate which has a large interest in the outcome because of its control of valuable lands in Mexico. I tried to bring these three interests together on common ground, looking to absolute National control of the Colorado River, but found it could not be done

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THE FIRST SOAKING OF THE LAND. (One of the tracts reclaimed by the Imperial Canal.) *Photo by Putnam & Valentine*

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until the menace of the Daniels Bill had been removed from the situation.

But at this very moment a considerable number of settlers at Imperial had begun to harbor the same thought and to make plans for its accomplishment. The pioneer in this, as I understand, was the United States Commissioner at Imperial, F. G. Havens. This man not only believed in Government ownership as a principle, but believed the hour had struck for its accomplishment in that place. He gathered a number of other settlers about him and asked me to make the fight at Washington. Mr. Heber claimed that I was supported not by the people at Imperial, but by a small faction of malcontents, one of whom, according to his testimony before the Senate Committee, "had been ordered out of a public park at Los Angeles for making anarchistic speeches." But I have no doubt these supporters of National Irrigation were the same kind of people whom Sam Adams loved because they cheered for liberty when he thundered against the English King in the streets of Boston. However that may be, the element of Imperial settlers who knew precisely what they wanted, and dared to come out into the open and fight for it, supplied precisely the support which was needed to beat the Daniels Bill at the critical hour in Washington.

Though I had heard much about the Imperial settlers who supported the demands of the Company, it has been impossible for me to find many of them since returning to California. The truth is, apparently, that everybody believed in National Irrigation in the abstract, but many thought the time had not yet come to bring it about in that place. They feared the attempt would ruin the Company and then ruin the settlers as a logical consequence. When they learned that they were mistaken in this view, they joined promptly and enthusiastically in support of the National idea and, "made it unanimous." It is only just to say that they also rendered a vital service at a critical time and are fully entitled to their credit for so doing.

The Daniels Irrigation Bill was fought and defeated chiefly upon these grounds:

It would have granted an absolute private monopoly in the waters of the greatest river of the Southwest.

This monopoly would have been beyond all possibility of public regulation, because it transports water for fifty miles through Mexico, and no authority in the United States, either County, State or National, can regulate a foreign corporation transacting its business on foreign soil.

It would have confirmed the Company's right to divide the water between two nations without asking the consent of either, and at the same time would have closed the door to irrigation development in four States along the upper course of the stream.

It would have practically destroyed the homestead rights of citizens, which are intended to give them the opportunity to acquire the amount of land reasonably necessary for a home on merely nominal terms. If a private corporation may charge the full value of the land for the right to use the water without which

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the land is worthless, then the citizen's homestead is actually destroyed on that portion of the public domain in which the Company operates.

Finally, it would have driven the Government out of the Colorado River and deprived Southern California of a National system which, according to official reports, the Government believes will enable the region to support 1,500,000 additional population—as much as the present total of California, more than any one of twenty-three States of the Union, and exceeded by only twenty States.

It is simply unthinkable that any Administration or any Congress should favor private monopoly at such fearful cost to the people of the United States. The bill was beaten. What was proposed in its place?

I had the honor to submit the following to the President, to Secretary Hitchcock and to Committees of both Houses of Congress:

First, that the Administration shall encourage legislation now pending before committees of both Houses of Congress which proposes to legalize appropriations heretofore or hereafter made by individuals, firms or corporations from the waters of the Colorado River, thereby opening the door to endless complications with the Governments both of this country and of Mexico.

Second, that the United States Reclamation Service shall open negotiations with the California Development Company for the acquisition of its franchise, rights and irrigation property, including the right to transport water through the canals of its allied Mexican corporation over Mexican soil to the point where it can be distributed to settlers on public lands in California, and that said irrigation property shall become the nucleus of the great system of public works which the Reclamation Service proposes to construct upon the lower course of the Colorado River.

Third, that the existing treaty with Mexico shall be revised so as to provide for the recognition by both governments of the indisputable fact that the waters of the Colorado River are far more valuable for irrigation than for navigation, and also to provide for an equitable division of the stream between the two republics.

The first feature of this program has been accomplished. A Government Commission, with Frederick H. Newell at its head, will arrive in California June 1st to consider the second proposition. As to the third, there is reason to suppose that it is under way and that amicable arrangements will soon be made.

Another article in these pages will describe the final outcome of the Battle for the Freedom of the Colorado.

CATTLE PASTURING ON ALFALFA.
(This was "desert land" before the building of the Imperial Canal.)

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THE YUMA PROJECT.

By J. B. LIPPINCOTT, SUPERVISING ENGINEER.

THE Reclamation Act was passed June 17, 1902. This law provides, "That all moneys received from the sale and disposal of public lands in Arizona, California, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, beginning with the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1901, including the surplus of fees and commissions in excess of allowances to registers and receivers, and excepting the five per centum of the proceeds of the sales of public lands in the above states set aside by law for educational and other purposes, shall be, and the same are hereby reserved, set aside and appropriated as a special fund in the Treasury to be known as the 'reclamation fund,' to be used in the examination and survey for, and the construction and maintenance of irrigation works for the storage, diversion and development of waters for the reclamation of arid and semi-arid lands in the said States and Territories, and for the payment of all other expenditures provided for in this Act."

The law states that pending these examinations, public lands in districts under consideration may be withdrawn from public entry, except under the Homestead Act.

If these investigations prove to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the Interior the feasibility of constructing the works in question, they may be built from these funds and the public lands thereunder disposed of under the Homestead Act, the entryman paying a price for the land proportional to the cost of its reclama-

CONTRAST BETWEEN RECLAIMED AND UNRECLAIMED LAND BELOW YUMA.

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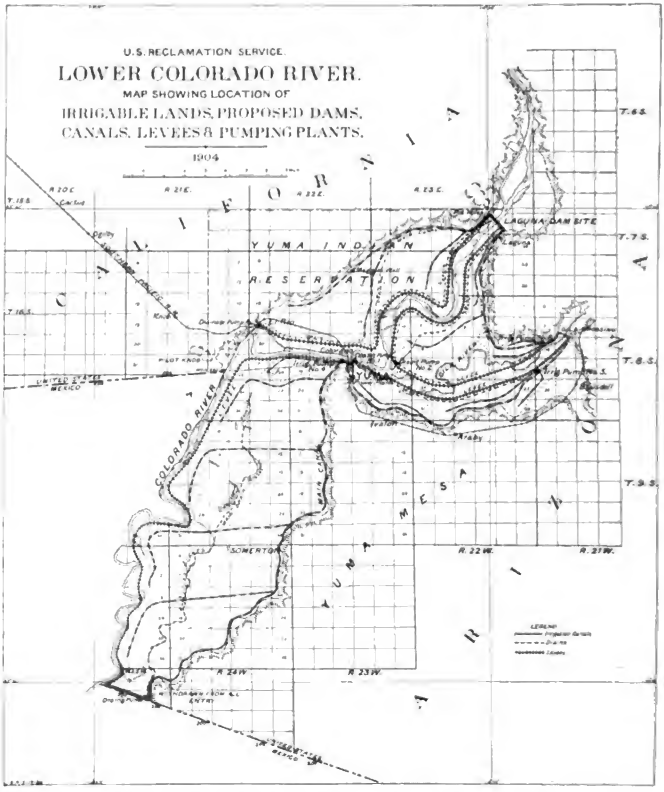

tion, in ten annual installments, without interest, taxes or profit; and the law provides further that when the majority of these lands have paid these charges, the distribution system is to be turned over to the operation of the local Irrigation Association to be formed; but the Federal Government shall retain possession and administration of the storage reservoirs and headworks of the system.

It is provided further that water may not be furnished by the Department for the irrigation of more than 160 acres belonging

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to any one individual, whether the lands are filed upon subsequent to their withdrawal under the Reclamation Act or are in private ownership under previous filings.

It is provided further that water so supplied can be furnished only to parties residing on the lands or in their immediate neighborhood.

Under the provisions of this Act, all the public lands along the Colorado River from the Grand Cañon to the Mexican Line were withdrawn, pending a general investigation. Surveys were at once begun of this district and data are now in the possession of the Secretary of the Interior relative to all projects therein. It is estimated that there are between 300,000 and 400,000 acres of irrigable valleys between the points named, immediately adjacent to the river and exclusive of irrigable lands in interior valleys removed from the river.

It has been decided that the proper point of beginning for the reclamation of this vast area is in the immediate neighborhood of Yuma. This enterprise does not include or interfere with the irrigation of private lands by individuals and corporations in the vicinity of Imperial, and there is no apparent reason why there should be any friction between these irrigation systems and those resulting from the construction of this Federal work.

During the winter season of 1903-4, the Reclamation Service made surveys for the irrigation of the valley lands of the Colorado and Gila Rivers in the immediate vicinity of Yuma, Arizona, and in the Yuma Indian Reservation in California, looking towards the utilization of the Colorado River for their water supply. These surveys included the making of a topographic map, on the scale of 100 feet to the inch, at the Laguna Dam Site and soundings for bed-rock and foundations at that point. On the California side of the river, along the route to be occupied by a possible canal, a map has been made on the scale of 100 feet to the inch with a small contour interval. On the Arizona side of the river a map has been made, on the scale of 100 feet to the inch, from the Laguna Dam Site to Yuma along the canal line, and in addition a number of angle line surveys have been run for the exact determination of the location for the canal. Below Yuma, transit surveys have been made for the location of the canal. At the crossing of the Gila River, a map has been drawn on a scale of 100 feet to the inch, and soundings made for bed-rock. Preliminary location surveys have been made for a complete set of levees from the Laguna Dam Site to the Mexican line, on both sides of the Colorado River, and also on each side of the Gila River. A drainage system has been projected upon the topographic maps which have been made of the entire district to an

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DAMIETTA BRANCH WEIR DURING CONSTRUCTION. *Reproduced from Maj. R. H. Brown's The Delta Barrage*

(The methods used by the British Govt. on this and other parts of its great work on the Nile will be followed in many respects by the U. S. Govt. on the Colorado.)

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elevation of 150 feet above river level, and to the scale of 2 inches to the mile. Surveys have been made preliminary to estimates for pumping plants for irrigation and draining. A Consulting Electrical and Mechanical Engineer has examined the ground and made plans and estimates therefor.

A Board of six Consulting Engineers has been through the estimates of the Engineers in charge in detail, and the report which is submitted is the result of the deliberations and best judgment of all these men, and all estimates and plans have been brought to the complete satisfaction of each person.

In the Yuma Indian Reservation on the California side of the river it is estimated that there will be within the levees 16,-

Reproduced from Maj. R. H. Brown's The Delta Barrage
THE ROSETTA BARRAGE FROM DOWN STREAM.
(One of the great works of English Engineers on the Nile.)

000 acres, and on the Arizona side it is estimated there will be 91,000 acres under the system, making a total of 107,000 acres. Of this area, it is estimated that 5,000 acres next to the Mexican line in Arizona will be subject to overflow in such a way as to temporarily exclude them from the irrigable areas, and in addition a small percentage of the remaining lands are known to be in sand dunes that will be above the level of the canal lines. In all, it is estimated that on both sides of the river there will be a total of 86,700 acres of irrigable land, of which 73,100 acres are in Arizona. The water supply of the Colorado River is adequate for the irrigation of this area.

A number of different designs for the diversion weir have been

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estimated upon in the study for the most economical type that may be built in safety at this point. Several different locations have also been examined to determine the best place for this structure, bed-rock having been explored for, with diamond core drilling machinery, at all possible dam-sites between Yuma and Picacho. As a result of these explorations the Laguna weir-site has been selected as the most desirable one for the construction of a weir to serve the lands near Yuma, a high dam and high-line canal being considered impossible. The type of weir selected is one that has been tried during the last 50 years at numerous places in India and Egypt under similar conditions, three dams

BOARD OF CONSULTING ENGINEERS
and others connected with the Yuma project.
(The six engineers forming the Consulting Board may be identified as follows: The first man at the right of the photograph is Geo. Y. Wisner, next him is J. B. Lippincott, next him is E. T. Perkins, not of the Consulting Board, but in charge of the field work at the time of taking the picture; next him is A. P. Davis; in the center of the foreground is H. N. Savage, at his elbow is J. H. Quinton, and at his left, W. H. Sanders.)

having been constructed on the Nile River within the past 15 years, on practically this same plan, all having served their purpose efficiently and being in operation today. This type of weir consists of a loose rock structure with a paving of stones 1½ feet in thickness on the down-stream slope, the structure being tied together with three parallel walls of steel and concrete run longitudinally between the granite abutments on the two sides of the river, and the entire structure being further made secure by

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an apron of loose rock pitching 10 feet in thickness and 50 feet in width at the lower toe of the dam below the sloping pavement. The height of this weir is to be 10 feet above low water and the slope of the down-stream side is 12 feet horizontal to 1 foot vertical, with the 50-foot apron below. The design calls for the upper core wall of concrete to rest upon a row of sheet piling driven into the bed of the river.

The handling of the silt of the Colorado is one of the most difficult features of this undertaking. It is known that its amount is very large. The river is on a grade of approximately one foot to the mile above the Laguna weir-site, so that this weir, 10 feet high, will make a settling basin of relatively quiet water approximately 10 miles in length above it. At each end of the weir and constructed in solid granite rock, will be a sluice-way

Photo by J. B. Lippincott

ANNUAL INUNDATION BELOW YUMA.

200 feet wide and excavated to the depth of low water in the river. These sluice-ways will be closed by large gates operated by hydraulic machinery. The diversion canals will take their water above these gates from the sides of the sluice-ways. The area of these sluice-ways being so great, the water movement toward the canal will be slow and most of the sediment will be deposited before reaching the canal intake. When this has accumulated to a considerable extent, the sluice-gates will be opened, and it is estimated that their capacity will be approximately 20,000 cubic feet per second each. This great volume of water passing through the sluice-ways when the gates are opened, will carry out with it the sediment deposited above the intake of the canal. The ordinary low-stage flow of the Colorado River is from 3,000 to 4,000 cubic feet per second, so the capacity of each

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of these sluice-ways will be about five times the low-water flow of the river. These figures are given for purposes of comparison only. As the result of a number of experiments, it has been found that the principal quantity of silt is carried along near the bottom of the river and that the surface water is relatively free from sediment. It is planned, therefore, to take the water into the canals by a skimming process over a long row of flashboards, so that the entire capacity of the canal can be furnished by drawing but one foot in depth of water from the surface of the river. As a still further precaution, it is proposed to construct the first

Photo by J. B. Lippincott

COLORADO RIVER—THE TEMPLE. (From the southeast.)

3,000 feet of canal on each side of the river of such size that the movement of water through it will be slower than one foot per second. These settling basins, as they are called, would be either excavated from granite, or, where the section is in earth, they would be paved. At the lower end of these settling basins, gates will be arranged to discharge into the river so that the water can be drawn down to the level of the stream, and a grade of 11 feet in 3,000 feet thus obtained. At the lower end of the settling basins the canals proper will begin. The silt that will enter the settling basins in spite of the two precautions noted above

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COLORADO RIVER—LOWER BOULDER CAÑON DAM-SITE.
(Looking down stream.)

will be permitted to settle in these basins, and, at such intervals of time as may be necessary, the sluice-gates at the end of the settling basin will be opened and sufficient water drawn into this section through the headworks to scour it out. Every portion of this weir and headworks as designed would be of rock, concrete, or steel, with the exception of the sheet piling, which will be driven entirely below the water level and so will not decay. Every portion of the weir will be what is known as permanent construction. Such character of work will, of course, be expensive, but it has been proved to be sound economy to build in this way.

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Photo by J. B. Lippincott
SMALL LEVEE HOLDING OVERFLOW FROM FIELDS BELOW YUMA.

The capacity of these canals at their intakes will be 1,200 cubic feet per second on the Arizona side, and 200 cubic feet per second on the California side. The amount of silt that would be daily delivered into the Arizona Canal, if diversion were made directly from the stream, would approximate 17,000 cubic yards of wet mud by volume. It is not believed to be possible for a canal to continuously operate successfully for the irrigation of lands along the valleys of the Colorado River, unless some very substantial arrangements are made at the headworks for the handling of silt, and this is believed to be a justification for the expenditure proposed for these headworks; also the water must be held to a fixed level at the canal heading for all stages of the river. This structure will cost approximately $1,000,000.

Careful study has been made of the existing canals in the vicinity of Yuma and Imperial to determine the shape that they naturally assume, and the roughness of the bottom and sides, which tends to retard the velocity. Based upon these data, the canals have been so designed as to carry water at a higher velocity throughout than will be found in the settling basins above their head, and of such velocity as will permit of a minimum loss by seepage and evaporation. The gates and drops of these canals and the Yuma bridges are designed as steel concrete structures. A distribution system has been estimated upon to furnish water to each 160-acre tract. There will be small areas of land in the upper Gila Valley, and below Yuma, that will have to be served by pumping plants, lifting the water from five to seven feet. The power for doing this will be furnished from a water-power plant to be erected above Yuma at a drop in the

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main canal. This power plant will also be used in connection with the drainage system.

One of the most difficult problems in connection with this project is the crossing of the Gila River. It has been considered necessary to make this perfectly safe, and for this purpose a structure has been designed that will cross beneath the bed of the river, the top to be several feet below the lowest point of the stream bed. This structure will be of steel and concrete, some 3,000 feet in length.

Because of the annual rise of the Colorado River, a large portion of the lands along this stream are subject to annual overflow which practically prevents residence thereon, as well as the farming of them without protective works. The levee, therefore, is

Photo by J. B. Lippincott

A WHEAT FIELD BELOW YUMA. (The man is 6 feet tall.)

considered an essential feature of the enterprise. The shape of levee adopted is one that has been developed by years of experience along the Mississippi River. It will have a slope of three feet horizontal to one foot vertical on the water side, and 2½ feet horizontal to one foot vertical on the land side; it will be eight feet wide on top, and be built five feet above the highest water marks of the year 1903. These levees will be 4,000 feet apart (one on each side) along the Colorado River, and 3,200 feet apart along the Gila River.

Because these lands are so flat, and the level of the water in the ground so near the surface, it is considered necessary, for their permanent safe irrigation, to supply a drainage system. A main drainage canal has been designed to run through the central portion of the areas to be irrigated, and when possible the natural

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drainage lines of the country will be utilized, deepening them with a steam dredger to such depth that they will carry off the water returning from irrigation or seeping through the levees during the high-water stage of the river.

When lands in any district tend to become alkaline they may be connected, by means of local drainage canals, with this main drain, and in this manner they could be kept free from alkali by holding down the level of the ground water. During the greater portion of the year, when the river is low, this drainage water would be discharged into the stream, but when the river is in flood its elevation will be such as to prevent a discharge into it

Photo by T. B. Lippincott

GAUGING STATION ON THE COLORADO RIVER BELOW YUMA.

from the drains. A pumping plant has therefore been designed to lift the drainage waters over the levees during the flood period of the river to prevent the lands becoming water-logged.

The whole system, as planned above, is one looking to the permanent reclamation of this district by means of irrigation, levee and drainage works. All portions of the system to be made of steel, concrete, or earth-work.

The reports of the Department of Agriculture on the character of the soils of this Valley, as well as past farming experience, indicate that they are exceedingly fertile. The silt of the Colorado River, all of which cannot be removed at the headworks, has high fertilizing properties. Under these conditions, and with

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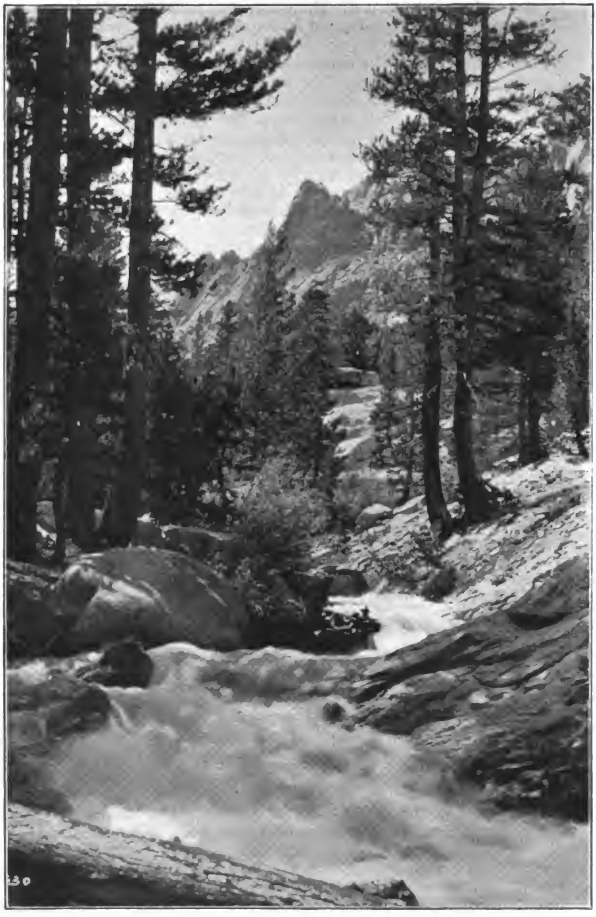

On the Mora River, New Mexico Rockies. (See p. 523.)

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proper handling of the system, the Valley should be perpetually fertile. The entire cost of this enterprise, providing all the area is irrigated which is indicated above, will amount, according to the estimate, to about $35 per acre irrigated. It is entirely possible, however, that as the construction work proceeds this cost may be somewhat increased or lessened, although an effort has been made to cover all contingencies, and the estimates of cost have been liberal. The price will range near $35 per acre, this to be paid for according to the provisions of the Reclamation Act and regulations of the Secretary of the Interior, in ten annual installments after the first delivery of water. The annual charge for maintenance and supervision of this system will be very low and probably materially less than $1.00 per acre. There will be no charge for interest, profit, or taxes.

In order to keep the price as low as that estimated upon and to proceed with the construction of the works, it will be necessary for all of the land-owners of the portion of the district that is in Arizona, under the projected canal, to enter into an agreement with the Secretary of the Interior, through their local Water Users Association, for the payment for the water when it is delivered to them. The Reclamation Service has made the surveys and estimates required for the Secretary of the Interior concerning the costs and character of these works; but it will be absolutely necessary for the local land-owners to submit to the Secretary, through their local associations, the contracts for the acceptance of the water; and also to provide for the rights of way required for the levee, power plants, transmission lines, etc. When these contracts and agreements have been prepared they will be given careful consideration by the Department.

The Secretary of the Interior has set aside $3,000,000 of the Reclamation fund for the construction of this project, contingent upon the action of the land owners of this valley and their entering into contracts with the Department, in accordance with the provision of the Reclamation Act passed June 17, 1902.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MAPASTEPEC.

By A. B. BENNETT.

Passing on a morning when the tropic dawn's adorning
Leafy tips of matted forest and the smooth caoba's tower,
At the river of Suchatle, there the brown-eyed daughters met me,
Proud-eyed naiads bearing water I remember to this hour.

"Aiya! loros in the forest winging always two and two!
Aiya! doves that flit at evening on the trail we follow through!"

So followed I a-mourning, many eves and many mornings
For the graces of the daughters of the village far away;
For the proud-eyed, brown-skinned daughters who eye strangers
by the waters
Of the limpid stream Suchatle, or who did so on a day.

Ensenada, Mexico.

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IN THE ASPEN WOODS.

By E. DANA JOHNSON.

THE great Pecos River Forest Reserve, in the heart of the New Mexico Rockies, is a wild, rugged and beautiful country, with hundreds of miles of dense, gray old forests, where cold, crystal trout streams splash down through the cañons, and where the mountain-lion and the savage bob-cat still lurk, as well as Bruin and the graceful black-tail deer.

The fairy-like lights and shadows among the aspens change with every varying angle of the sun's rays, and each effect seems more beautiful and bewitching than the last. Tall spruces and firs, here and there, dwarfed by the loftier aspen trunks, add by their dark contrast to the loveliness of the scene, and accentuate the curious light appearance of the forest landscape.

A few wild cattle nosing in the deep grass, or perchance a startled deer with head thrown up, and a solitary eagle wheeling far up in the blue, add the finishing touches to a picture of enchanting beauty. Coming into one of these big aspen groves out of

A CAMP AMONG THE ASPENS ON ROUND MOUNTAIN.

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A Forest of Young Aspens.

the dense evergreen woods is like coming into a great park or clearing, as the trees stand well apart and one can see a long distance between them.

After a Forest Fire.

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Where the aspens are smaller, the forest is an almost impenetrable thicket; for the saplings stand closely together and the branches are low. In a dense "brake" of this kind, it is well-nigh impossible to make progress, and a very easy thing to get lost if you strike off from the trail; for the sense of direction is a very fickle and elusive thing in such a wilderness, where the small thick-set saplings extend for miles without a break.

When a forest fire, starting stealthily from the smouldering ashes of a careless hunter's camp-fire, sweeps over the country, where once stood the green forest of young aspens, remains a great chevaux-de-frise of sharp black spires, a veritable abatis

On a Cloudy Day.

rendered still more impassable by the half-fallen and prostrate trees lying in confusion inextricable, this way and that. Clambering and climbing through such a place is about as hard going as could be desired. It is much more enjoyable to whoop at a bunch of range cattle as they come down the trail, and start the big beasts helter-skelter, crash, smash through the forest of dead trees. The cracking and popping and snapping of brittle trunks and the thud of hoofs on heavier logs still rouse the echoes from the depths below long after the startled animals have disappeared from view among the trees.

Look far across the dizzy cañon, the vast mass of forest spread out before the eye is magnificent, with millions of trees as thick

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as they can stand and the summit of the immense slope miles away up yonder. Here and there appear to be wide gaps in the dark green, where the bushes or high grass seem to be growing. Scattered pines and firs and spruces lift their heads above the vivid lighter green, which is really the foliage of thousands of aspen trees, twenty to forty feet high and growing closely together.

Game of all sorts is easily "spotted" among the aspens. In one small grove at the head of a cañon in the Pecos country, four bears were trapped last summer. In these open woods one may have dozens of chances for "dead sure" rifle shots at deer,

ALONG THE TRAIL.

but the $500 fine imposed for killing the gentle animals is apt to discourage an attempt. Grouse shooting is the best sport. The big birds rise out of the tall grass from almost under your feet, and go whirring and hustling up into the top of the nearest aspen to get a bird's-eye view of the intruder. There are chances for excellent wing shots as they fly, and when up in a tree-top they are most inviting marks for a rifle. Big as a spring chicken, tender, juicy and of the most delicate flavor, the grouse is a bird fit for a king.

The views along the mountain trail, as it winds among the slim white trees, over the steep divide and down into the cañon, are fine. Vistas between long, shining colonnades of white tree-

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trunks, glimpses through lower tree-tops of the purple Santa Fé mountains in the distance, a tracery of snow-filled cañons and gleaming summits. Against the deep turquoise sky is the fairy lace-work of the aspen leaves, quivering and fluttering in their endless palsy. Across the trail, where tell-tale foot-prints speak of midnight prowlings of lynx and fox, flitting shadows dance back and forth as the day wanes. All is utter silence but for the faint murmur of the Mora River far below, splashing along over its boulders in the cañon's gloom. And hark! the half-musical, half-metallic clang of the mountain blue-jay, querulously com-

A Little Mountain Guide.

plaining as he goes to bed away down yonder in the woodland depths.

It is getting dark, and we must hurry along the ridge of Hamilton Mesa and down the steep trail to the welcoming camp-fire, whose yellow glare lights up weirdly and fitfully the aspens towering above the tent. Now they start forth into bold relief against the blackness, and anon they vanish into vague nothingness and mystery as the leaping flames subside.

Whether in sunlight, starlight or firelight, in the sombre grayness of a cloudy day or softly illumined by silvery moonshine, the beauty of these great white forest aisles is something that lingers longest among the many pleasant recollections of camp life in the wild mountains of the Southwest.

Albuquerque, N. M.

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By WILLARD WOOD.

FROM San Francisco Bay to San Diego Bay the California Coast is the Conchologists' Paradise. Between these picturesque points more shells of remarkable beauty, shape and coloring are to be found than in any other similar territory in the world.

North of San Francisco harbor the shore line is extremely rocky and difficult to reach from the railroad station, besides there are but few interesting species inhabiting the rocks and beaches. The southern district, however, is entirely different. Upon its warm beaches the incoming tides are constantly throwing up shells of many kinds and dimensions, from that of a pinhead to that of a cannonball.

Some dainty little shells are often passed over, for they resemble grains of rice; others are of such distorted shapes that they look like bits of sea-weed or the small rocks on which they cling.

Most specimens found on beaches are lustreless and considerably worn. This is caused by constant washing back and forth on the wet sands. Occasionally, however, a perfect pearly one, fresh from its comfortable ocean home, will be found. It has probably been rudely torn from the rocks by angry waves and carried swiftly upon the beach. One like this, with delicate coloring, will invariably attract the eye of the summer beach-stroller and will be carried away to display its beauties far from its ocean home.

If the visitor at the sea-shore has had his curiosity aroused conchologically and wishes to make a collection of the prettiest shells, let a "pointer" be given to him. He must seek the creatures in their own homes and should not be content with the dead and lustreless specimens cast upon the beaches. It is only a few minutes walk along the sands to where the rocks project from the gravelly ground. Select a morning when the tide is low and go there early. Turn back the long, dark-green masses

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"Here the Rocks Are Alive with Pretty Sea-shells."

of mossy sea-weed, which hang limply from the rocks. Having done this, one will be agreeably surprised to find many specimens of various sizes, shapes and coloring there. Do not be afraid of the tiny rock-crabs which dart to and fro in search of safe hiding places. They will at first look up at one with starey, bulging eyes and hold out open claws threateningly, but they will soon scamper off and do no harm. But one thing do look out for—the big rolling waves! Likewise the sharp-pointed spiney sea-urchins which love to dwell in cool, dark places. Having found the true home of the shells the next thing to do is to detach them with one's fingers or pen-knife and put them carefully in a box or cloth bag. On reaching the hotel or cottage,

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PEBBLY BEACH, SANTA CATALINA. (Many beautiful specimens are found here.)

see that they are immediately dropped into water, heated to the boiling point. This will loosen the fleshy parts, which can then be easily removed with a pin. One will then possess a shell with the aperture very pearly and beautiful.

Not all shells are to be found clinging to rocks. There are big clams and smaller bivalves which live in gravel beds just below the surface sands. Certain species attach themselves to floating sea-moss; other kinds delight in crawling around the bottom of pools of clearest sea-water in fairy-like grottos.

The beach of San Francisco County—from Ft. Winfield Scott to the Seal Rocks—a distance of some three miles—affords the

LOW TIDE NEAR SANTA BARBARA. (A favorite spot for collectors of cockle-shells.

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tourist a splendid chance to obtain beautiful specimens of clams, oysters, limpets, spiral shells, pea-pod shells, and dainty little bivalves of peach-blow coloring. An Eastern scientific journal mentions the fact that several years ago two young conchologists gathered over 125 varieties from this beach—a remarkable number considering the limited territory.

Another favorite spot is the beach in front of Santa Cruz. Many curious forms are found there. The summer tourist will also find brilliantly-colored star-fish, sea-urchins and iridescent, lace-like sea-moss in abundance. The bluffs north of the sandy

A Bit of Rocky Shore Rich in Molluscan Fauna.

beach are of especial interest to the paleontologists, for they are wonderfully rich in fossils—perfect fossilized shells imbedded in hard sandstone. Many visitors to that delightful resort are seen daily searching for these very curious cabinet specimens.

The State Mining Bureau and the California Academy of Sciences, both in San Francisco, and the University of California, in Berkeley, possess large collections of fossil shells from these interesting beds.

Pescadero Beach in San Mateo County, also called "Jewel" Beach, is very rich in molluscan fauna. The gathering of brilliant pebbles of chalcedony, moss agate, carnelian, etc., seems

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however, to occupy the greater part of the visitor's time at this resort. The finest sea-moss in the world is found here. The stage ride over the hills from San Mateo is delightful and is one which the traveler will long remember.

Perhaps the most widely-known beaches are those at Monterey and Pacific Grove. During the summer months hundreds of men, women and children may be seen sitting on the white sands searching for shells of the prettiest forms and coloring. Fishermen are constantly finding rare and unknown kinds in their nets. Many beautiful ones may be bought from these Italian and Chinese fishermen for a nominal sum.

At Pacific Grove, professors and students of conchology gather each summer and study the various forms of sea-life from

ARCH ROCK, SANTA MONICA. (Many fine spiral shells are gathered near here.)

the lowest to the highest. Many interesting collections are made. The beautiful abalone shells and the "owl" shells attain their greatest size and perfection at this place.

As one travels further south one finds the shells to be more brilliant in coloring and larger in size, due to the warm gulf currents.

San Pedro, Catalina Island, and San Diego Bay! What ideal collecting grounds these spots are! At the former place, huge, Naples-yellow "Natica" shells are constantly being thrown upon the beach by marine disturbances. These are very attractive and are much sought after by shell-dealers who convert them into souvenir ink-stands, ash trays, cuff-links, brooches, cigarette holders and other novelties.

No lover of nature can go away from these places without the most pleasant recollections of delightful hours spent delving into queer little nooks and corners searching for the pretty spiral shells.

San Francisco.

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THE LOST SOLDIER MINE.

(The third extract from the reminiscences of Jerry Murphy, prospector.)

By PHILIP NEWMAN.

THE WINTER long I had hammered out me brains on a knife-blade stringer in the Chemehuevis. When the heat was coming on in the spring, I passed it up. Sorting out a little shipment of ore, I dropped down the Colorado in me boat to Ehrenberg to get returns.

I was anxious to get out of the country. What can you do on a trip, floating through valleys a hundred miles long, and seeing nothing but the blue tips of mountains over a tangle of mesquite and willow a snake could n't crawl through? Or, boiling along through cañons with dead malapie [mal pais—"bad lands," of lava or other volcanic formation] walls hanging over like the ghost of Adam? The little I could see of the country was dug out and deserted. All the mineral had been on top; nothing went down. Many the broad, fresh trail I took that brought up in a stamping ground on a rocky mesa where the wild burros came in herds to roll in the moonlight. And every old wagon road, washed and gullied, led back in the hills to a tumbledown camp that told no tales.

Ehrenberg, before the railroads came, was a lively freight town—there's a graveyard there that tells the story—but now it's a street-line of empty adobes, fronting the river. The only sign of life, when I was there, was an old peg-leg keeping store. He had a grocery, a postoffice, and a wet grocery, all under one roof—a roof you could throw a cat through, anywhere. Peg-leg said he went outside whenever it rained—it came evener.

I tied me boat, and climbed the bank to the old town. Somebody was giving things a touch of high life in Peg-leg's; a line of gummed-up and snowed-under old stiffs were at the bar drinking. Peg-leg motioned there was a stranger outside, and one of them came to the door to ask me in. It was Red-nose Jack—there was no mistaking that pump-handle on fire.

"Hello, Jack," I says. "How are you, boy?"

He steadied himself against the door. "Is that you, Murphy? Come in out of the smoke, and have a drink." His eyes filled with booze, and off he went. "We're all going to have a drink on my pardner, the only white man the other side of the mountains—and I thought he had gone back on me! But here's the money, and here's the letter. Read it, Murphy, so everybody can hear."

The letter was from Milford Spencer Duncan, the Ski Vue

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Hotel, Wylding Vale, California.—"Have you all got that?" I says.—"My Dear Mr. Rafflin," says the letter. "Inclosed find remittance as per our agreement. I hope you will pardon the delay, which was really unavoidable, and trust you will go ahead and have no fear about money. I am confident and enthusiastic you and the old gentleman will re-discover the Lost Soldier Mine. Of course you will observe the utmost secrecy in your preparations."

With every line of the letter Jack let out a yell: "We're all going to have another drink on my pardner, the only" this, and "the only" that. A little runty old man was coming up every time to drink. His hair and whiskers were so white, and his face so tanned, I took him for a Mexican. The little hands of him were padded like a dog's foot with hard work.

"That's enough, Jack," says the little old man. "Let's go home now; let's get back to camp."

But Jack was reading the letter with his forefinger. "'My Dear Mr. Rafflin'—that's me. 'Have no fear about money'—that's my pardner." He waved us up to the bar with both arms; his pardner was setting 'em up pretty regular.

I don't know whether it was Peg-leg's whisky, or the hundred and fifty miles of graveyard I had come through, but I found meself hugging Jack for me long lost brother, telling him to go ahead and enjoy himself—I had a fine piece of money coming. The old man sat back, and blinked at us, red-eyed—I believe he was crying. The next thing I remember, I was lying out in an old adobe, watching the stars through the roof. I crawled down to me boat, and bathed me head, got out me blankets, and went to sleep under a mesquite.

Next morning, I was frying me bacon, when Jack came through the brush, the old man trailing after him. Peg-leg had staked him to a shave and a new shirt, and he had the old man cocked and primed to put in a word at the right time. He was for pulling himself out of the hole after blowing in.

"How are you coming on after the show, Murphy?" he says.

"Pretty fair," I says, tending me bacon.

"Going back to your claim?" I had given him a great spiel the night before about that ribbon of quartz.

"No," I says, over me shoulder; "I'm getting out of the country."

Jack looked down at me boat, and me outfit—just the rig he needed. "Murphy, did you ever hear the story of the Lost Soldier Mine?"—No, I never had.—"That's what we're out for," he says, going on to explain:

"Last winter I found a pretty fair pocket on the river"—Jack

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was an old 'Yamper—"and I takes a trip inside. I shows in 'Frisco for about a month—and I blows in. One day I was sitting in the old hotel, where the old-timers hang out, watching the drift of people outside, looking for some one I knew to stake me through the orange-pickers' country. A hand was laid on my shoulder, and I looks up to see a showcase nibs with a cowboy hat on. 'I saw you sitting here,' he says, 'and I ventured to speak. You are a miner, are you not? I'm very much int'rested in minerals.' I smells a road stake, and I tells him all the old yarns I ever heard; among the rest, the story of the Lost Soldier Mine. That strikes him just right. The upshot of it was, he stakes me back to the river, I hunts up the old man here, and we come over to Ehrenberg, and wait for a letter. It seemed like it would never come. When it does come, we're not feeling well—and we take a few drinks to loosen up. You drop in, you're an old friend, we get too much—and I blows in. The old man," says Jack, laughing, "was the original discoverer of the Lost Soldier Mine."

The old man came to me elbow, looking up in me face as weak and friendly as a stray dog. He pointed his shaking hand down the river to a pair of blue needle-tips, rising over the Chocolate range. "Somewhere back of the Twin Buttes—the Dos Picachos," he says, "there's the finest prop'ty that ever lay outdoors. I found it once—but I never could go back to it. Here's some of the ore—it was broken raw from the cropping—it's worn smooth in my pocket—" and he went on with his story.

When he was a young fellow, he had been one of a troop of soldiers, guarding the freight teams back into the Territory from Ehrenberg. He served out his time, got his discharge, and started down the river, with a comrade, for Yuma. The Indians, hiding in the willow, take a shot at them, and get his pardner. The old man runs his boat ashore, and makes a get-away up a broad wash. The Indians run him all day; late in the afternoon they give up the chase, and cut back to the river. The day was boiling hot, and he loses his head with the heat. All night he wanders in the hills, and—where or how he don't know—but he finds water.

In the morning he's in a deep cañon with walls so high and narrow they let in but an hour's sun. The walls close in to a high head; down the head there's a groove like a snake-track, worn by the fall of water. At the foot of the fall is the water itself—a tank in the hills.

In the morning he's lying by the water that saved him, and he's himself again. Below the pool, a rise of bedrock catches his eye, and he breaks into it. It's a soft sugar-grain quartz, the kind that carries mineral, and in it is the living gold.

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Taking his bearings the best he can, he makes his way out. But he loses himself again in the sultry river bottom, and follows a blind trail until he's about gone. Finding the river at last, the water revives him, and he poles his way to Yuma on a raft of driftwood. Fainting with hunger, and ragged and bloody, he staggers into a saloon with both hands full of his find, and collapses on the floor.

He has a long sick spell—his mind was never quite right afterward. The boys take care of him, and he tries to take them back to the mine when he gets well; but he can't make anything of the country. The broad wash, leading to the buttes, was the only place he remembered.

"And that long draw," says the old man, "was dry-washed, over and over, for placer gold. I ran my machine there"—every dry-washer's windmill is his "machine"—"for years. The gold is the same gold that's in this quartz. The mine is the head of that channel of pay gravel; and if any man can find it, it's Jack here."

Every prospector thinks he's the man to trace the drift of a lead home. I wanted to get on that ground meself. I knew why the talk was being made at me, and I had tried to keep meself out of it; but there was the gold in the rock, and the old man pointing out the mountains. It was a chance, and I had to get in on the game.

When me returns came, me boat rode deep with the outfit she carried, and there were three of us in her, off down the river. The Dos Picachos, licked and whittled as sharp as snake fangs by the weather, rose higher and higher out of the long stretch of water, and the old man laughed and talked like a child—he had no control over himself.

The river, leading to the peaks, makes a straight course for many miles, boxed by low hills, but turns sharp at the mouth of the big wash, leaving the buttes far to the right. Riding in on the current, we grounded on a tongue of hardpan, dipping into the river. Jumping ashore, I hammered in me drill for an anchor, and we got to making camp. I thought the old man would kill himself packing stuff ashore, so I told him to hunt up Juan. Juan was the only man left at the old placer camp, so Peg-leg told us. We wanted to get his burros, and have him bring us water. The old man found his camp, but Juan was out in the hills.

Next morning we trailed over, and broke in on him, cooking breakfast in his old shack. Of all the hole-ups of all me days, that shack was nearest the bed-rock. Hollowed out of two mesquites, and squared at the corners with a post or two, it hung

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with soot an inch long. Juan was an able-bodied old boy, with bristling white hair, but some time he had been caught in a wild mix-up. There was a knife slash across his cheek, one eye was out, and one arm was off above the elbow.

"Hi, 'ombres," he says, "come in, come in, come in." Rolling a cigarette with one hand, he winked his dead eye, folded his arm and stump of an arm, and braced into the talk, as good a man as the best of us.

I hurried him to get through his breakfast. Picking up a little pat of dough, he rolled up his sleeve, and so help me, if he didn't pat him out a tortilla on the wrinkled stump of his arm. That was a rough deal for a man. He saw us looking down our noses, and made us a little talk.

"I find a mine one time," he says, "the Veta Chiquita."

"The Veta was a good prop'ty," puts in the old man.

"Hi, yi, yi, yi,—Got a beeg pot of money—vamos por Sonora. Mucho fandango! muchas chiquitas bonitas! Everybohdy me gusta—hell of a good fellah—you bet you que si. Poco tiempo, dinero no hay. Vamos—get out—son of a gun. No mo' mines, no mo' mines. Me worka my dry-wash. Poquitas tortillas, poquitos frijoles—leetle wheesky—muy bueno por uno Mexicano. No mas chiquitas bonitas—mira me Juanita," he says, pointing to a lop-eared burro, sticking her head in the shack.

Jack laughed until his nose shone like a string of chiles. "Pardner, you're all, all right," he says; "you don't need any fixing."

Juan agreed to catch up his burros, and take us out, and bring us water for a month or two. Next morning we set off up the draw.

Pegging along, I sized the country up for mineral. It was all volcanic; there was n't a formation that did n't have the mineral fat fried out of it. Low turtle-shells of conglomerate crept out of the wash on both sides; back of them, great domes of red porphyry, bold and barren, rose one upon the other, and over all, with their bases hid by the curve of the wash, the Dos Picachos, two wild upshoots of trap, stood like pointing fingers, urging us on. As we gained higher in the draw, low, wicked looking hills of malapie seemed to close square across the wash.

Our only guide was the worked-out channel of placer gold, marked along by piles of screenings and boulders. A day and a half we followed it with our slow burro train, until we came abreast of the buttes. The wash narrowed, and turned to the left around the base of the peaks. The pay channel cut square across it, until we came face to face with the blank cliff of the malapie. It seemed to ride deep in the gravel like an iceberg.

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Juan stopped his burros. "Todos!" he says. "No mas coyote holes p'alla. No mas oro fino."

The old man was quick to explain. "The channel leaves the draw here," he says. "There's never been a color of gold found above this point."

We made camp under a palo verde, and got to work. It was certain the mine lay north of the draw; wandering south of it, the old man could never have struck river bottom. Walking over to the buttes, I climbed the loose rock at their base to get a bird's-eye view of the country. To the north, beyond the nigger-heads of porphyry we had come through, was a dim distant stretch of sand; through it, the winding flash of the river. The country to the west, blocking the natural course of the channel, was all malapie; a toss of beetling peaks, just as it froze out of hell a-boiling. Between the black cones lay dead seas of volcanic ash. Nobody but a crazy man would hunt a mine there—it was a puzzle and a mystery.

And a puzzle and a mystery it remained a month later. With all our experience we could make nothing of it. There wasn't a patch of formation in which mineral could live, and beyond that blank wall of malapie, not a trace of channel. In no gully or ravine could we pan a color of gold.

The first burst of summer heat caught us with nothing done. With the heating of the rock, the nights were like an oven, and we got little rest. It soon told on the old man—you never can stand desert heat after being once overcome by it—and Jack got anxious to get him back to the mountains. He would sit around camp in a dead stupor, like a lizard on a rock. When he did come to himself he talked so wild we made up our minds his story was a hoax.

Jack and I wanted to give it up, but the old man begged for a little more time—he would try to remember. At last we told him flat that Juan's next trip would see us back to the river.

An everlasting Mexican "Saint's day" happened aiong, and there was no Juan, and no water. He didn't come the next day, nor the next, nor the next. Our water supply got down to two canteens' full, and we took no more chances. Drawing lots who should go after him, Jack pulled the long straw, and set off down the wash as soon as the sun was behind the hills.

The second morning afterward, there was no Jack. I began to curse me luck. There I was, out in the hills with a last canteen of water, tied to a helpless old man, while I had a pardner down to the river on a drunk with a one-eyed Mexican.

With the fever of thirst the old man lost his mind entirely—I could never leave him out of me sight. Only in the cool hours

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of early morning, did he seem to be himself. The second morning after Jack was due, I took him up on the malapie to make a pretence of prospecting. I was off by meself, looking for Jack down the draw, when he called to me. He was standing by an old trail, worn in the crust of the malapie; a sheep-trail evidently, from the old trace of mountain sheep by it. In the trail was a soldier button, lost by the old man thirty years before.

The old man stood by, not daring to touch it, until I came up. I made light of it—it did n't prove anything—there was no doubt he had been in the country at the time. The old man pocketed the button. When the heat of the day came on, and his sulky stupor came over him, I saw him fingering the button, time and again, muttering to himself.

There was no sleep for Murphy that night. Me throat was swelled shut, and every breath was a streak of fire. Taking a swallow of water, now and then, I watched over the old man, and strained me ears for Jack and his burros. The old man lay on his bunk, worn out; once he rose up, with a wild look in his eye, but I laid him back, spread a wet cloth over his face, and fanned him with me hat until he dropped off to sleep.

I got out of the dark rat's nest of a shack, hunting a breath of air. It was getting hard for me to think. I wandered farther from camp than I thought; I was surprised to find meself climbing the square boulders at the base of the buttes. I lay flat on a great slab, catching the faintest kiss of air up the draw. It was a bright night, and dead quiet; there wasn't the least sound of any living thing. The sharp tips of the peaks seemed to be wasting away at white heat in the moonlight, and the malapie belt, across the draw, was like a silver sea. I fell to wondering, as a man will, how many thousands of years those peaks had stood sentinel over that dead country, rotting under the sun.

Suddenly I was all attention—me ear caught the sound of nailed shoes, grinding on the rocks. Thinking it was Jack and his burros, I hurried to camp.

In the shade of the palo verde was something white—the cloth I had spread over the old man's face, dried stiff and thrown aside. His bed was empty. I gargled me throat, and tried to hello to him, but no answer. I threw the canteen over me shoulder, and ran out after him.

I climbed the hill before the camp, and listened. Through the stillness of the night, the sound of his footsteps came faint and regular, going steadily on. I called and called, but still no answer; he didn't seem to hear.

He was making a straight course over the malapie, wandering away into the heart of the desert. Taking the direction of the

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sound, I covered the rough country as fast as I could, but I could never come quite up with him. He seemed to think I was trying to hunt him down; if I pressed him too hard, he hid from me. All through the night I held on in the rear. Me brain was swimming in fire, and me heart was breaking, but it was death to him to give him up.

When morning broke, I caught sight of him, hurrying along a bluff, walking a ravine—another broad wash coming up from the river, but from the north; it opened into the wide stretch of sand I had seen from the buttes. He dropped out of sight down a sharp gully. Coming to it meself, I found a well-defined sheep-trail, leading down it and up the ravine.

Sheep trail! sheep trail! why had the old man followed that sheep trail? In the wash of the gully, I saw something that held me eye; I looked at it for a long while until me head cleared. It was a gravel-bank, baked to a conglomerate, lying under the black lava rock.

The secret of it flashed into me mind. There was the placer channel we had hunted so long! The malapie was only a cap, thrown over an old formation—the placer channel ran under it. The old man, crazy with thirst, had been following that sheep-trail to water like an animal, as he had done thirty years before. It had all come back to him in his delirium. And at the same time, he was tracing, under the malapie, the placer channel back to the mine.

I toiled up the ravine like I was going to meet me mother in heaven. It was like a dream come true—everything was as the old man described it. The walls ran higher and higher, gaining several hundred feet in height, and closed in not more than thirty feet apart. A turn in the cañon brought the high pitch of dry waterfall into view, and I made mad haste to the water.

The pool lay deep, mirroring the bulging walls, and a point of sky. The old man lay by it, sleeping—he never remembered his night trip, and I never told him.

Once I saw a man shot in a saloon—shot through the heart—and the way he whirled, before he fell, and ran for the door, came to me mind as I turned from the water to hunt the cropping of quartz. It was there—the weather-beaten bank of it—and when I broke into it—oh, the beauty—there was the soft, sugar-grain quartz, as bright as the water itself, and in it were the soft grains of gold. The cool water did its work, a weariness came over me, and I fell asleep on the cropping.

At noon I was awakened by the prickling of heat—the sun was shining down in the cañon. I made my way back to camp to get grub for the old man. Along in the evening Jack came

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punching in with Juanita. There wasn't a dry stitch on him, and the burro's sides were thumping. Over her haunches was a sore patch where Jack had been sawing her spinal column with an okatea. [Ocatilla—one of the most curious of the strange freaks of desert vegetation.]

"It's a rough deal on Juanita," he says, "but I had to get here. I had a devil of a time—"

Jack's eyes were weak and watery, and his nose was peeled. I set the jenny a pan of water, and rubbed some grease on her back. "You might as well own up you've been on a drunk, Jack," I says. "We've found the mine."

It cooled after the finding of the Deep Cañon mine, and we had a few weeks of fair weather. The old man did n't show a trace of his old weakness—he seemed to grow young again. He was n't asking anything of anybody those days; he got over his notion of doing all the work himself, and took a turn at bossing the job. We let him have his way—you'll do anything for a man that finds a mine for you.

We piled on to that cropping like a hurricane of wild cats, and soon had a hole eating into the heart of it. Working until we couldn't strike another lick, we would stand on the dump and talk until darkness hid us deep in the cañon, and the stars came out above. The old man always put in the last word: "Gen'l-men, I think we got a fine prop'ty. When we're down a couple of hundred feet, she'll sell for a good figure."

The vein was small but rich. We all fretted to see what she would show below, but we made slow headway. The formation was a clay gouge—swelling ground—and the green cottonwood we brought up from the river bent and broke like pipestems with the squeeze. We soon saw we would have to timber her like a bandbox to hold her. The old man laid down the law it was up to Milford Spencer Duncan to do something—he was getting in too cheap on a good "prop'ty."

We talked it over. We needed a car load of Oregon pine; we could use a whim when we could get it there; we would have to have a pack train, and hire a few men. When we were down thirty feet, and had out a dozen tons of ore, Jack said he had something to "represent," and went off by himself with a pencil and paper to write to his pardner, the tenderfoot.

We had a long tedious time packing the ore to the river. Catching a steamer, we dropped down with it to Yuma, and made the shipment, with Jack's letter, to Milford at 'Frisco. He wrote us back he was "well pleased"—as if a mine was to be picked up anywhere. But he played it pretty white for all his nerve. For every dollar our ore netted us, he put up two against it, and

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sent it back, with the supplies—a pretty tidy piece of money. We picked up a couple of Cornish miners, and put them to work with the old man, while Jack and I helped Juan pack in the stuff.

The weather had settled again to summer heat, and with it went the old man's good temper and self-control. He was so nervous, he could hardly bear to be spoken to, and if things didn't go his way, he flew all to pieces. The boys kicked on working under him, but we told them to do as he said, and say nothing—it was all in a day's pay.

It was midsummer before we got our timbers packed up the wash, and over the malapie to the cañon. That much done, we retimbered the shaft from top to bottom, put the Cornish lads to sinking with the old man, and turned to packing in the machinery.

Avoiding the heat as best we could, we herded our burros up the wash at night, and rested daytimes under the iron-wood and palo verde that dotted the wash. The second night trip brought us to the malapie, and we unloaded our machinery. While we were making the burros easy, I looked up to see our Cornish miners zig-zaging down the trial.

"How's this, boys?" I says. "What's the matter in the cañon?"

"We're getting out of 'ere, is w'ats the matter," says one of them. "Working for a boss like that 'ud 'oodoo a man for ever 'E's daffy! 'E tuck us hout the blooming shaft, and put us to timbering the 'ole cañon. As sure your mother born you, 'e thinks that cañon's a stope in a blooming mine, and 'e's crying the wall are falling on 'im."

It was no use trying to hold the superstitious Cornishmen; we paid them off and let them go. Leaving Juan to bring the burros to water, we hurried to camp.

The old man was mad at work, sawing and framing timbers. One look in his eyes was enough—his mind was burning out like a sky-rocket. They shone with a dull brightness, as though the brain behind them was on fire, but they did n't light for anything he heard or saw—he didn't even know Jack. He didn't know when or where he was; all his past life came back on him in a jumble. He imagined himself in the stope of a big mine, and the walls were caving. He called to us, by strange names, to "help save the Jenny Lee."

The old man had often spoken of the Jenny Lee. All his life he had been looking for a "prop'ty" like it; it was the first mine he had ever worked in. It was the fear of that first work underground, I suppose, that brought it back so plain when his mind went out in the cañon.

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For two days his wild humor lasted, and then the life seemed to die out of him before our very eyes. He sat around camp like a mummy, dead to every sight and sound—muttering, muttering. Jack tried to cook something for him, but he refused a mouthful. We brought him ore from the dump, and tried to interest him in the mine—his mine. Only once he seemed to understand. He muttered it was "nothing like the Jenny Lee," and the pieces fell from his hand.

A few mornings afterward we found him dead in his bed—his poor old face carved in bone, like the rock hills. We blasted out a grave for him, and buried him in his blankets.

We sent Juan to the river with the burros, for the time being, and went back in the shaft ourselves. Neither of us had any heart in the work. The color of the gold had sickened to me eye, like sunshine on a windy winter day. Going down the shaft, I seemed to feel the old man's spirit in the air, and in the murmur of sounds from on top, I seemed to hear his voice. It was his mine. Not three rounds of shots did we blast in that shaft before the vein cut off, and we broke into the hard, blue, pepper-and-salt granite, the old, barren earth-rock.

We went out, leaving everything as it lay. As we took the trail out of the cañon, leading across to the buttes, we turned for a last look.

"Well," I says, after a silence, "the old man found his mine, but he was an old man ready to die when he found it. A few million years ago, it was a great mine, but nature worked it out for him. The formation was washed away to a shell before that blanket of malapie was thrown over it."

Jack said nothing—he had a tear in his eye—he had known the old man a long time. We took our way across the malapie to the buttes.

"I knew the Deep Cañon mine was a goner," says Jack, "when the old man died. It's just like the story of White-horse Baker in Sonora. White-horse was prospecting with his old gray pack-animal in the Sierra Madres, and camps, one night, on a little bench in the mountain side, at the foot of a big pine. On the outer edge of the bench was a cropping of quartz. White-horse prospects it, and finds gold running through it like the sap of a tree. He 'rastras there for years and years with his old gray horse, and finally builds a little mill, and has a Cholo camp of his own. Bye-'n-bye the pine tree dies—"

"Of course," I says. "They drained the ground, and let the air to the roots."

"Well, however it was, White-horse gets the hunch his mine's a goner, and sells out to an English company at a low figure.

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They come in and put up new machinery, but on the next level the vein cuts off square, just as the cañon mine did. I was in there a couple of years ago. There was the dead pine pointing its splintered top over the fine new mill. There wasn't a sound except the whistling of the pines."

We walked on. "It's tough on the tenderfoot," I says. "He's out a pretty fair piece of money."

Jack was himself again. "It'll do him good; put him on the turf and make a miner of him. He's got a few specimens to carry in his pocket until they wear smooth like placer gold, telling the story of the Lost Soldier Mine."

I've got a few pieces of the ore meself.

Tucson, Ariz.

THE GRAZING RANGE PROBLEM.

By R. H. FORBES.

Director Arizona Agricultural Experiment Station.

THE Industrial condition which governs throughout more than 400,000,000 acres of western public grazing lands has been described many times recently in articles discussing the question of the proper disposal of these lands. In general, the situation is everywhere the same, —temporary occupation without ownership or legal possessory rights, by stockmen, of that public domain whose purpose is to provide room and opportunity as long and as fully as possible for the nation's rapidly expanding population.

Mindful of such an important utility for our public lands, any damage to this national asset must be considered, virtually, as a sacrifice of national territory, inasmuch as its impairment means the loss of so much foothold and working room for prospective settlers. Yet exactly this has been the result of the misfit application of existing land laws to western conditions. These laws, virtually inoperative in a grazing country, have necessarily been supplemented by the unwritten law of the range, framed and enforced by those strong enough to take and hold possession for a brief term of years.

The result of such occupation is, usually, that excessive numbers of animals are put upon this free pasture, the profits are run up as quickly as possible while yet range remains free; and then, when the grass is gone, when the plains and hillsides are converted into gullied barrens, and, oftentimes, when the profits of the first years are cancelled by the losses of later ones, the nation's

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ruined estate is abandoned to the tender mercies of the next and more ruthless occupant who may still find something convertible thereon.

The effect of this unregulated and destructive tenure varies greatly with those conditions of soil, topography, rainfall, heat and frost which affect the endurance of a grazing country. More favored districts in more northerly, humid, or elevated situations still retain an important fraction of their primeval value; but in portions of the Southwest, where the soils are sandy and easily washed, where the rainfall is light and often untimely, where the hot dry climate causes enormous evaporation, and where, consequently, the effects of unregulated grazing are most destructive, many great areas of formerly grassy country may be safely stated to be capable of supporting not one-tenth of the stock that once ranged there.

It may be assumed, probably without exaggerating the loss, that the public grazing ranges of the West now average less than half of their original value—lands, too, which can never be irrigated and for which there is no possible use but as grazing territory. Differently stated, this means that the United States, for want of proper laws to govern its public domain, has suffered a loss equal in effective value to more than 200,000,000 acres of grazing lands—an area greater than the State of Texas or equal to a strip of territory 230 miles wide extending from the Rio Grande to the Canadian boundary. It is evident that only the wreckage of Western grazing values remains to be legislated for and that the problems of the now depleted range are largely those of reconstruction for a failing country, occupied by more or less conflicting interests—by cattle, sheep, and goats, by large companies and by small individuals.

There are few remaining to defend the old order of "free grass for all;" for this regime, satisfactory enough when there was grass for all, has, with the failure of the ranges, demonstrated its own ruinousness.

The problem confronting range interests at this time is to devise land-laws which shall enable a maximum population to support itself in a pastoral country; and to make these laws so flexible as to apply to all grades, both best and poorest, of grazing lands, harmonize all kinds of stock interests thereon, and provide for the often unexpected development, through irrigation, of agricultural lands within formely purely grazing districts.

The existing conditions are those of a country reduced by overgrazing and bad management to a fraction of its possible value, and requiring to be fenced, reseeded, repaired and protected in order to restore even a part of that value.

Practically the only proposals thus far made to remedy exist-

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ing conditions are to lease the public lands in blocks at stated rents, or to issue permits to individuals to run stated numbers of animals upon specified portions of the public range.

The unsatisfactory nature of these proposals is attested, in part, by their repeated rejection by one or another faction of those concerned, and for reasons quite evident when the merits of the measures are considered. Lease or fence laws permitting control of large bodies of land on the basis of competitive bids are usually favored by the wealthier and better established stock raisers, who would be at an advantage under such laws, and are earnestly opposed by the small men who would be exterminated through their operation. Horizontal lease laws have also been proposed, providing for the leasing of all grazing lands at the same rate per acre of rental. When it is considered that different grazing districts may easily require all the way from three to sixty acres to support a single cow, the unjust discrimination against the more desert ranges, of a horizontal rate-per-acre lease law is too evident to require discussion.

The leasing idea, nevertheless, has a good foundation in the fact that it recognizes that in order to place the grazing industries on a stable basis, stockmen, like farmers, must have control of the land upon which they operate; but methods have not yet been proposed for an open and equitable division of grazing lands among applicants therefor.

The permit system, also, in one form or another, has many advocates—possibly largely for the reason that this method has been put into practice on forest and Indian reserves and its results are known to those who would expect to take advantage of it. The permit system, however, is practically no better than free range with a tax added to the stockman's expenses and a more or less unsuccessful attempt on the part of the government to regulate the number of animals in a specified district. As under the free regime, the stockman is not protected by assurance of permanent or long continued tenure of his range. He consequently desires to get the whole value out of his concession while it lasts, and often yields to the temptation to place more animals upon his territory than his permit calls for. The destructive effects of the permit system as they are to be seen on certain Arizona reservations are not reassuring as to the good results of this method in practice.

And so, without an equitable remedy for the deplorable, existing conditions, hampered by conflicting and oft-times partisan suggestions, deadlocked by the lack of organization, timidity, carelessness, or self-interest of those concerned or their legislative representatives, the grazing industries of the West go on

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steadily losing ground from year to year with but a glimmering prospect of relief.

"I do not think that the permit system, as practiced in reserves, is a success," says one experienced stockman. Others have expressed themselves as follows: "If the law will ever allow a cattleman to homestead or lease from four to ten sections, he will then have control of his range and can dispense with the destructive rope-and-race-horse method of handling cattle." "A graduated lease law both as to rent and acreage is the most equitable solution of the problem." "Any change that would enable stockmen, both big and little, to fence and improve their land so that they can protect their herds, would be a great improvement on the present state of affairs." "When the remaining portions of our public domain have been wisely placed under private control, we may expect immediate change for the better." "Give me the privilege of fencing my range and I will give you beef. Unless you can do this I am going out of the cattle business." "Free range, as it is, I think a detriment to the country." "I believe that the proper solution of the question is individual ownership; but the public men of the country who have charge of the matter fear to express this opinion, although I am satisfied that they are convinced that this is the solution."

These are the sentiments of intelligent, representative stockmen in the semi-arid Southwest, which, though varying in detail, agree for the most part, upon the principle of individual control of grazing ranges.

In the absence of a satisfactory existing method of disposal for Western grazing ranges and their use as such we naturally turn at this time to Australia for suggestions. This country, which is, and always has been, more a pastoral than an agricultural region, for the last 75 years has been making and remodeling her laws relating to the disposal of Crown lands to settlers. The fruits of this long experience are of unusual significance to us at the present time. As they now stand, the land laws of various of the Australian States present the following sensible features: First, grazing lands are divided, according to the capacity to carry stock, into as many as four classes, and settlers are permitted to occupy smaller or greater allotments of territory according to its quality. Second, these lands are occupied under long-tenure leases, with renewal privileges, which give practically permanent control to the stockmen. In addition to the motive thus created to improve their leaseholds, they are also usually required by law to fence and otherwise improve their holdings. Third, the classification of lands and their allotment to settlers is done by Boards of Commissioners acting for the

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Government, with a view to correct judgment and equitable division of the public domain.

These are the leading features of laws which have resulted from the better part of a century of Anglo-Saxon experience in a pastoral country.

The operation of these laws with reference to the development of pastoral industry is stated to be highly satisfactory. Vast areas of semi-desert lands, divided into comparatively small holdings, are legally occupied for long terms by stockmen who, prompted both by law and their own best interests, improve their holdings. Thus it is that in Australia an immense pastoral country has been fenced, substantial improvements are installed, provision is made against famine in dry years, animal pests are exterminated, poisonous plants are eradicated and an era of improvement has apparently been inaugurated directly due to a recognition of the fact that the Anglo-Saxon must have proprietary interest in land if he is to be expected to improve its condition.

Successful grazing range laws must of necessity rest upon two kinds of knowledge; first, knowledge of the range itself—the forages that it bears, their habits of growth and reproduction, their food value for animals, the classification of grazing country into different grades, and the carrying capacity and endurance of these different kinds of range. This is a subject the study of which within the past few years has been vigorously entered upon by various economic botanists, especially by certain of the State Experiment Stations and by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

The second sort of knowledge required is that derived from legislative experience in dealing with purely grazing lands elsewhere. The results of such experience are to be found in Australia probably more than in any other modern country.

Australian experience, considered together with the traditions our our own land-laws points to the practicability in the United States of the stockman's homestead, or long term leasehold, in pastoral districts. The homestead idea, long-tried and well approved in this country, is, briefly, that a settler shall be granted enough territory to afford him a living—enough and no more.

As applied to the Mississippi Valley, a homestead meant 160 acres of land, this area being found in the average instance sufficient for a farming family. But when the tide of immigration pushed west of the 100th meridian into the semi-arid regions it was found either that 160 acres with water was worth a great deal more, or that 160 acres without water was worth vastly less than that same area back in the Mississippi Valley.

The far greater value of irrigated lands has been recognized

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and provided for under the terms of the Newlands Act, and, according to the productive capacity of the lands developed by the Reclamation Service, the settler will be granted a greater or less portion adequate for his support.

Continuing the application of the idea, why should we not apportion grazing ranges on precisely the same principle, granting a sufficient acreage for a sufficient time to afford the small stockman the necessary territory to support the herd whose increase shall give him a living income, and protecting him in his tenure for a sufficient length of time to create an incentive for the maintenance and improvement of his range. Nor is there logical reason why a grazing homesteader should pay rental on his holding, any more than does his fellow citizen on irrigated or humid region homesteads. In all cases alike the Government should profit by the resulting increase in taxable values.

In Australia, from 1,280 to 40,000 acres of grazing lands, according to quality, are leased on the principle stated above, at rates proportionate to value, for terms of from fourteen to forty-two years. Many benefits are experienced under these provisions. Sheep and cattle wars are rendered impossible, since each interest is confined to its own territory. Co-operative arrangements are entered into extensively where co-operation permits of more economical management of large adjoining leaseholds. Grazing leaseholds are operated in connection with cultivated farms; and humane methods of handling stock are rendered possible.

The operation of the grazing leasehold plan implies the creation of a suitable means for classifying grazing lands according to their productive capacity, and designating the various areas in different districts which will support, without destruction of the range, the income-producing herd of the small stockman.

Proper provisions for residence upon and improvement of holdings should be made, insuring good faith of occupants and varying with conditions in different districts.

Co-operation should be recognized and provided for in districts where the sparseness of the range, the scarcity of water, and the comparative costliness of fencing makes it advisable for neighbors to act jointly.

Provision should be made for the renewal of a long tenure lease by the original holder provided the land remains purely grazing country; but in case of possible artesian or irrigation development provision should also be made for throwing the leasehold open to more intensive culture.

On these and other concurrent lines, as seems to have been demonstrated by the Anglo-Saxon sheep- and cattlemen of Australia, it should be possible to fulfill the purpose of our public domain and place upon it a maximum number of American citizens secure in their rights to sufficient territory to secure a living for themselves.

Tucson, Ariz.

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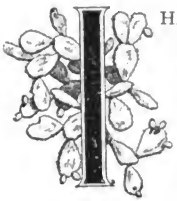
SAFFRON CAKE.

By HAROLD S. CHANNING.



I HAD already been on the road for a month, working my way up through the San Joaquin Valley from Bakersfield to Fresno by way of Miller's ranches, sure of earning supper and breakfast—it was always easy to find some place to "flop" in, as it was full springtime—and cutting across the country to the Mother Lode district in the foothills, I had at length arrived at Colfax, on the great transcontinental artery of the Central Pacific. Here the narrow-gauge takes off from the main line for Nevada City and Grass Valley.

Acting on my own advice, I started out early one matchless morning, up the track, having procured a "tie-pass," congratulating myself on the fact that a railroad never climbs steep hills and that the land of rock-ballasting was far behind me. I followed the road through a jumble of little hills, partly wooded, for the first few miles, only stopping once to hammer a nail from the sole of my shoe with a rusty spike I always carried with me. A spike, by the way, is about as perfect a regulator of intruding nails as can be found, using the rail as a base of operations and any convenient stone, or old fish-plate, as a hammer. Then, for a couple of hours I "hiked" along at full speed. Around a curve in a deep cut I came out on a long and very large trestle over a roaring stream. Now a trestle is always a bête noir to me. I always have to stop and think if a train is due about now, squinting my eyes at the sun to guess the time. If I decide one isn't due, it is always just as I am well in the middle of the trestle that I hear a whistle and have to hurry till out of breath to get off in time. If, on the other hand, I have made up my mind a train is due, and sit down to wait for it, they stop running the road for the rest of the day.

It was this way on this particular trip. I crossed four long, high trestles. At two of them I knew no train was due, and had to strain all my internal arrangements to get off in season; and at each of the other two I lost half an hour waiting for a train that had been cancelled, wrecked or recalled. Just after crossing the second trestle at acrobatic speed, I noticed away off across a valley, another line of road at a considerably higher altitude, and spent an hour or two puzzling my memory as to what road it was. In the afternoon, when I found myself upon that mysterious stretch of track, after a good ten miles tramp, and the morning's view-point only two miles away in a bee-line,

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with a well-travelled wagon-road between the two, I sat down and did some thinking.

But Grass Valley hove in view at last, and, just as the first curls of thick smoke were ascending into the air from thousands of neatly painted dwellings, I trod the streets of this populous mining-town.

Now, to both Indians and tramps, smoke-signs are deeply eloquent. When you start out in quest of a meal, always watch the smoke-signs. If you come to a house with a full volume of yellowish smoke spiring skyward from the kitchen chimney, tackle it, if you want to—but it's only the kindling burning; you will get a cold "hand-out" at best. A little further on, another house has a banner of black, heavy smoke. That's the first coal; you may still get a cold hand-out, but breakfast preparations are under way, and they're too busy to bother much with your wants. Yet another house has only a bluish-hued column of vapour decorating its chimney. This is the house of the Marble Heart; they are at breakfast, too busy to see you—call again! But if by chance you spy a house with a chimney that has just changed the hue of its breath from bluish to black, go fearlessly to the back-door! This is the after-breakfast coal; they are going to wash the dishes, and you will probably fall heir to all "come-backs," even perhaps to the extent of an egg or so, a trifle too much done for the lord and master, or not so fresh as they should have been; also to some of the New Wife's cooking, if it is an unlucky day.

What applies to breakfast applies to the other meals as well.

Being now quite an old hand, I selected a house in class four, and went to the back door, with my most-approved hungry look.

In response to my knock, the "lady of the house," a neat-looking English woman, opened the door, and in reply to my statement that I had just arrived, was "broke" and hungry, would be glad to do some work, etc., she said:

"If you'll just wait a minute, I'll see what I can do for you," and went into an inner room. After a minute or so, she came back and asked me if I wouldn't step in. This was luck—a "sit-down!"

In I went. It was only the kitchen table, but on it were piled cold meat, biscuit, "punk," butter, pie and cake. Two children, one about six, the other three, boy and girl, watched me with big eyes.

I did justice to all in due turn, until I came to the cake. All along I had noticed a new and strange odor over-riding those I was familiar with, and had tried to analyze it, but it wouldn't analyze one bit.

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The cake, a big half, looked tempting and I broke off a generous chunk. The peculiar odor increased tenfold, and I knew that it appertained unto the aforesaid cake. My first impulse was to lay the morsel down, but the woman was watching me and I wouldn't have her think I didn't like it. The tramp—even amateur—soon learns to encourage "sit-downs." So, consoling myself with the thought that it was probably only due to the accidental use of a poor egg, I raised the morsel nearer to my face. Great heavens! what did I see? The fragment was full of little red shavings of shiny hue! At once the thought flashed into my mind that one of the children had, in a moment of liveliness, shredded the tinsel ends of one of those Christmas caps with snappers into the dough, and it had been baked thus.

Should I be poisoned, and never be able to watch the chimneys again, or just not be caught on long trestles?

Oh, mamma, give me a piece of cake, do please," wailed the six-year-old; and the little one cried, "Me too!"

"Why, yes, darlings; you can have a piece. Only you must be good children and run and play awhile," and she broke off a liberal piece for each.

At least, thought I, I shall have companions in misery, and I began to eat my piece, watching, the while, for unusual symptoms on the childrens' faces. But they evidently considered shredded tinsel the right thing, and ate with smiling countenances.

To me the cake tasted just as it smelt—like nothing else under heaven or on earth, a curious, haunting, antediluvian taste. So soon as I had finished, I went outdoors, expecting strange pains at any moment; but all went on serenely.

Later I got into a talk with a genuine "knight of the road," and, on telling him my experience, he burst out with:

"Why, you jay, that's saffron-cake! You'll get that everywhere from the Cousin Jack's" (colloquial for Cornishman) "even if you get nothing else."

And so it proved. Every house seemed to be loaded to the muzzle with saffron-cake, and I even recognized the odor, after a bit, a mile away, when any was baking, if the wind was right. I stood it a week, and then, mercifully, crossed the Rockies.

But it took three washings to get that peculiar odor out of my coat pocket, into which I had inadvertently crammed a piece one day.

When I have the nightmare now, I dream of saffron cake.

Kansas City, Mo.

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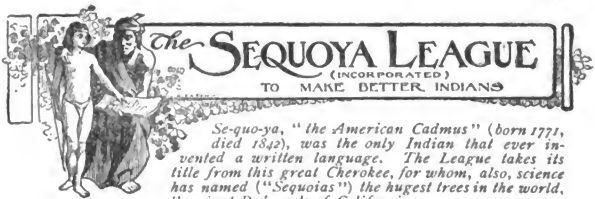

Se-quo-ya, "the American Cadmus" (born 1771, died 1842), was the only Indian that ever invented a written language. The League takes its title from this great Cherokee, for whom, also, science has named ("Sequoias") the hugest trees in the world, ***the giant Redwoods of California.***

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Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, Col. Phys. and Surg'ns, N. Y.
Dr. Geo. J. Engelmann, Boston.
Miss Alice C. Fletcher, Washington.
F. W. Hodge, Smithsonian Institution, Washington.
Hamlin Garland, author, Chicago.
Mrs. F. N. Doubleday, New York.
Dr. Washington Matthews, Washington.
Hon. A. K. Smiley, (Mohonk), Redlands, Cal.
George Kennan, Washington.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Amelia B. Hollenback, Josephine W. Drexel, Thos. Scattergood, Miss Mira Hershey.

FOUNDATION OF THE LOS ANGELES COUNCIL.

AT THE first public meeting (May 27th, 1904,) of the new-founded Los Angeles Council of the Sequoya League, the following messages were read:

From the President of the United States.

White House, Washington, D. C., May 25th, 1904.

Chas. F. Lummis,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Through you let me congratulate the Los Angeles Council of the Sequoya League, and wish it all possible success in its righteous work.

Theodore Roosevelt.

From the President of Stanford University.

Stanford University, Cal., May 20, 1904.

Mr. Chas. F. Lummis,
Los Angeles, Cal.,
Dear Mr. Lummis:

The work of the Sequoya League towards "making better Indians" by treating decently those we have, deserves the good will of every good citizen. It is a large task to retrace all the false steps in a Century of Dishonor, but as we have a fresh, clean century to do it in, it is surely worth while to try. The best way to reach the large problems is to value the small ones first. To treat the Indians of Southern California as they should be treated would be to open the door of justice to all our other wards.

Very truly yours,
David Starr Jordan.

From General Otis.

"The Bivouac," Los Angeles, May 26, 1904.

Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson,
President of the Sequoya League,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:

I wish to express to you, and through you to the League, my regrets be-

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cause I cannot be present at the meeting tonight, as I will be called out of town this afternoon.

I applaud this movement in behalf of the Indians—of all Indians who deserve the assistance of their white brothers. The League ought to put enough sentiment into its work to give its inspiration, and enough practical hard sense and business method to bring results. The League can win through these processes, and by keeping "everlastingly at it," until success shall have been achieved. The task before the Society is no light one, and cannot be done save through determination, persistance, organized effort, harmony and close co-operation on right lines.

I trust the meeting of tonight will be a great success as a "starter."

Yours very truly,

Harrison Gray Otis,

Just too late for the meeting, the following telegram was received:

From U. S. Senator Bard.

San Francisco, Cal., May 26, 1904.

Chas. F. Lummis,
Los Angeles, Cal.

I earnestly commend the purposes of the Sequoya League. It serves to bring to the consciences of the people, and to the government, a realization of the true condition of the Mission Indians, and gives important suggestions for their amelioration. Its well performed work in the past is assurance of the success of its further efforts.

Thomas R. Bard,

Nearly 1,000 persons were present at this mass-meeting; many prominent citizens served as vice presidents. It was a representative audience, intelligent, alert and interested through two hours and a half of program. Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Jonhson presided. The other speakers were Charles Cassatt Davis, Esq., long prominent in matters of local education and good government; Rev. C. J. K. Jones, president of the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Public Library; Mrs. Arturo Bandini and Chas. F. Lummis. Sixty slides were shown, illustrating Indian types and conditions and the work of the Sequoya League; several Indian songs were reproduced by phonograph; and a small but extremely choice collection of Indian arts and crafts was shown.

This unquestioned success in the launching of the local Council proves that "the Indian Problem," so far from being a dead issue, is a very live one. Even in this active city, no philanthropic work has ever been initiated with more promise. The people who enjoy Calfornia today will see justice done in God's country. California has made a great many New Records in American History; it will not be surprising if it shall be the first State in the Union to invent and enforce Fair Play for our wards.

In 1902 the National Sequoya League was incorporated "To Make Better Indians." It was founded in Los Angeles by persons familiar with the frontier, with Indians, and with the Indian policies which have made our "Century of Dishonor" an international byword. It was founded only after personal consultation with President Roosevelt, the Interior Department and the Indian Office, and the hearty promise by all these to

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co-operate with the general plans of the League. These were not hasty plans. They had been digesting for more than a dozen years. No practical person dreamed of attempting to carry them out under the ordinary political machine; but when there came to the Presidency a man of out-door understanding, of courage and decision—then it was worth while to propose an Indian policy based on Knowledge, Patience and Common Sense—the three things Indian policies have habitually lacked. The governmental procedure in Indian affairs has been mostly moulded by persons who know absolutely nothing about Indians—not even the initial fact that they are human—who expect to expedite Evolution with a buzz-saw, and who are so little fit to help others that they could not even help themselves if set down alone in the Adirondack woods or on the Western plains.

The Indian Service, once beyond question the rottenest member of our body politic, has been remarkably purged. It is not yet flawless; but the day when thievish agents and corrupt officials were the rule and a matter of course—that day has gone, doubtless forever. With exceptions, the Service today is administered by honest, active men. But the capacity and the integrity which would win success for the heads and clerks of a department store are not all that is needed in those who must administer upon the lives and fortunes of a race of human beings. The Indian Policy of the Government is to this day Remote, Uninformed, Unhuman and Unsatisfactory. It contents no one—not the Indians who are its victims, not the American public which has to bear the discredit of its results—not even the officials themselves. There is probably no other wheel in all the complicated machinery of this great Government, wherein an honest man with sense enough to pound sand has to retire at the end of his term with the sad conviction that while he has worked truly and hard, he has not really accomplished anything. Because the Indian is such a fool that he cannot learn? By no means—simply because this Superior Race has been trying to teach political economy, logarithms and Christian Science to an Infant Class. The Indian is wonderfully apt at learning. Both by attention and intention he surpasses our own students. One has only to become familiar with any Indian school, anywhere, to realize how much faster the Indian learns in proportion. In Spanish America, the Indian has become a scholar. There have been whole schools of Indian historians, scientists, theologians, poets, philosophers—not to mention statesmen and presidents. We ought to be able to do as well by the Indians as Naughty Spain did. We are able, if we Try.

The trouble here—as is the trouble wherever else the Republic

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limps—is the fault of the individual citizen. We have bad politics because we wiggle out of our own duty and leave it to be done by the politician. We have bad Indian policies because responsible citizens do not "Tote Even" by helping the Department. Washington is a long way off. It is not strange that it cannot comprehend the more intricate problem of the destinies of a race, when it cannot even grasp the plain figures of the United States census as toward an American community Fearfully Far from the Office. For an exemplary instance, here in Los Angeles, a modern American city of about 150,000, we have been for a decade praying out loud for a postoffice. We need one. We "have one coming to us." No other city in the American Union has ever grown so fast in population, or in postal earnings. Yet for five years Washington has declined to give us a postoffice adequate even for a town of one third our population. This is perhaps a homely simile; but perhaps it may serve to hint why Washington is equally antiquated in its policies concerning a population less than twice as large in numbers, and with no votes at all.

We cannot take the Indian away from the Government; we cannot take the Government into our own hands. Nothing is left, then, except to co-operate with the Government to better its Indian policy. God knows it needs bettering. It will be bettered—when Americans do their individual duty.

Without too much notoriety, the Sequoya League has worked along these lines to several very important results, and some precedents of serious value. Its great achievement was in securing a new—and a better—home for the Warner's Ranch Indians, whom the Supreme Court of the United States evicted from their immemorial home. Except for the almost universal outcry of Southern California, these Indians would have been turned out upon the desert to starve. Even a year after the Supreme Court had taken away their lands, no provision had been made by the Government to give a new home to these nearly 300 exiles. But Southern California made a protest that did it honor; and in response to this public demand, Congress voted an appropriation to buy lands for these homeless people.

The Sequoya League was founded in that crisis, and bore the brunt of the long and arduous campaign. Exclusively through its leadership, a special Commission was appointed which served without compensation, worked like navvies for months, and succeeded in doing what was never done before done in the history of our Indian policy, so far as I know the records—in getting for the evicted Indians more and better lands than those from which they were ousted.

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The Sequoya League comes unhesitatingly before the public for judgment; willing to stand or fall by its record in this case. It will stake its reputation and its future success on any expert comparison of the new reservation at Pala with the old reservation at Warner's Ranch, and on a judicial comparison of the whole matter with any other transfer of Indians in the record of our Government. It will not stand sponsor for things done by the usual red tape; but for anything in the League's handling of this case, it challenges comparison.

After a rather warm campaign of more than a year, too, the League procured the absolute revocation, by the President himself, of that incredible "Hair-Cut Order," which thought to "civilize" Indians by tying them up and shearing them as they were sheep. Practically every newspaper in the United States had ridiculed this educational innovation; but it remained in force untl the League succeeded, after a serious and persistent attack, in getting it abrogated. In connection with this same campaign, the League brought about radical reform in abuses which had long been notorious on the Moqui reservation.

The first Local Council under the League—the New York Council, headed by Geo. Bird Grinnell, Hamlin Garland, Mrs. F. N. Doubleday, and others prominent alike for real philanthropy and sound sense—has had a very large influence toward bettering many specific abuses in the Indian service. The famous Standing Rock case, reforms in the Indian Territory, and other matters of this magnitude, have been very largely due to the energy and the sanity of the New York Council. One of the most important of the recent measures, also, the creation of the office of Supervisor of Indian Reservations, and the appointment thereto of a man eminently qualified for his large task, is likewise to be set chiefly to the credit of the New York Council.

The founding of a Local Council of equally serious and competent people has been more recently accomplished in Connecticut, and it may be expected to do as valuable work.

The establishment of a Local Council in Los Angeles, the native city of the League, has been delayed for reasons which seemed good. There are now equally good reasons why such action should be delayed no longer; and the Los Angeles Council of the Sequoya League has been established under a leadership which promises success. With the successful record of the League in local accomplishment, tangible and open for the inspection of all who care to investigate, the Los Angeles Council can appeal to its intelligent public with full confidence of support. Important work has been done, and after a fashion which can safely challenge criticism, whether from the business or the

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humanitarian point of view. Equally important work remains to be done; and it will be the mission of this Council to see that it is done.

The Warner's Ranch Indians are now safely located on the best Indian reservation in the Far West; they haven't their old home, but they have a far better one; with land, water, timber and everything else that would make an American community of the same numbers prosperous. But there are three dozen Mission Indian reservations in Southern California; and, with the exception of Pala and Morongo, none of them are a credit to humanity. About half of them are a burning disgrace to our civilization, to the careless, far-off Government which does not take the pains to know better; and to us, on the ground, who are entitled to make it know better. Nearly one-third of these reservations are such impossible, barren, God-forsaken tracts that few travelers ever saw human beings starving upon their like.

One of the first activities of the Local Council must be to remedy this disgraceful state of affairs. The people of Southern California are canvassed annually to send supplies to these hungry Indians, who have been crowded out of the most fertile portions of the American continent, and whom the Government has left suffering for a generation.

The same Commission which procured a fertile reservation for the Warner's Ranch Indians, saved $23,700 of the money the Government, through its routine agents, was about to pay for a relatively worthless property. The League secured an overriding of technicalities, and got this $23,700 made available to purchase lands contiguous to eight other Mission Indian reservations (including 720 Indians); and made recommendations as to the expenditure of this money. This was promised to be done. But now, after nearly two years' delay, information is received from Washington that $5000 of this money has already been expended upon the Pala Indians, and that the rest is expected to be used for them also. That is, $23,700 has been diverted from its lawful application. A natural function of the Los Angeles Council will be to secure the proper use of whatever shall remain unexpended of this sum; and then an agitation for the further appropriation by Congress of moneys to secure for the remaining Mission Indians lands upon which they can at least refrain from starvation.

Twenty-one years ago a special Commission from the Indian Bureau made a thorough investigation of the Mission Indians, and reported a condition so disgraceful that it caused a widespread sensation.

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Like reports of the same conditions, from official and lay sources, have been presented to the Department practically every year since, and have been officially endorsed to Congress by the Interior Department; and in the agitation which led to the relief of the Warner's Ranch Indians, the matter was very sharply and clearly brought to official attention.

It is sickening, and almost incredible—but it is a literal fact that these conditions, which were a disgrace to this nation two decades ago, are practically unchanged today. The machinery of the Department, the appropriations of Congress, the reports of agents, Commissions and Mere Human Citizens—including United States Senators, bishops, editors, students, teachers, and others—have been thus far unfruitful. Particularly persistent agents have asked and secured individual grants of petty rations for starving Indians, and patchwork relief of this sort; but with the exception of action forced by public clamor, in a very few particularly outrageous cases, the United States Government might just exactly as well have been out of existence for the last twenty years, so far as any beneficial effect it has had upon the California Indians is concerned. To this day at least one thousand of the Mission Indians are in absolute destitution; at least ten thousand Indians in California are absolutely without that protection which it is the very first duty of a civilized Government to give to its wards; and there is absolutely no horizon of hope for better things in the course of routine.

The Department has no revelation of giving to these Indians the first thing that ought to be given to any human being—a safe home—and only the most spasmodic and undigested notions as to the treatment even of the drifting pupil it expends so much money and so much honest effort to "do something for."

This seems a hard thing to say, and to many will seem unreasonable. We have a pleasant fashion of deeming that our Government is infallible—that is, till it deals with something that we know something about. What we think of it then, when our personal experience runs up against the remote red tape of Washington, we do not think to apply in generalizations.

The people of Los Angeles who have been for years trying to secure a postoffice and adequate service, in a city which leads all others of the American Union in growth of postoffice revenues, may possibly be able to conceive that the untraveled clerk may be as ignorant of harder things as he is of our own simple matters.

"The world is getting smaller every day"—but this shrinkage does not bring Washington appreciably nearer to the Far West. We cannot reasonably look for Reform from the Uninformed.

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Nothing has happened in Washington which prognosticates a change in the immemorial policies which have marked the Indian service.

The only conceivable solution of this problem, as of all other problems that are arising in the American Government, is not in praying for a divine revelation to the official, but in arousing the individual citizen to do his duty. When public opinion dedands the suppression of graft, the man is found to indict the grafters.

When public opinion shall intelligently demand reform in the Indian service, and shall show how it may be brought about, the Indian service will be reformed. And today is the day. There is no question that the psychological moment has come for the realization of these things. "Everything is coming our way;" if we will arise to meet the opportunity, she is ours. An honest Department, a President who cares, public sentiment not only aroused, but becoming daily more intelligent—these are the chief factors.

It needs now organization and patient pressure. It needs a responsible exposition of conditions as they are; it needs a common-sense programme of how they may be remedied; and these things can be done by the "pulling together" of citizens who realize their responsibility in the affairs of a Republic.

The Sequoya League and its Local Council aim to assist in this work by showing exactly how conditions are on the Indian reservations of Southern California; by showing how they could be bettered; and by harnessing public sentiment to the demand that they shall be bettered.

The first thing toward educating, reforming, or uplifting any human being is to secure him safety and tolerable comfort in material affairs. In other words, to give him the rights which the Constitution of the United States holds to be inalienable to all men. Until the Indian has a home of his own, until he cannot be robbed, or evicted, or killed, or kicked (simply because he is an Indian, and without overt transgression on his part)—all the Indian Bureaus, and inspectors, and boarding schools, and day schools, and Indian football teams, and Indian mandolin clubs, and Indian Mission schools may amuse the incumbents but will not seriously benefit the Indians. When the people who once owned all California can be given secure title in even a tolerably worthless corner of it; when the laws can be made to apply to them, not only for transgression but for safeguard—then we may seriously hope to educate and evangelize them.

The first, and, for a long time probably the major, work of this organization will be to aid the Indians of Southern California

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in securing their material, human rights. Incidentally, however, from the very outset such an Association can be of serious benefit by aiding the Indians toward self-support by their characteristic industries. The schools are teaching some of the Indians to be very fair carpenters and blacksmiths, housegirls and handy-men; and this is all right; but there is no special gain either to the race or to civilization in making a $20 per month dish-washer of a girl whose mother would have made her a weaver that could make double that amount in basketry. The Government itself has taken cognizance of this essential fact, and from trying to eradicate from the Indians everything Indian, has at last the common sense to try to perpetuate in the Government schools the Indian handiwork. This Council of the Sequoya League can be of material local assistance in this matter. It can do much to encourage the fine old crafts, and to discourage the ridiculous perversion and vulgarization of them by chromo-minded patrons who have come near to spoiling all the Indian arts. Natural Man is always an artist. The old-time Indian baskets, blankets and other artifects are incomparably more artistic—and incomparably more valuable, even in our modern market—than the sophisticated articles made today To Sell—with their hideous aniline colors, their tenderfoot patterns and their degraded handiwork.

The Sequoya League stands for a revival of the honest old work, and for giving the maker of a $50 basket (for instance) something of the $40 profit that now goes to the middle-man—but without raising the price.

The following have been elected officers of the Los Angeles Council:

President, Right Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, Bishop of Los Angeles.

1st Vice-President, Right Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey.

2nd Vice-President, Mrs. J. E. Cowles.

Secretary, Wayland H. Smith.

Executive Committee, Rev. C. J. K. Jones, Miss Cora Foy, Miss Mary B. Warren, Wayland H. Smith, Chas. F. Lummis.

Other officers will be elected later.

The larger the membership that can be built up, the more effectively the Council can prosecute its work. It needs funds for field investigations; it needs the weight of numbers to move the politician.

Membership fees are $2 per annum; Life membership is $50. Dues may be sent to Chas. F. Lummis, Los Angeles. All moneys will be credited in this magazine.

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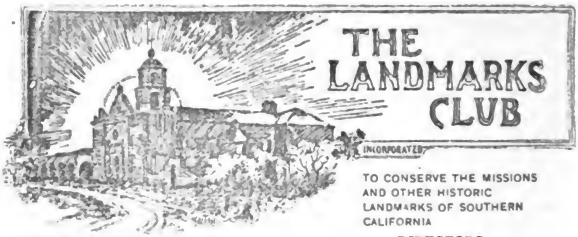

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS AND OTHER HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OFFICERS.

President, Chas. F. Lummis.
Vice-President, Margaret Collier Graham.
Secretary, Arthur B. Benton, 114 N. Spring St.
Treasurer, J. G. Mossin, American National Bank.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. E. Stilson.
812 Kensington Road.

DIRECTORS.

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Arthur B. Benton.
Margaret Collier Graham.
Chas. F. Lummis.

Chairman Membership Committee, Mrs. J. G. Mossin, 1033 Santee St.

THE Summer months are those best fitted for protective work upon the Missions. For six months, now, we may serenely count upon dry weather. There will be no rains to injure the old adobe while its roof is stripped for repairs. The Club desires to do important work before the beginning of the next rainy season.

It requires money as well as good weather for this work. The Club is just paying out for its extensive repairs of the Mission of Pala; to undertake further work at the Missions of San Juan, Capistrano and San Fernando—where a great amount of roofing is in bitter need to be done—it must have funds. A great many members are still in arrears of their dues for 1904; prompt payment of these will enable the Club to prosecute the necessary work.

Membership (open to all) is $1 per year; life membership, $25.

Previously acknowledged, $7,107.75.

New Contributions—The Catholic Church, by rent of building at San Fernando, $36; Mrs. Martha C. Mohr, Pasadena, $5; Thorpe Talbot, Dunedin, New Zealand, $2.10.

$1 Each—W. C. Hanawalt, President Lordsburg College, Lordsburg, Cal.; Wm. D. Stephens, Los Angeles; Hon. Jarrett T. Richards, Santa Barbara; Albert McFarland, Mrs. Albert McFarland, Wayland H. Smith, Los Angeles; J. E. Haverstick, Philadelphia, Pa.

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EARLY CALIFORNIA REMINISCENCES.

By GEN. JOHN BIDWELL.

VI.

PIO PICO went in as governor and so remained until the Mexican war. Alvarado had been governor in 1841. It was now the spring of 1845. Pico made Los Angeles his capital. Governor Pico and the native Californians, for the time being, seemed satisfied with their achievement in expelling the governor, and expressed a desire to be friendly to us, and permitted all to go to Sacramento with arms, ammunitions, horses and equipments. Some of our people retraced their steps by the coast route by which we went, and some of us crossed into the Mojave Desert, and then over the mountains through the Tejon Pass into the San Joaquin Valley. I may remark here that while at Los Angeles, I saw some gold and learned about gold mines that had been discovered some two or three years previously in the mountains between the Mission San Fernando and the Mojave Desert, and which were being worked to a limited extent by "Greasers" from New Mexico. (More about these mines later on.)

At the place now known as Tejon was a large Indian village. The Indians, all or most of them, had been at the Mission, and spoke Spanish. The country was beautiful, the vegetation most luxuriant, the landscape brilliant with innumerable flowers, and the air laden with their fragrance.

Traveling along the San Joaquin Valley, we encountered vast numbers of wild horses. At this time and for many years previously there had been tribes of Indians inhabiting the Sierra Nevada Mountains for a considerable distance, from the Moquelumne river on the north, and extending a great distance toward the south.

It was the custom of the Indians who had become great experts in riding wild horses, and in the use of lassos, to ravage all the ranches lying between the coast and the San Joaquin Valley from the bay of San Francisco to points south of Monterey, driving off horses by the hundreds into the Sierra Nevada mountains, and killing them for food.

On this journey of ours up the San Joaquin Valley, we encountered a band of tame horses, nearly 100 in number and took them from the Indians who were driving them into the mountains. Such raids by the Indians into the settlements were of frequent occurrence. In the winter of 1844-5, the first settlement in the San Joaquin Valley was begun by a man named Lindley, who was engaged to begin occupation on a grant of land made to William Gulnac of San José, on the east bank of the San Joaquin river. He constructed a cabin on the present site of Stockton, but when we passed the cabin was empty. The Indians had killed him. Not long after at Sacramento, Sutter finding out what Indians had committed the murder, sent a force to punish them, and succeeded in breaking up their village and killing fifty of them.

Frémont's arrival in March, 1844, may be called an event of some interest. He had explored in the Rocky Mountains, especially the region near Salt Lake in the previous year (1843). Till then Salt Lake had never been correctly laid down upon any map. Its existence was known, especially to the trappers of the Rocky Mountains at an early day, and the early maps, some at least, indicated a body of water in that region, but much larger than Salt Lake really was. Some of them went so far as to show two great rivers, one from the south end, running southwesterly, and one from the north end running northwesterly into the Pacific ocean. Such maps were consulted by me before starting for California in 1841, and friends advised me to bring

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tools to make canoes to descend one of these to the Pacific ocean, should the country be found too difficult to proceed all the way by wagons.

Frémont cleared away once and forever those mysterious rivers, and, leaving the Rocky Mountains, found his way into Oregon, and in the winter of 1843-4, extended his explorations southward and east of the Sierra Nevadas opposite the bay of San Francisco and reached the Sacramento Valley at Sutter's Fort in March, 1844. Frémont in 1844 had no time to go to the coast, though many said to him: "Go and see the double redwood tree 72 feet in circumference."

On that occasion I had my big tree story to tell. I told Frémont of the big trees I had seen in the Sierra Nevadas. I was the first white man to see the mammoth trees of California, the Sequoia Gigantea.

In the spring of 1844 Sutter sent me across the coast range mountains and up on Cache Creek to explore for lumbering regions. Sutter needed lumber for our own use and this demand was every year growing, and hence he was making every possible effort to find a place where he could get the best and most cheaply. It was his favorite idea to find a lumbering region on the Sacramento or Feather rivers, or some tributary where lumber could be brought down on rafts, for this purpose.

In the winter of 1843-4, he sent his men high up on the Sacramento river, in what is now Shasta county, and they cut a large number of logs and put them into the river; but the enterprise failed, as few of his logs reached his Fort at Sacramento.

My trip to the Coast Range Mountains was also unsuccessful. A great rain storm overtook us and we attempted to ascend Cache creek. Finding no timber, and the stream not suitable to floot lumber upon, we returned.

Under Pio Pico's administration in 1845, the granting of land to the naturalized citizens was not wholly, but to a large extent, stopped. There even were many rumors that under the influence of José Castro, who was the commander-in-chief of the military forces, an effort might be made to expel all Americans who had unlawfully come into the country. Such danger was by no means imminent, for there were too many Americans already here for the weak government, in this distant Mexican province, to make any such attempt.

I estimate the number of Americans in California at the time to be not less than 250, scattered all along the coast from Sonoma to San Diego, and in the Sacramento Valley.

Sutter's Fort being, in case of danger, common headquarters, thus it was, when any rumors seemed worthy of credence, looking to an attack to expel Americans, they came from all points on the north of San Francisco Bay, and as far south as Monterey, including San José and intervening ranches, and with Americans came other foreigners.

After being at Sutter's Fort for a week, or two or three, some times partially organizing and to some extent drilling; consulting for the common safety, and then hearing of no action upon the part of Castro, or any attempt to disturb them, they would quietly disperse and return to the places where they lived. Of course coming to Sutter's Fort on such occasions would be kept a profound secret from the Mexican administration.

After the war and the expulsion of Governor Micheltorena, which happened to be coincident with political disturbances down in Mexico which had dethroned the ruling powers there and brought into existence a new administration of affairs, a peace commission was sent by Mexico to investigate and reconcile the troubles here, and harmonize with Mexico. The commission was re-enforced with the name of Castillero, who had come

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from Mexico on a similar mission of peace. This commission came with José Castro as far as Sutter's Fort. So jealous was Castro of Sutter and Castillero that it was almost impossible for those two to have private conference. The commissioner, however, managed to say to Sutter that he approved his action in going to the support of Micheltorena, and of his loyalty to the Mexican government, and counseled him, whatever political disturbances might arise, always to be loyal to the Mexican Republic. He was very kindly disposed to Sutter for the part Sutter had taken with the Americans and others, who joined with him and went to the support of Governor Micheltorena.

There was some talk at that time, (in the fall of 1845), that the Mexican Government would purchase Sutter's Fort and pay $50,000 for it. Castillero and Castro came to Sutter's Fort by way of Sonoma, where they had been to visit General Vallejo, traveling, of course, on horseback, as it was the only mode of traveling in those days, and having an escort of twelve or fifteen soldiers. When they left they went by way of the San Joaquin Valley to San José, Sutter and myself accompanying them for several miels. In two or three weeks time we heard that the mine, now New Almaden, was discovered to contain quicksilver by Castillero, and a company was formed to take possession and work it. It had been known for many years but no one, until Castillero saw it, was intelligent enough to know what it was.

The Indians painted their faces with it by rubbing their hands on the rocks, which became covered, by exposure to air, with vermilion. Men frequently took heavy pieces of cinnabar and tried to smelt them in the blacksmith shop, and they thought the mine to be worthless.

The year 1845 was marked by more activity than any other, in making settlements of grants of land, which had been given in that and in previous years.

In 1844 there were no settlements in Colusa County. In 1845 a grant of two leagues was made where the town of Colusa now is, and there was no house built until 1846 and that was built for Thomas O. Larkin by John H. Williams. I think it was in the fall of 1846. I know Williams was there in the summer of 1847, and when I visited the place and found him with a cat and horse on the grant, he had done some cultivating, notably a fine garden, abounding in watermelons of the Black Spanish variety; these I vividly remember.

This year, 1845, was memorable by reason of the coming from Oregon of a company of immigrants, of whom J. W. Marshall was one, he being the discoverer of gold on the American river in 1848, which event turned the world upside down. Other immigrants came about the same time to California across the plains.

Frémont also returned to California late in the fall of the year. He had divided his exploring party, sending the greater part to find a way into California through a pass which he imagined to exist a hundred miles or so to the south, and coming himself with the remainder, eight or ten, including the famous Kit Carson, across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and arriving in the Sacramento Valley and camping on the American River near Sutter's Fort.

Sutter was absent at San Francisco Bay. I was in charge of the Fort. My first notice of Frémont's coming was by himself and Kit Carson dashing up to the Fort. I of course treated them with all possible courtesy, but their demands I was unable to meet. They wanted sixteen pack mules and several saddle-horses to go to meet that part of their company which had been sent to come over the Sierra Nevada Mountains through the gorge supposed to be in the far south. They wanted also the use of the blacksmith shop to

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shoe their animals, as well as a supply of provisions. Mules, Sutter had not; the use of the blacksmith shop, Frémont was welcome to, but we had no coal; provisions, such as we had, I offered to furnish him. Captain Frémont became reticent, and with Kit Carson arose and left without ceremony, making the remark as he left the Fort—it was told me soon after by one who heard it—that I was unwilling to accommodate him. This greatly pained me, for I knew that Sutter would wish everything possible done for Frémont, and I hastened to the camp on the American River, to make every possible apology and explanation. He said with great dignity that he was an officer of one Government and Sutter an officer of another Government, between which difficulties were existing; in other words, that Sutter, being a Mexican officer, sympathized with the Mexican Government, and that I was merely complying with Sutter's wishes in not furnishing him what he required; "for," said he, "when I came in 1844, Sutter sent immediately and brought me fifty or sixty mules and furnished me all the supplies I required."

This compelled me to explain that Sutter had few or no mules at the time of his first coming, but it so happened that a man chanced to be passing who had about a hundred mules and Sutter was able to buy them from the owner and pay for them, whereas he had not been able to get returns from Frémont's drafts to reimburse him, and that no one here or anywhere near had mules. Also that Sutter was much more depressed and circumscribed in his circumstances, owing to vast debts which he had not been able to meet, than he was on Frémont's first arrival in 1844.

Frémont, however, remained to see Sutter when he returned, which would be in about a week's time.

Sutter was unable to do more than I had promised, but wished to console Frémont in every possible way, so invited him to dinner with him at the Fort; in fact he went to Frémont's camp and accompanied him and Kit Carson to the Fort, having previously arranged that when he drew near with Frémont, all the old cannon, about forty in number, should be fired, and give him a grand salute. The guns were fired sure enough, dangerous, old, rusty people as they were and made a terrific noise, and Frémont had the full benefit, for a large gun in front of him blew off his hat and I think came very near taking off his head. I presided at the dinner table.

Frémont decided to go to San Francisco Bay and get an outfit there. Sutter sent him down in his launch from Sacramento, that being the only way except a long way round on horseback, and swimming the streams, all of which were swollen in the winter and springtime. Provisions, when there were any furnished, were such as the launch usually carried. The sailors were Indians, but the Captain was white, or Kanaka. It took a week or two to reach the Bay while the wind was contrary, but no matter how long the passage was the price was uniformly $5.00. There was no charge for provisions, but the passengers furnished their own bedding.

Frémont had a free pass. When he reached the Bay he found it impossible to get mules or anything, and he ordered the vessel, with eight men, immediately back to Sacramento. Frémont's party got out of provisions, but staid as near where Frémont had told them as possible, and got provisions from the Indians. They staid as long as they could, but when the provisions gave out they went to the San Joaquin Valley and there found the others, and his exploring party was again united.

The Indians' provision was a kind of meal. The men were fond of it. It was rich, pleasant, and spicy to the taste. The calls upon the Indians being urgent, caused them to become rather careless in grinding the aforesaid meal, and Frémont's men discovered legs, wings, and heads of grasshoppers in it. The meal was simply grasshoppers pounded and pulverized in the usual way. Their fondness for the meal from that time rapidly waned, but not before some had become quite sleek and fat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE SOUTHWEST SOCIETY

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AT this last writing the Southwest Society hopes to round out six months of age with 105 members—and has some reason for this expectation.

Since last month the following new members have been added:

The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.
Dr. E. C. Buell, Los Angeles, Cal.
J. O. Koepfli, Los Angeles, Cal.
Hon. Jarrett T. Richards, Santa Barbara, Cal.
The Shakespeare Club, Pasadena, Cal.
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Miss Rosa Villa, Los Angeles, Cal.
George E. Crothers, San Francisco, Cal.
C. J. R. Carson, Los Angeles, Cal.
Zoeth S. Eldredge, San Francisco, Cal.
Schoolmasters' Club of Southern California.

During the past month, also, the work of the Society, particularly with reference to the folk-songs, was presented to a handsome audience at San Jose, under the auspices of the Unitarian Club of that city.

A two days' campaign at Riverside resulted in securing forty-six new and very interesting records of Indian songs. The Society now has over three hundred records, including twenty-two different Indian languages, besides the Spanish.

A free lecture, under the auspices of the Society will be given Thursday evening, June 2, at Unity Church, Los Angeles, by Dr. F. M. Palmer. This lecture will be illustrated by lantern slides of the Palmer collection (made by the lecturer) which is, without question, the most important and the most valuable archaeological collection of any American locality ever made in the world.

The preliminary work of the Southwest Museum is progressing rapidly and most encouragingly. There is almost universal public recognition of the need of a great free, public museum in this city, for the retention and safe-keeping of collections which will otherwise leak away from Southern California. Given such a museum, it will be easy to keep here an exhibit of art, archæology, and historic objects which will be of great value to our citizens and an added attraction to our visitors.

One of the matters now being pushed by the Southwest Society is to secure and preserve here a complete photographic record of California and the Southwest; as the region is today, and, of course, going back as far as possible. The value of such pictorial archives need not be dwelt upon. If we could have full photographs of the men and the historic scenes and events of Washington's time, or even of Jackson's time, the greatest museums of the world would pay any price that was asked. What is familiar to day in the Southwest will, in fifty years from today, be history. The advantage that modern history may have is in the possibility of photographic records. Buildings, men, landscapes, city views, costumes—all these things are of a scientific value we seldom pause to realize until it is too late to record them. Today the magic lens is almost as common as the telephone. Tens of thousands of people are making photographs; thousands of them are making photographs that are worthy to be added to the archives. The Southwest Society intends to make a feature of its museum such a universal photographic record of the million square miles within its scope.

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All characteristic photographs of California, Arizona, New Mexico, particularly, are desired, though adequate collections from other regions will be welcomed.

Many thousand dollars' worth of such volumes of photographs are already pledged, and the official invitation is hereby made public to all artists, whether amateur or professional, who have interesting negatives, to make them a permanent part of these archives. The Society will receive collections either in blue prints, velox or platino, to be bound flat, of not less than fifty prints, one to a sheet, to bear on the binding the name of the artist and donor. Smaller collections will be received, but will have to be lumped together to make volumes of suitable size.

All persons owning such negatives are earnestly requested to contribute to this museum bound volumes of prints, according to standard specifications, given below. Almost everyone who has ever handled a camera feels a pardonable pride in the results. Almost every such artist, upon reflection, will be glad to make his or her handiwork a part of the permanent records. It is believed that this department of the museum can be made a very important one. Such a collection has never been, so far as is known, undertaken, and the historical value of it is beyond cavil.

To secure uniformity in what will become a large library, the following standards have been adopted by the Art Committee of the Southwest Society, Archaeological Institute of America.

Specifications.

All prints must be on flat paper, unmounted and with a liberal margin—this margin to be one inch wider on the left hand side, for the purpose of binding.

The prints may be velox, platino or blue prints.

All negatives 5x7, 5x8, or 6½x8½ must be printed on sheets 9x11. All negatives 4x5 and smaller must be printed on sheets 6½x8½. All negatives 8x10 must be printed on paper 11x14.

In all cases there should be only one print to the sheet.

The title of the picture should be typewritten under each print, with special care not to have the text run into the binding margin, but to keep it within the side-lines of the print. In case the donor cannot thus affix the titles to his pictures, the Southwest Society will do it, upon being supplied with the necessary titles by catalogue, referring to numbers lightly written with pencil on the back of each print.

To secure uniformity in binding, the Society suggests that each volume be put in its hands for binding.

A printed title page may be supplied for the volume, upon consultation with the Art Committee.

The back title of each volume will recite the nature of the collection and the name of the artist and donor.

Any further information can be obtained by application to Mr. Lummis.

During May the Society scored a very important achievement for the Southwest Museum.

Some sixteen years ago the first Southern California archæo-

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logical collection made by Dr. Palmer, the forerunner of the famous "Palmer Collection" now in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, was purchased by a dealer in this city. A few days ago it came upon the market and was about to be acquired by an individual, for commercial purposes—which would have inevitably meant its loss to California. Through the quick wit and generous action of Mr. J. C. R. Carson, an option was secured for the Society just in time; and on the 25th of May the Society purchased this collection at about 25 per cent of its market value.

The Society has no funds for such purposes and the purchase was made possible by the generosity of a member of the Society, who advanced $350. A special fund will have to be raised by subscription to cover this outlay and reimburse the generous guarantor. But this should be easy work.

Next to the "Palmer Collection," this is probably the most important aggregation of prehistoric Southern California artifects anywhere in existence; and, in connection with the Palmer Collection, it covers the field with a thoroughness no museum can rival as to any locality in any part of the world.

There is also need of a special fund for cases for the exhibition of the collections already owned by the Society. Such things should not be boxed and stored, but should be where they can be seen and studied by the public. The Society will engage to find a place for such exhibition, is public-spirited ctizens will supply the funds for safe exhibition cases.

The Council of the Archæological Institute of America met in New York May 12th to 14th. It granted a charter to the Southwest Society, and a telegram from this Society, read at the opening of the Council, was received "with hearty applause."

Further than that, the Council very generously acceded to the requests made by this Society—many of them quite outside the ordinary habit of affiliated societies. It is officially stated that no other affiliated society under the Institute has ever begun to accomplish so much in the same length of time as the Southwest Society has accomplished in the first five months of its existence; and the Council of the Institute sends officially its hearty congratulations on the achievement thus far, and its cordial good wishes for the success of the Society's further plans.

In addition to Prof. Stanley (whom the Institute will, as already announced, send out this summer to assist the Southwest Society in the transcription of the folk-songs it has recorded), the Institute voted, at the request of this Society, that the Institute engage also Mr. Arthur Farwell to supplement the same work. Mr. Farwell is the splendid young genius who is doing such extraordinarily competent work for the upbuilding of a real American music. He will spend three months in Los Angeles, in collaboration with the Southwest Society on these folk-songs.

With reference to the pledged Southwest Museum, it can be stated (though there are reasons for not giving particulars at present) that, besides many other pledges of gifts, loans and bequests—the costliest archæological collection in California has been pledged to be loaned to this Museum, as soon as it can be provided proper quarters.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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IT WAS all very well for illiterate peasants and cockneys to mutilate the place names of Old England, that was about the wit that might have been expected of them, and certainly they Did their Share.

No others in the world are such hopeless stumblers and mumblers of unknown words as the English-speaking people. The French, Spanish, German and Italian have hard struggles, indeed, with a foreign tongue; but never in their wildest moments do they compass such hideously clumsy, stupid and unmusical combinations. The proverbial terrible examples like Chumley (Cholmondeley), Tolliver (Tagliaferro), Rotten Row (Route d'Roi), those are held up as exceptional. Perhaps they are, in badness; but they are a type of what is almost universal—the corruption of all proper names in England, except those of a simplicity too great to be blundered over. It is a habit of illiteracy and vulgarity which may well be pardoned in the Middle Ages—but should be left with them.

In this day and generation, people that think anything of themselves ought to be able to learn to pronounce correctly any name they have to use. They have not done it, and they don't, as a rule, seem to try.

Whatever hope there may be to bring repentance to sinners in general, it certainly does not seem too much to believe that a campaign of reasonable intelligence in California ought to win. As we brag of the superior education and intellectuality of our population, present and progressive, it should certainly be easy to bring about the habit of speaking California names correctly. At any rate it is worth trying.

If the people of Los Angeles are not ashamed to let muffin-mouthed persons perambulate among them calling the town Loss An-gie-lees, then they ought to be. If they haven't pride enough to correct these bunglers and bogglers, they ought to have. Would they sit still and let the tenderfeet call it "Califuneral" or "Calafunnier" or some equivalent thing which is quite as musical and no more ignorant than a soft g in Los Angeles? Los does not spell Loss; it spells Loce. Angeles is pronounced An-hel-es. That is, this is not precise, but is as near as the sound can be

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represented by English letters. The absolutely correct Spanish is a little difficult to get; but almost any pronounciation is harmless so that the long o sound is given in Los and the hard g or h in Angeles.

Men and brethren (and also sistren), let's stand for it. Let us look with sneerness on the Soft G people. They can never be adequate angels until they repent them of their slobbery speech.

In the old days, when Boston had horsecars and culture down to the ground, the historic New York lady mounted upon one of these chariots and said to the driver: "Take me to the Boston Mu-se-um". To which this proper patriot replied: "I am sorry I cannot do so, madame, but I will very gladly take you to the Boston Mu-se-um." Let us hope that Los Angeles may aim to equal the culture of the Boston Jehu.

FILCHING OUR GOOD NAME.

But the pronouncing aright of California names is only a part of the duty. There needs to be a present crusade for the preservation of our historical names from oblivion.

It is not so much the lactifluous tenderfoot who is our danger in this case, but the wax-witted Philistines of the Post Office Department and the railroads; two Boeotian despots that have a great deal to do with place names, and who have committeed some of the most cold-blooded murders known to etymology.

It is never too late to remedy these atrocities, and now that the population of California is larger and more learned than it used to be, it is time to begin to remedy past abuses and to prevent further Philistinism.

A few years ago some germea-minded official in the Post Office Department laid violent hands upon many of the names of California towns—Spanish names, historic names and pretty names; but when this thumb-fingered person got through with them they were a warning to the blind; and doubtless to scholars the wide world over they stand as an example of the illiteracy of California; which is unjust. We have people, indeed, who knew no better, in naming a beautiful place La Joya (the jewel) than to spell it La Jolla, which doesn't mean anything on earth except that its god-parents were ignoramuses.

But that is an extraordinary case.

What the Post Office genius did was to run two words together; as for instance: Dos Palos which he made into Dospalos. Del Mar similarly suffered at his unrighteous hands, and so did many other towns; and so far as known, these small populations were too careless or too lazy to resent the outrage. Fortunately San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco were too big for this telescoper to meddle with.

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Even this is perhaps less criminal than the action of the Southern Pacific Railroad in cutting off the distinctive word from San Fernando and San Lorenzo and making them Fernando and Lorenzo.

But the worst of all these sins of them that—

> "Pluck the eyes of sentiment,
> And dock the tail of rhyme,
> And crack the voice of melody
> And break the legs of time"

was in the case of the beautiful little California city, named for the "Seraphic Doctor" San Buenaventura ,which emerges from the sausage machine of their mentality as Ventura.

Now these are not trifles. Brutal ignorance is never a trifle; shallow disrespect for history is never a trifle. If a California town isn't worth a good name, I don't know what is. Most California towns have good names, if their christening is let alone; and we should see to it that they are let alone, and that those which have been robbed of their birth-right shall have restitution made to them. It is not hard to do. As soon as the public stops to think of the matter and realizes the case, and makes fun of the word-robbers, we shall get back the thing that belongs. It simply needs the arousing of public sentiment and public pride. We don't care to be ticketed as a state of illiterates.

The Women's Clubs, which are doing so much for thought, might well throw their weight in behalf of safe-guarding our California names; and certainly the state patriotic orders of Native Sons and Native Daughters should take up actively a question which so rightly concerns them.

LET'S RESTORE THEM.

Petitions are already being forwarded to the Secretary of War, asking that he restore to the barracks at Monterey the historic name of Presidio of Monterey.

This was the first military establishment in California; founded by the first land expedition and known to the whole civilized world for three-quarters of a century as the Presidio of Monterey. It is only in the later lazy, short-cut days that this distinctive word has been lost. It should be replaced, and all Californians who are interested in the preservation of landmarks and of historical things, should exert their influence therefor.

Let us whittle a very sharp stick of ridicule for that unlicked attitude of mind which mumbles "San Berdoo" for San Bernardino, and the like idiot amputations. Let us frown upon that unwashed spirit which calls the noblest peaks in Southern California such names as "Old Baldy" and "Grayback", and stand for the historic and honorable and musical titles, respectively, of Mt. San Antonio and Mt. San Bernardino. Let us haul up with

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a round turn the misguided who prattle about "Santa Fee". Let us cultivate as much breeding in place names as we insist on in grammar. The "hain't got none" stage of culture ought to have passed in California.

SINNING AGAINST HUMOR.

And while we are about it, let us file in our archives, after a moment's sober thought, our truthful opinion about people who inflict upon a gentle flower the tangle-foot name of some German botanist. One would think that most of the wild flowers of America had been Made in Germany, to judge by their scientific names. It is a nice thing to honor science; but the flowers are quite as respectable; and in spite of our modesty we must admit that our own feelings are entitled to some consideration. Man indeed "cometh up as a flower," but as a rule he couldn't spell the name of his god-father. Only an impenetrability like that which has been attributed to certain insular ancestors, could ever have countenanced the shrieking absurdity of calling some delicate blossom "Smithea" or "Brownei," or "Snigglefritzia" and all that ghastly category. And if Californians don't rally now to the relief of their state flower, their descendants will some day do it for them—with mental reservations that would not be flattering to the present day.

Dr. Eschscholtz was an admirable botanist and a worthy man, and several very fine organizations would suffer a momentary hardship if his name were removed from the list of flowers; but if ever there was a crime against common sense, humor and sentiment, and against a flower which has done nothing to deserve such a fate, it was in calling the "California poppy" Eschscholtzia. "California poppy" is, of course, one of the careless, popular misnomers, for it isn't a poppy. But this is a venial sin, in plain Anglo-Saxon; it is a thousand times better to call it thus than by the Teutonic jaw-ge-breaker. Anything, in fact, is better. The name, "copa de oro," while Spanish in form, is in fact carpenter Spanish, made for the occasion and not indigenous as the apt Spanish names were. So far as I can discover, it is a term made up by American smatterers in Spanish. The real California name of the flower is more poetic, more descriptive, and more musical. There are many "cups of gold" among the California flowers, but this is characteristic—Dormidera, the sleeper, from its familiar habit of closing at sundown. For history, for euphony and for scientific aptness this is the preferable name of all. But as I remarked before, anything is better than Eschscholtzia. Let us take that serial curio respectfully but firmly by the back of the neck, lead it to the door of our vocabulary and kick it forever forth.

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THE YELLOW PERIL.

For the first time in modern history, yellow men are "licking" white men—partly in war, and quite as effectively in the Press Bureau. The Japanese have not gone to school to us for nothing, in either department. They have learned not only our arts of killing—and improved on them so far beyond our wildest strenuosity that Gen. Miles with his Scythian war-chariots, or even Dewey behind his guns—is as a primordial babe, beside the little Mongolian devil-man—but they have caught up with us in the wisdom of editing your own news.

Of course the game is young as yet. Some of us still remember a certain unpleasantness known to history as the Battle of Bull Run. The year that followed it—followed it. But those laughed best who laughed last. Appomattox was much the more enduring smile.

There are still some people who think—the same being You and I; of course the Fellow Next Door couldn't think if he tried. And to those that ever thought, there is something sobering in the present status. Like good Caucasians we have always felt able to whip five Mongolians apiece. And to see the tables turned—to see "Chinks" outgeneraling, out-maneuvering and actually outfighting even those Caucasians whom we disregard—that has jarred them that are not immobile in their conceit. Those who never think are satisfied—"it's only them Russians." But so also it is only the first prentice hand of the Orientals. Japan is "trying it on" with Russia; but her awakened ambition aims at the two great nations, England and the United States. Russia has a little land Japan can use; but we and the Island are practical monopolists of the commerce which is what Japan is after—unless she is a fool. And she doesn't look to be.

Almost all his conscious life, the Lion has fought for Universal Humanity. He loves heathens. They are as good as we. But—we can't Mix. There is no end of sand in our respective sugar—but this is a country which for all its lapses does stand for the ethics of which a Carpenter of Nazareth is the foremost exponent. This is a land which loves music and respects womanhood. Russia is behind us, but in the same procession. Japan has no ear for the "concord of sweet sounds"—and it has no Women. In place of them, it has Females. No ethnologist will mistake or misunderstand this distinction. No real student dares say to another people, "I am holier than thou." The Japanese are of the earlier development of all humanity. But it is a question of mixing. No sane person will dream that we, who think as we think, can cast our permanent sympathy with a people who despise what we have adopted as our social religion. The

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Japanese are thus far Better Killers; but even the illiterate know that the Russians are all the time better husbands, fathers, brothers and sons.

AS WE GO, WE KNOW.

The world, indeed, "Grows Smaller every day." Which is only another way of saying that it is Growing Larger —for the shrinkage of distance means the increase of understanding; and as we Go we Know; and as we come to know one another, we learn ourselves. Easy transit has done harm enough to our ease, but much good to our tolerance.

There are individuals, however, who do not "grow smaller every day"—and for the best reason in the world. They can't. They "got there before they started." Castaway in the geographic center of a mustard-seed, their minds would be lonesome there as a California flea thrown out to swim in the mid-Pacific. As for their hearts—they would be Inquisitors today, if they had the courage.

There is not a modern "heresy trial" which is not in the spirit of Torquemada. It is quite as cruel—if much more cowardly. Also quite as exempt of the sense of humor. If God didn't Love a Joke, there wouldn't be so many persons anxious to Take Care of Him—to remedy His mistakes, and push Him off the bench of Judgment. It is only people who never have learned God's Gift of Laughter that rush in to "Defend the Bible" from those who study it; that delimit and handcuff the Infinite; and that give eternal point to Byron's:

> "Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
> That all the Apostles would have done as they did."

The Bible needs no "defense"—and if it did, we wouldn't "Send a Boy." No one that can read the Book as it was written (in Hebrew and Greek) ever thought to Save it—the most exquisite impudence ever invented by man. The ungodliest scholar that ever pondered that wonderful book respects it more than any man can respect it who thinks it needs reinforcements from his tumble-bug mind.

One of the ways in which the world is growing smaller was emphasized by the meeting in Los Angeles, last month, of the Methodist General Conference. From all over the world, a thousand delegate disciples of John Wesley (along with a few who pass as such) met in a city John Wesley never heard of, in numbers he never dreamed of. It was a wonderful thing. Speaking entirely as a student, apart from ecclesiastics, such a foregathering of international adherents of a creed, such a tangible proof of the vitality of an Ism, was a notable historic event.

But it is no less notable to the student that in such a gather-

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ing in the year 1904, there were still a few persons swift to rush to the assistance of the Almighty—and incidentally, to swat the Other Fellow on the way. They did not Run the Meeting; but they proved that a good many General Conferences will have to roll around before the spirit of the Master shall be unanimous even in church. Christ was neither a bigot nor a fool. Honest men have doubted his godhead; but no man, honest or dishonest, ever deemed him capable of the cruel follies so often perpetrated in His name.

The Lion holds no brief for any creed. All his blood and heredity are Methodist; but even Methodists admit that God Was Here even before John Wesley. It doesn't matter half so much What a man Believes as How Hard he Believes it. The most orthodox formula is worthless if it's only an overcoat—to be dropped in the hot hours. Any faith that gets into a man's bones —that colors his daily life and turns him to Act White—that is a good faith for him. It was a pretty fair authority that gave the official verdict which has been approved ever since by the common-sense of those that have any—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Not by their profession, not by the gardener's tag —but by What they Bear. A tree that fruits cholera-morbus apples which never ripen, is no better because of a florist's label "Seckel Pear."

It was rather pitiful that in such a gathering of the next-most-numerous Christian Church in the United States there were men whose employment of their privilege on the program was to blackguard the Christian Church that is most numerous. It is more pitiful that these belated mental troglodytes were not deported from the platform. Aside from their contempt of Christ's mandate as to charity; aside from the brutal historical ignorance of them—their blindness to humor recalls Tom Corwin's cynical advice. He had just encountered a jury of their kind; and to a young lawyer who asked him how to succeed, he growled: "Be solemn, sir! Be solemn as an ass!"

One gentleman—it need not be said that he is a missionary to "convert" a certain country (whose language he cannot speak) from one Christian creed to another—one gentleman told us that the church whose members he is trying to alienate "is the biggest fraud on earth." A man who had respect either to Humor, to God or to Human Nature would have refrained. The church of this one missionary has eighteen million communicants in the world; the church he attacked has two hundred and thirty millions. Either Providence and Mankind are "Easy Marks," or this lone zealot is one. He reminds one of the fabulous Quaker:

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"All the world's queer but me and thee, Ruth—and sometimes I think thee's a little queer."

It's about time to inter these medieval corpses. The Sun Do Move. It has moved immeasurably past the Dark Ages. Once, even the wise sat in the darkness of intolerance. But today these "survivals" (as the scientist would say) are only those who have never discovered the age in which they live. The civilization of today has many faults and weaknesses; but the finest thing in it is the spread of Tolerance.

Again the sarcasm of events gives the laugh to our modern folly of the great battle-ship. This time the joke is the "Hatsuse"—as tremendous a floating coffin as any in the Japanese navy. Cost, six million dollars; crew, 900 men; met, a $500 mine; saved, 300 souls—and "not a bean" of the six million dollars. Will some High School boy kindly ransack the records, and tell us how many decades—or generations—or centuries—it has been since the world has seen a naval battle in which the enemy killed 600 men? But in the latest example of "a fool's way to settle a quarrel," twice within eight weeks the warship has killed more of its own than the enemy has killed in the whole war.

Meantime, why does the United States doze and dawdle. We are spending only 80 million dollars a year on iron-clad graveyards. Let's double it. As Mr. Malthus observed, the only way to keep from over-population is to Thin 'Em Out—and the modern warship seems to be the most effective Thinner yet devised.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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Reuben Gold Thwaites has a reputation of which any man might be proud, as editor of American historical sources. It seems to be time to warn him to nurse it.

The temptations of the present day (undoubtedly far less from the pecuniary side than from the side of his professional interest, in the case of a man like Dr. Thwaites) have precipitated him upon a mad career of rapid-fire book-making, which cannot but end disastrously unless he puts on the brakes. Not only for himself, not only for History, whose valuable servant he is—Dr. Thwaites owes something to such Americans as lean upon his work. No man can Gallop through history; and the clatter of Dr. Thwaites's historical hoofs, through the press of the last year or two, has become an unmistakable *quadrupedante putrem.*

His latest volume—that is, the latest I have seen (for, like the small boy of the proverb, whose family was rather noted for increase, and who was asked by a genial stranger: "Well, my little man, how many brothers and sisters have you?" "Well, Mister, I haven't been home since yesterday") *A Brief History of Rocky Mountain Exploration* shows something of this gait.

We would rather read in someone's else books of Cortez's "frightful slaughter of the Aztecs" (p. 3). "It was about the year *1530* when the Spaniards in Mexico first received word, through an itinerant monk, Marcos de Niza, of certain powerful semi-civilized tribes dwelling some *six hundred* miles north of the capital of the Aztecs." The bringing of Guzman "into New Mexico and beyond"; the fetching of Cabeza de Vaca into New Mexico (which Bandelier absolutely exploded fifteen years ago); the founding of Santa Fe "near the close of the 16th century"—and so on.

These things—in fact, the whole initial picture of the Spanish explorations in our part of America—must doubtless have been drawn by some youthful assistant, and certainly should not have been "passed" by Dr. Thwaites.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Vanished Empire, A Tale of the Mound-Builders, by Waldo H. Dunn, means well; unhappily, it is a case of one who "couldn't play on it." Its incompetency, both in literature and in science, is really pathetic. The theme is one of the most fascinating that ever engaged a writer, but a theme of this sort requires something more than haste and a bad pen—and a sewing-society or girl-graduate style. The book is not worth the space for detailed criticism; it is a tissue of amateur writing and scientific absurdity.

Robt. Clarke Co., Cincinnati; $1.50.

C. F. L.

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A CATHOLIC-MINDED JEW.

Required to select that "religious book" published within the last five years which is on the whole the most notable and likely to interest and profit the greatest number of readers, I should name without hesitation Harris Weinstock's *Jesus the Jew.* The bare fact that a book of this character, by an unknown author, and without spectacular advertising, should run through seven editions within two years is sufficiently remarkable. It is no less surprising that a book made up of addresses delivered by an earnest and sincere Jew to a Jewish congregation should be so broadly catholic that, for example, a leading Congregational clergyman (as I learned from himself) should have bought more than a dozen copies to give to his friends. Most unexpected of all, perhaps, is it to find that this sane, tolerant and searching discussion of questions on which, for almost two thousand years, disagreement has habitually meant martyrdom in some form for the man in the minority, should come, not from a member of the literary caste nor from one trained to a "learned profession," but from a merchant—the active head of a large business which he has built up from small beginnings. Yet it is likely that very many more people in San Francisco and Sacramento know H. Weinstock, of Weinstock, Lubin & Co., than have ever heard of Harris Weinstock, author of *Jesus the Jew.*

There is hardly a page which does not contain something worth quoting. I must be content with the following characteristic passage:

> Let the Christian, in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, continue to preach Jesus as "The Divine man who lived humanly," and let the Jew learn to look upon him as "The human Man who lived Divinely."
>
> Jesus, instead of being the dividing-line between Jew and Christian, shall thus become the connecting link between the divine mother-religion, Judaism, and her noble daughter, Christianity.
>
> May Jews and Christians learn to love their neighbors as themselves, and by example as well as by precept become nations of priests and a blessing to humanity.
>
> In this spirit alone can the Christian follow in the footsteps of his master, Jesus. In this spirit alone can the Jew follow the teachings of his gentle and kindly religion. In this spirit alone can Jew and Christian hope to be of service to each other and to the human family.

If ever I endow a chair in a theological seminary—which does not look probable at this writing—I shall name this as a prescribed text-book. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. $1 *net.*

HOW TO WIN HAPPINESS.

The purpose of Maud Wilder Goodwin's *Four Roads to Paradise*—apart from that of entertaining, in which it is entirely successful—appears to be to demonstrate a practical working creed for living by. The three men who set themselves toward the gates marked "Money," "Scientific Achievement, and "Influence for Good" win, each through his chosen entrance, and find something quite other than Paradise. The fourth declares himself to have no ambition, but states his creed as follows:

> I believe that finding ourselves here, it is our clear duty to add something to the sum of human happiness. * * * * I believe in hating cant and sham in our neighbors and ourselves, especially in ourselves, and in not permitting ourselves to cherish any fine sentiments which we do not work out in action. I believe in cultivating a sense of proportion, seeing large things large and small things small, doing our work squarely for the work's sake, and merging what pride we have in the achievements of the race, which are really most creditable to us pygmies.

This is a very good creed so far as it goes, and the man professing it may well declare himself entirely content, as he sits with his bride of a month

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(whom two of the others had desperately desired) on the steps of the little hermitage above Vallombroso. Yet the author may not fairly write her Q. E. D., since neither the success of the one nor the failure of the three is shown to have been a necessary result of the goal chosen. Moreover, there are many who will not agree that "utter, blissful contentment" is better than unceasing aspiration. And it is curious to note that no other Road to Paradise is even suggested for a woman than to Marry the Right Man. The Century Co., New York. $1.50.

THE GROWTH OF A HERO.

Mary E. Waller has written, in *The Woodcarver of 'Lympus,* a noble and beautiful story—one which, in my judgment ranks her among the relatively few writers of fiction whose work really counts for much and will endure. It has more good qualities than I care to enumerate in so brief a mention as this must be; and if there are any flaws, I haven't looked for them. The hero—the word is used this time not in the conventional sense, but with its fullest value—is a young man, bred upon a Vermont mountain, who, "with his battlefield narrowed to the space of a seven-by-four cot, handicapped, armorless, beset behind and before by the horror of a bedridden despair, in the face of poverty and a blank future, had fought valiantly, disputing the ground inch by inch until it had narrowed—ever so slightly—to the dimensions of a victorious grave. And he had died—still fighting." Does this sound as though it were a gloomy tale? In fact, the story of his fight and of the friends who helped him make it, of the sweet woman-child who grew to be a woman at his side, loving him the more dearly for his helplessness, and of the two other women who loved and helped him—this is no woeful tale, but one that is full of cheer and inspiration. Anyone who, reading this book, fails to enjoy it will win thereby my unanimous vote for election to that select company which includes 'Squire Dogberry and Bottom the Weaver. Little,, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

"SIMPLICITY, UTILITY, HARMONY."

Slight though they be, the five essays making up Charles Keeler's *The Simple Home* contain a wealth of valuable suggestion. They display true artistic perception and fine poetic feeling, informed by experience and illuminated by common sense. Mr. Keeler touches, lightly but surely, not only on the material details of house, garden and furnishing, but on their spiritual significance and their relation to "home" in the larger sense. I choose the following paragraph from many which deserve quotation:

> Now for a last word on home-building: Let the work be simple and genuine, with due regard to right proportion and harmony of color; let it be an individual expression of the life which it is to environ, conceived with loving care for the uses of the family. Eliminate in so far as possible all factory-made accessories in order that your dwelling may not be typical of American commercial supremacy, but rather of your own fondness for things that have been created as a response to your love of that which is good and simple and fit for daily companionship. Far better that our surroundings be rough and crude in detail, provided that they are a vital expression, conceived as part of an harmonious scheme, than that they be finished with mechanical precision and lacking in genuine character. Beware the gloss that covers over a sham!

This little book is heartily recommended to every would-be builder of a home. The relatively few who do not need it will enjoy it even more than the much greater number who do. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 75 cents *net.*

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HOW TO STEER A HEN-COOP.

If anyone with a taste for the incongruous is moved to laughter at the vision of a master mariner of twenty years' experience pacing the quarter-deck of a hen-yard, Capt. E. Pryce Mitchell—sometime in command of the good ship Arequipa, now presiding over the destinies of a successful poultry plant in a beautiful suburb of Santa Barbara—can well afford to laugh with him. For, starting five years ago with no experience whatever in that line, indeed paying something like $300 for experience the first year, he can now take close to $1,500 a year net from his four-acre plant. This success has not been made with "fancy" stock, but from supplying the market with fowls and eggs. There are others who would like to know how to do this, and for their benefit Capt. Mitchell has written *A Practical Poultry Plant for Southern California.* This book is as complete as the author could make it, including diagrams, specifications, cost of plant, and full advice as to every detail. It should convince even the most confirmed Doubting Thomas that the chicken business can be made profitable. There seems to be no reason why anyone else, with the aid of this book, cannot repeat its author's success—provided only that his habit of order and hard work and his persistence and common-sense can be matched. The Out West Co., Los Angeles. $1.25.

The Great Adventurer, of Robert Shackleton's creation, is a gentleman who makes Morgan and Rockefeller look like amateurs at the game of high finance, and the Trust which he forms is a Gulliver beside Lilliputians like Steel and Sugar and Oil. But the League of the People opposes millions of men to the billions of money, and the Adventurer is awakened by this and other reasons to the fact that there can be too much of even so good a thing as a Trust. So he unbuilds as magnificently as he had built, and retires, with humble thankfulness, a few millions and the wife of his choice, to "the serene happiness which was now to come instead of the future which had been so desperately planned." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

While *The Singular Miss Smith*—orphaned, beautiful, and possessor of millions—is endeavoring to find out more about the real meaning of life than the lecturers at the Ontological Club could tell her, by serving as kitchen-maid and waitress in a cheap boarding-house, she meets among the boarders one William Brown, foundryman. Naturally—since otherwise the story would be cut short—she does not discover that he is a Harvard Professor of Sociology and Ethics, out to study the workingman at close quarters, and he is as blind to her university and society training. Nor does the truth come out until—well, until Florence Morse Kingsley is ready to end her pleasant tale. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Paris at the beginning of the fifteenth century is the scene of Valentina Hawtrey's *Perronelle.* The main action of the story is tragic—the loveless marriage of a young girl to a stern old man; then a lover—the brother of the King—seen only three times in all, but once too often; a flight from home, alone, and years of labor for the sake of the love-child. And the child does the penance which the confessor had imposed and the mother had fled from all her friends rather than perform. Some broad comedy relieves the gloom, and the book is not of those which are read only part way through. John Lane, New York. $1.50.

Arthur Henry's *The House in the Woods* is a pleasant narrative of the building of a home in the mountains by a couple of city people. They discover a community "where robust, alert young men look askant at the greedy,

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feverish tendency of the times, and where tempting maids may be affectionate, impulsive, and unguarded, and still be safe." This so impresses these dwellers in New York—or one of them—that he calls the attention of "all students of men and morals" to it. Which is really a biting comment on men and morals as seen from New York. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50.

Any one of the chapters in Rose E. Young's *Henderson,* except the last, would make a first-rate short story with but trifling changes. Taken together they compose a strong and finished novel. The story opens with the coming of a young physician, who has repeatedly failed elsewhere, to a Missouri town, and his meeting with the woman who is to be his inspiration and at last his reward, and each chapter deals with one episode in his struggle upwards. More of this sort will be welcome. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.25.

The Angler's Secret, by Charles Bradford, is a distinctly agreeable combination of that gentle philosophy to which disciples of Izaak Walton are peculiarly addicted, with much practically useful information. A previous volume by the same author has been described by no less a Piscatorial Oracle than Grover Cleveland as "the most pleasant and practical and sensible volume I have ever seen of its kind." The Supreme Court having spoken, lower judicial bodies are silenced. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

On the Storied Ohio is an account of a vacation trip taken by Dr. Thwaites, some ten years ago—an eleven-hundred-mile river-journey from Brownsville on the Monongahela to Cairo on the Mississippi. It is a revised edition of the account published soon after the trip, under another title. A concise and useful historical sketch of the settlements in the Ohio Valley is given in an Appendix, and there are a few good full-page illustrations, from photographs. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.20 *net.*

The first of the four chapters in Vol. XI of *Historic Highways of America* deals with the evolution of a highway from an Indian trail to a macadamized road; the third tells the story of "Zane's Trace," opened from Virginia to Kentucky in 1796, with a land-grant of three square miles to stimulate its projectors. The two remaining chapters give experiences of travelers on these early roads, as told by themselves. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. $2.50 *net.*

The note of *The Fugitive,* by Ezra S. Brudno, is sombre throughout, and the flavor is for the most part bitterly unpleasant. Yet the story is compelling, and doubtless contains more fact than fiction. The tale is of a little Jewish lad in Lithuania, early made an orphan; of his wanderings in search of education and a home; of his growth to manhood, his coming to America, and the things which happen to him here. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

The fourth "Book of the Boone and Crockett Club" is titled *American Big Game in Its Haunts,* and bears the name of George Bird Grinnell as editor. The first article, on Wilderness Reserves, is by Theodore Roosevelt, with whom the idea of the Club originated in 1887, and who was its President during the first seven years of its life. Needless to say, he remains actively interested in its work. Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York. $2.50.

Nearly a score of short stories by Henry Seton Merriman are collected under the title of the first of them, *Tomaso's Fortune.* The tragic note prevails even in the tales which "end well." The publishers announce that

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next Fall they will bring out the last novel completed by Mr. Merriman before his death, which, by a curious coincidence, is entitled *The Last Hope.* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The eight stories published under the title, *The Faith of Men,* are by Jack London, and all of them are set in the Northland. The best of them is not up to his own high-water mark, while even the worst is quite beyond the reach of most tellers of tales. Yet it would be better both for himself and for the rest of us if the market were not so good for his less-good work. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

An affectionate and appreciative biography of Philander Chase—first Bishop of Ohio, first Bishop of Illinois, and founder of both Kenyon and Jubilee Colleges—has been written by his granddaughter, Laura Chase Smith. Bishop Chase was a man of great power and of achievement according. This record of his life is worth anyone's reading. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3 *net.*

The Macmillan Co. begin their series of paper-covered, copyrighted novels with *Calumet K* and *The Virginian.* 25 cents.

The same publishers have brought out in paper covers one of the most important of recent social and economic studies—*The Social Unrest,* by John Graham Brooks. 25 cents.

Ralph Hoffman's *Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York* is intended particularly for beginners in bird-study in the territory indicated. For that purpose it is well planned, well arranged and well executed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles. $1.50 *net.*

Daughters of Nijo, by Onoto Watanna, is a sufficiently ingenious and readable story; but its name, its illustrations, and all its elaborate stage-setting no more make it a Japanese story than the author's name makes her a Japanese woman. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50 *net.*

In Vol. XIII of *The Philippine Islands,* the important *Relacion* of Padre Chirino is completed. This details the progress of the Jesuit missions to the year 1602. Other documents bring the record down to 1605. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. $4 *net.*

Vol. III of *Early Western Travels* is given up to John Long's Journal, relating his experiences as Indian trader and interpreter from 1768 to 1782. This series is edited and annotated by Dr. Thwaites. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. $4 *net.*

The sixth annual volume of the publication issued jointly by the Historical Society of Southern California and the Pioneers of Los Angeles County is at hand. As usual, it contains much matter of permanent interest.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

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so sympathetic a study of the best type of English country gentleman of a century and a half ago as in the pages of "Sir Roger de Coverley"? Who that has not read "It is Never Too Late to Mend" can appreciate the important part which this thrilling and dramatic story played in the social regeneration of England 50 years ago? Who would not read again "Joseph Andrews," in which Fielding portrays 18th-century society as he found it? or "Humphrey Clinker," considered by Thackeray the most laughable story ever written? Except "Coningsby," where will you find so marvelous a picture of the English aristocracy? What modern novel will compare with "Harry Lorrequer" for rollicking humor, or with "The Moonstone" for ingenuity of plot?

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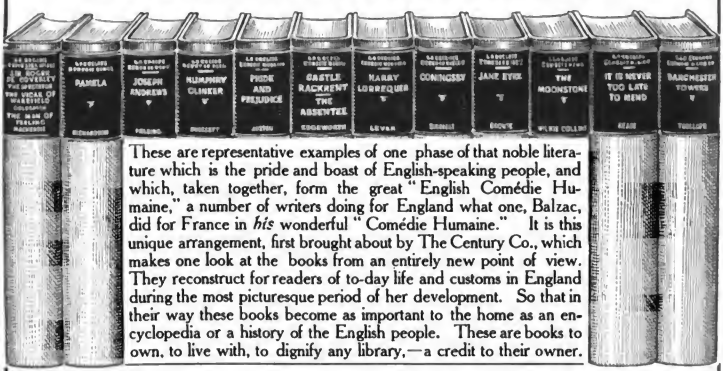

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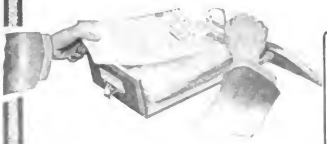

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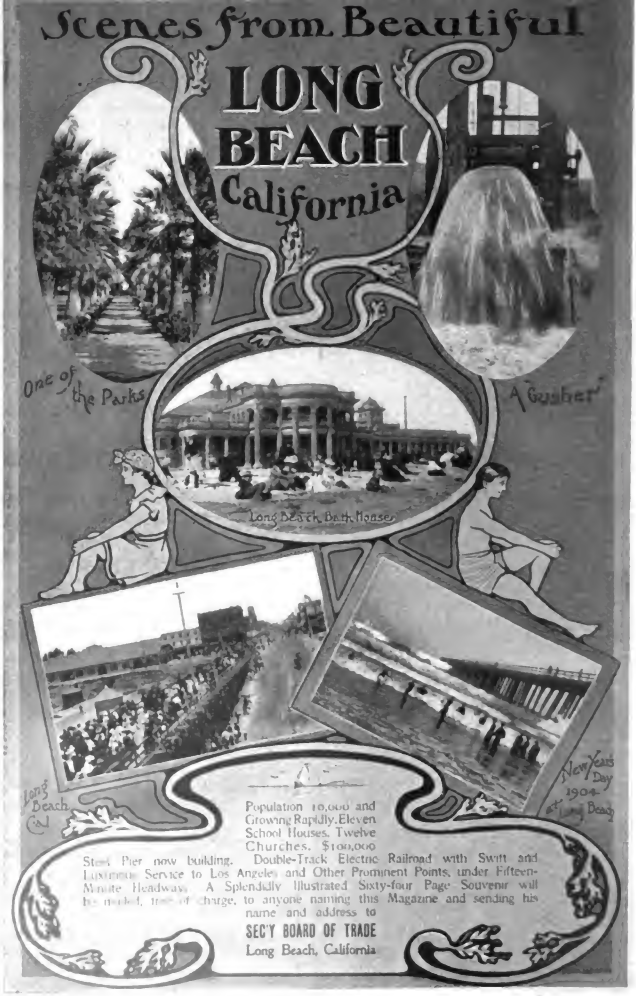

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The Nation Back of Us, The World in Front.

Out West

A MAGAZINE OF

The Old Pacific and the New

(FORMERLY THE LAND OF SUNSHINE)

EDITED BY

Chas. F. Lummis

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VOLUME XX

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1904

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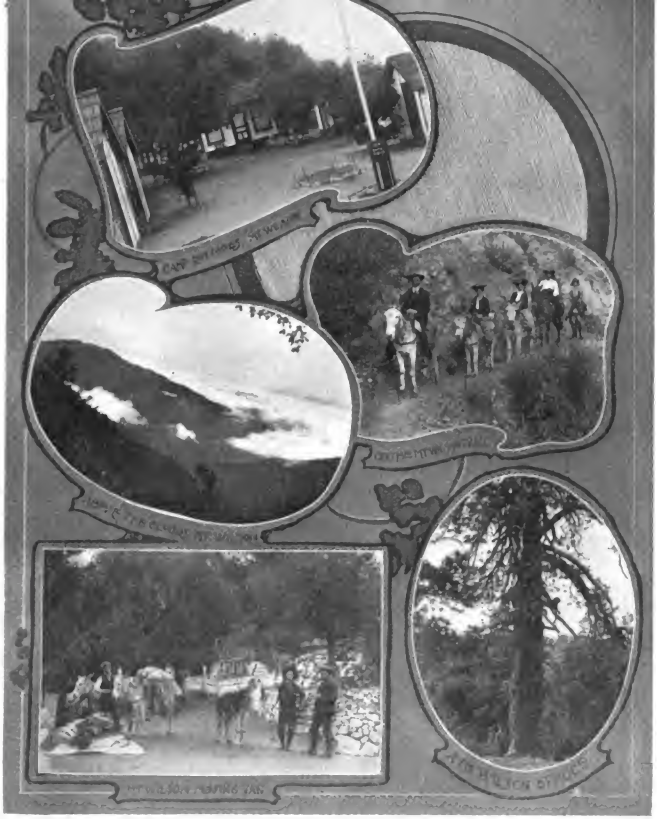

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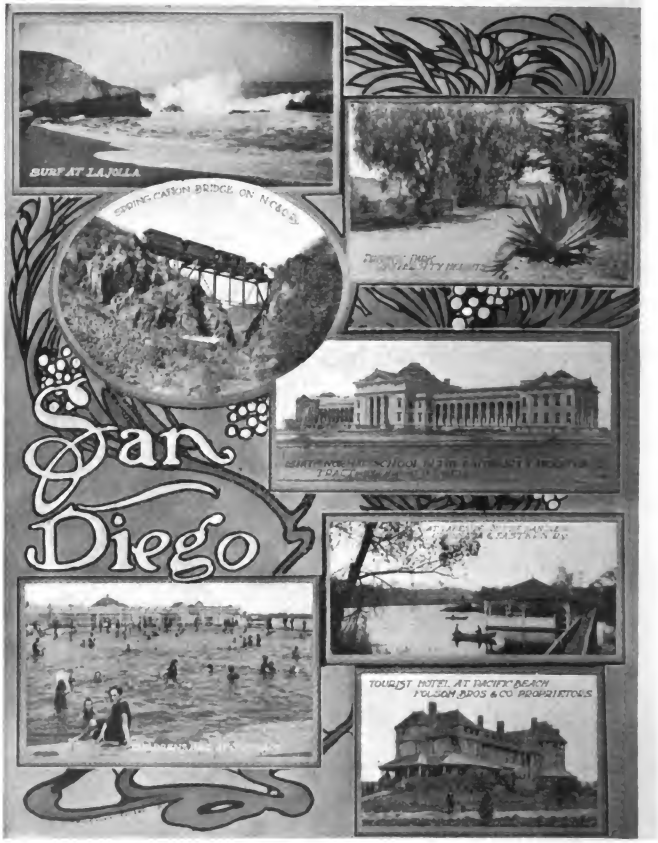

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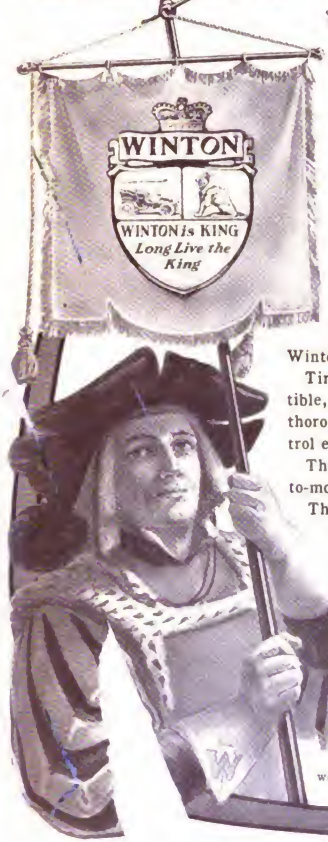

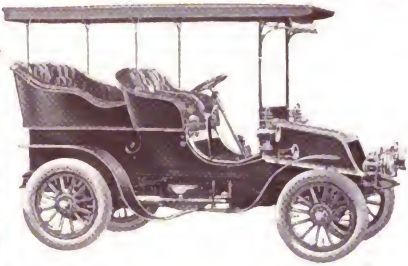

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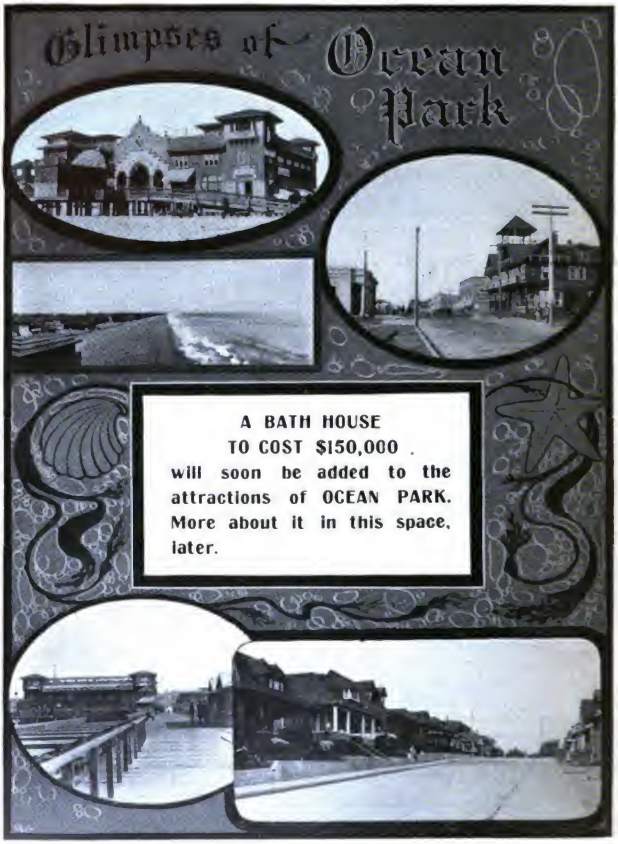

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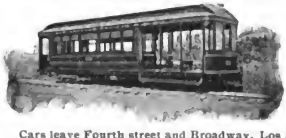

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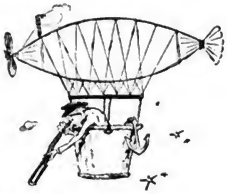

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EDITED BY

Chas. F. Lummis

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VOLUME XX

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1904

OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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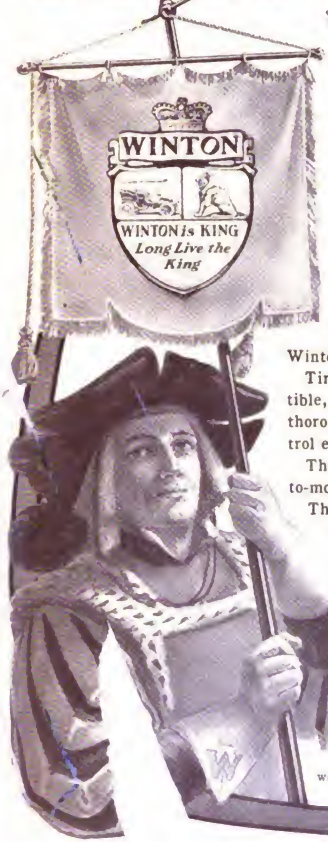

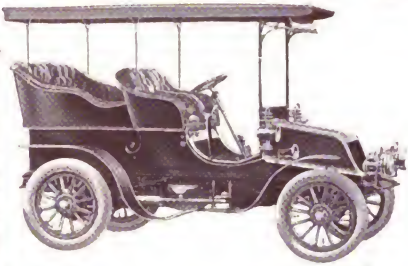

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